BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 1] [AUGUST 14, 1955

FREE MAN

गिरयस्ते पर्वता हिमवन्तो
ऽरण्यं ते पृथिवि स्योनम् अस्तु
ब्रभ्रुं कृष्णां रोहिणीं विश्वरूपां
ध्रुवां भूमिं पृथिवीम् इन्द्रगुप्ताम्।
अजीतोऽहतो अक्षतोऽध्यष्ठां पृथिवीं अहम्॥

O Earth, pleasant by thy hills and snow-clad mountains and thy wood-lands!

On the Earth—brown, black, ruddy and of all colours—the firm Earth, the Earth protected by the Deity (Indra),

Upon this Earth I—unconquered, unslain, unwounded, have set my foot.

—Atharva Veda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No: 81

★ The Crucial Year 1946 ★ Constituent Assembly
★ The Hour of Freedom

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
August 14, 1955

My Young Friend,

During the five fateful years, 1946-50, India became free; was integrated, stabilised and converted into a Sovereign Democratic Republic.

For me, it was a period of hard work. It also brought me the rare privilege of making close contact with the best people in the land. I also witnessed, and sometimes participated in, the conflicting developments which have made India what it is to-day.

I would like to give you a few glimpses of those years. Such glimpses, given from a personal angle, are bound to be ego-centric.

Though I played a very insignificant part during those days, it was most interesting time.

★

The year 1946, as anticipated by Lord Pethick Lawrence, then the Secretary of State for India, was the most crucial in India's history.

Early in February, 1946, Chief Justice Stone of Bombay asked me whether I would lead a team of lawyers to go to Japan in order to prosecute Premier Tojo and other alleged war criminals. But I declined. Japan was one of the warring nations. She had fought the war for her national ambitions on exactly the same basis as the rest had done, and failed. As a result, her's were already the woes of the vanquished. To inflict a post-mortem condemnation on her appeared to me to be vindictive as it could only make the reconciliation which must eventually come, difficult.

This trial and several others of the kind reminded me of the only dissenting speech made by a French Peer, when Marshall Ney

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"the Bravest of the Brave" was sentenced to death by the French House of Peers in 1815, for failing to arrest Napoleon on his march to Paris from Elba. "There are actions", he said, "which, though highly reprehensible before God and men, are nevertheless by their nature and essence, not to be met by human justice."

On February 18, the day before Attlee announced the Cabinet Mission, I went to Gandhiji who had just arrived in Bombay, and discussed with him the offer of the Chief Justice. He approved of the reply I had given and asked me to join the Congress.

I placed myself at Gandhiji's disposal as, in fact, I always had been. I went to the office of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee; signed an admission form and paid my four annas.

I was also invited by Major Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. to attend the Fabian Conference which was to be held in March. But he himself came to India with Cripps and the Conference stood adjourned.

Kulapati's Message

With the present issue, this journal enters its second year of publication.

The Bhavan started this Journal last year with certain hesitation. We were not sure whether a journal of this specialised kind would appeal to the reading public. Luckily, it has been in increasing demand fortnight after fortnight. At present, 14,000 copies are printed. Next year I trust the circulation will go up further.

I am sure the Journal will continue to carry the message of the Bhavan to an ever-widening circle.

The Bhavan stands for reintegrated Indian Culture—a new but Indian way of life, based on the fundamental, moral and spiritual values of Arya Dharma: the inalienable dignity of man, the Moral Order of the Universe and Faith in God. These values are a challenge to the godless materialism which is at present fashionable, and the disregard of such values which is often accepted as a badge of modernity.

The cause for which the Bhavan stands is bound to triumph.

Has not Sri Krishna said that the restoration of Dharma is His mission? 'धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय संभवामि युगे युगे' And what is His mission is the mission of India.

K. M. Munshi

☆

Soon afterwards, the achievements of Netaji began to develop posthumous importance. The trial of the three I.N.A. officers and the mutiny of Ratings of the Royal Indian Navy brought under control by the Sardar, greatly stirred the hearts of Indian soldiers.

Many British statesmen began to see the light. Sir Stafford Cripps was the most clear-sighted of them all. It was impossible for the British to hold India any longer. If, therefore, they had done what they did then earlier, it would have saved India from many trials.

On March 15, Attlee, the British Prime Minister, as their spokesman, announced that the

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minority could not be allowed to veto the advance of the majority. Jinnah's formidable instrument was thus snatched away from his hands.

The country was astir. The general elections gave the Congress an overwhelming majority of non-Muslim seats. Early in the year, the Congress nominee—Mavalankar—was elected the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. One after another, its leaders also began to form ministries in the different provinces.

The British Parliamentary Delegation arrived in India, followed on March 24 by the British Cabinet Mission. Even the Princes, keen as ever to anticipate British policies, became converts to popular assemblies, the rule of law and fundamental rights for their subjects.

The general view of the country was that the Delegation was a device to postpone or sidetrack a solution of the Indian problem. This view was the result of a general distrust of all that the British did at the time but I did not agree with the view and declared so publicly.

On May 16, the Cabinet Mission announced their historic plan. There was to be a constitution-making body on the basis of the Union of India, with freedom to the provinces to form groups. In the meantime, a new Executive Council was to be set up at the Centre, with the support of the main Indian parties. Gandhiji saw in the Plan the seed to 'convert this land of sorrow into one without sorrow and suffering.'

I was not quite happy about it. My diary note runs:

"May 16 Plan accepted by the Congress, more as a start than the end of the journey. If it is implemented, India will be cut up into four: one Hindu, two Muslims and one Princely. The Centre is bound to be weak. The Hindus of Bengal and Assam will be crushed; the malignant spirit of zonal division of India invoked by Professor Coupland, will stalk the land."

My old friend and ex-chief of the Home Rule days, Jinnah, continued to play his part with superb adroitness. He never let a single practical advantage go or failed to keep his eye on his cherished aim of Pakistan. Under his leadership, the Muslim League negotiated, threatened, broke away; announced policies and repudiated them; rejected the Plan of May 16, but accepted it later to blow it up.

★

On July 10, Gandhiji told me that the Working Committee of the Congress had appointed a Committee of Experts to prepare the materials and draft proposals for the Constituent Assembly, and that Panditji had appointed me as one of its members. "You should give up whatever you are doing and take up this work", he said.

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"It is very important and you will have to bear your share of the burden."

Next day, I received Panditji's letter asking me to join the Expert Committee. The other members, besides Panditji himself, were Asaf Ali, Gopalaswamy Ayyangar, K. T. Shah, Santhanam, Humayun Kabir and D. R. Gadgil. I returned the brief of a very important case which I was conducting at that time.

On my being appointed to the Committee, I plunged myself headlong into preparations for the first meeting which was to be held about July 20, in Delhi.

By August 4, my first draft of the Rules of Business of the Constituent Assembly was ready. It had been rather a tough job.

★

In those days, I joined the Sardar every evening, as, like a caged lion, he paced up and down the terrace of his flat at 68 Marine Drive, Bombay. On such occasions, he often talked to me of what was passing through his mind. Not that he wanted to consult me, but he always found in me a sympathetic listener to his spicy and vigorous comments on men and things.

I might be mistaken, but my impression at the time was that the Congress felt baffled. Gandhiji was waiting for someone else's move, before he made a move himself. Satyagraha could not possibly be used at a time when the country was torn by communal riots. I did not know what plans Panditji had. To follow up my simile, the Sardar left upon me the impression that he was crouching watchfully and impatiently, waiting for some bar of the cage to break so that he could pounce upon the prey.

Everyone blamed Lord Wavell for his weakness, but he, too, was clearly baffled. Anarchy prevailed in several parts of the land and he was helpless. About the beginning of August, I learnt that he had written strongly to the British Government. Power, he had said, should either be handed over to the Indians, or violence should be brought under control by a vast military and police action. He would have liked to transfer power to a coalition of the Congress and the League; failing that, he would have liked to transfer it to the Congress for the time being. Events were drifting towards a catastrophe. But he was not sure whether the Congress would accept office without the formal concession of Dominion Status to India.

V. P. Menon—who at that time scarcely knew any of the Congress leaders—was the Constitutional Adviser to the Governor-General. He took the initiative by sending an I.C.S. officer. Would the Sardar agree to help? Would the Congress take office, if it were to

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be offered, with an assurance of a practical recognition of the Executive Council as a Dominion Government? Or, would it insist upon a formal declaration of Dominion Status, which, for practical and legalistic reasons, appeared out of the question?

By the evening the Sardar had made up his mind. He conveyed his pledged word, that if the Congress was asked to take office, he would exercise all his influence in the Congress to see that the offer was accepted.

Lord Wavell understood the significance of this assurance. He wired it to London. The British Government acted on it and in a few days Panditji received an offer to join the Interim Government as Vice-President.

On August 12, Wavell invited Panditji to form the Government.

Two days later, the Muslim League declared August 16 as a Direct Action Day. It was in reply to Lord Wavell's invitation to Panditji. Jinnah also charged the Viceroy with striking a severe blow at the Muslim League and Muslim India. The British Government, he said, was supporting the Interim Government with their bayonets and thus played into the hands of the Congress.

Soon the Sardar came to Delhi to live at Birla House as the guest of Ghanshyamdas Birla. V. P. Menon was in the confidence of Lord Wavell and was trying hard to bring about an understanding between him and the Congress leaders.

One day, the Sardar, on his usual morning walk, turned towards the road which passed Menon's house and the latter happened to be standing near the gate. This meeting was by no means brief nor was it the last one. V. P. invited the Sardar into his house. I am not prepared to swear that they had met by pure accident for, if it were so, it was indeed a miracle! In this way was laid the foundation of an understanding which lasted until the Sardar's death.

*

After I was asked to join the Expert Committee of the Congress, I began the preliminary exercise of preparing a draft Constitution. In the middle of August, V. K. Krishna Menon spent a few days with me in Bombay, helping me to go over a part of the ground. He was extremely helpful but he suddenly left for England, and I was left alone to complete my amateurish labours.

Panditji asked me to discuss the draft Constitution with Gopalaswamy Ayyangar. So began our partnership—we were already good friends—in this great venture. In those early days, we met almost every day, discussing drafts, problems and moves.

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From October of 1946 until the end of 1947, I lived with the Birlas at 5, Albuquerque Road, New Delhi. The Sardar, until he moved to his own house, was also there. At the time Gandhiji also camped there when he visited Delhi. This gave me a great opportunity to be in touch with the various activities of far-reaching effect of which the Birla House was the nerve centre.

The food situation showed no signs of improvement. The Bengal Famine had already taken a toll of 1,50,000 lives—the non-official figures being nearer 3 million and the food crisis was worsening.

On October 15, Jinnah decided to join the Interim Government in order, to use his own words, "to get a foothold to fight for Pakistan." Having joined the Government, the Muslim League repudiated joint responsibility. The Congress members of the Interim Government were in despair; they threatened to resign. "Our patience is fast reaching the limit," said Panditji. "If these things continue, a struggle on a large scale is inevitable."

Ultimately, in response to Attlee's appeal, the Viceroy as well as the leaders of the Congress and the League went to England for a discussion on how to make the Constituent Assembly successful.

Jinnah now added a new demand: exchange of population. Sir Chimanlal Setalvad called it impracticable; the Sardar called it absurd. Jinnah, however, knew his own mind.

★

Panditji returned from London on December 7. The Constituent Assembly opened on December 9. My impressions recorded in scraps in my irregularly kept diary notes on reconstruction run thus:

"Excitement everywhere. A great day for India has dawned: Indians are going to frame their own Constitution, but there is unhappiness everywhere.

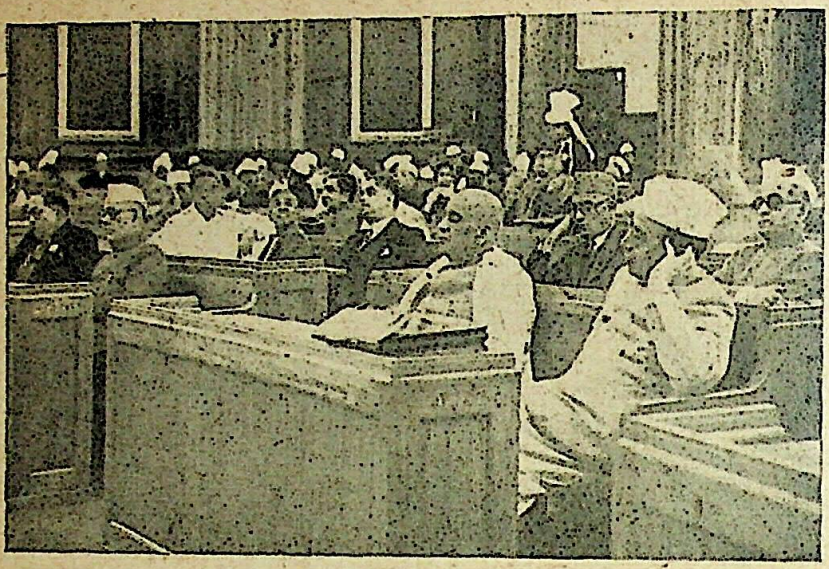
Bardoloi met me early. He was miserable beyond words. Bapu has assured him that he would not let Assam down. But how would the Sardar act, he asks? When we went over the same ground on the advisability of seeking judicial interpretation of the Plan, my opinion was (I had given it in writing) that on a strict construction of the Plan, grouping was voluntary. Alladi thought otherwise, though he was doubtful, as his letter to me showed. I told Bardoloi that I had told Sardar that a recourse to judicial decision was too uncertain a peg to hang the fortunes of crores of Hindus."

And the diary note is in a lively canter:

"I am in the Hall early. Gopalaswamy meets me on the way. If a non-party man has to be chosen, he is likely to be the President. He modestly disclaims certainty.

As I enter the Hall, I am stirred to the core of my being. With

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Constituent Assembly, Opening Day, December 9, 1946.

lights and decorations it makes a fitting birthplace for a free nation.

Members standing around in small groups are talking excitedly. Friends are here from all over the country. We shake hands, talk enthusiastically; but the cheerfulness is forced.

Churchill's declaration has been ominous. Jinnah has threatened the country with disaster. Wavell has fled from Delhi, for the day. Either partition or the sacrifice of crores of Hindus—that is the price—a very heavy price—demanded of us.

I go over to H.V.R. Iengar. The British Government has sent no message for the Constituent Assembly; they have refused to recognise it. The U.S.A., China and Australia, however, have sent messages of good-will.

Some groups are discussing who the President should be. The Congress opinion, however, is crystallising. The President must be a leading Congressman. Many eyes are turned towards Rajendra Babu. Without effort, he makes people turn to him in a difficult situation; almost a case of unquestionable attraction of moral strength.

Kripalani enters; with his long hair he looks like a temperamental revolutionary. We talk about the outcome of the London discussions. He is cynical and indifferent.

Sardar comes in, all smiles, and accosts the members; but evidently, he is in a truculent mood. Smt. Naidu enters, vivacious as a girl

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in her teens, spreading sunshine all round. Jayakar takes his seat, aloof and contemptuous. He coldly acknowledges my greetings.

Panditji enters: there are cheers. He smiles all round, flings his leather-case in the air, catches it and takes his seat. Curious members surround him as they want to know what is happening.

I walk over to my seat in the second row just behind the Sardar and Kher, who wears an air of Chief Ministerial gravity. Shankarrao has his seat on my right. We talk anxiously on what is going to happen.

The leaders take their seats in the front row. The bell rings. For a moment, the babel of tongues is hushed."

At 11 o'clock, Kripalani, then the Congress President, proposed Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha, the oldest member of the House as the provisional Chairman and conducted him to the Chair. The Chairman then read out his address emphasising certain words with his rare sense of humour.

As he read out the address, my mind went back to our first contact in 1909, when I was in College, and I wrote an article for the *Hindustan Review*. He was an important man then, but he wrote me a nice letter which, in those dreary days, gave me great encouragement.

"I wish we could have started with a prayer. We badly need the guidance of God in this hour of trial...." I noted later. But this omission was rectified by the Chairman when he invoked Divine blessings on the proceedings.

"He (Sinha) wants us to 'build for immortality'. I wish we could do so. He appeals for vision. Where there is no vision the people perish, he says. The speech is received with thunderous cheers," runs the diary note.

The ceremony of taking an oath was replaced by the Secretary calling out the names of each member. H.V.R. Iengar called each one of us by name; we proudly walked up to the table and signed our names.

My note of the day ends with the remark: "For the moment the spirit of triumph is in the air, but the smell of coming danger persists".

Thus began the first hour of our freedom.

Yours sincerely,



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THE GREAT QUESTIONS

Sri Sankara

Sri Sankara, the great Saint-Philosopher has among his many works written a sweet and short one called PRASNOTTARA RATNA MALIKA. *It consists of 67 Sanskrit couplets. In these, Sri Sankara has gathered the essence of* Sanatana Dharma *in the shape of simple questions and easy answers which even children can understand. In this article a few characteristic questions and their answers have been rendered into English.*

Q: What should be taken deep into one's heart?
A: The words of the Preceptor.
Q: Who is the Preceptor?
A: He who knows the Truth and who works unceasingly for the welfare of his students.
Q: What is beneficial to man?
A: Dharma.
Q: Who are the thieves?
A: Those things that capture the senses.
Q: Who is the enemy?
A: Laziness.
Q: Who is purblind?
A: The greedy man.
Q: What makes one respectable?
A: Non-asking.
Q: What is immeasurable?
A: The gait of women.
Q: What makes for sorrow?
A: Discontent.
Q: What is Hell?
A: Bondage.
Q: What brings trouble?
A: Arrogance.
Q: What is worse than death?
A: Idiocy.
Q: What cannot be valued in terms of money?
A: Timely help.
Q: What taunts one till death?
A: Sin committed in secret.
Q: Who can win over the world?
A: He who is truthful and patient.
Q: Whom do even gods worship?
A: He who is compassionate.
Q: Who wins over all living beings?
A: He who is truthful, sweet-tongued and humble.
Q: Who is blind?
A: He who does evil even though educated.

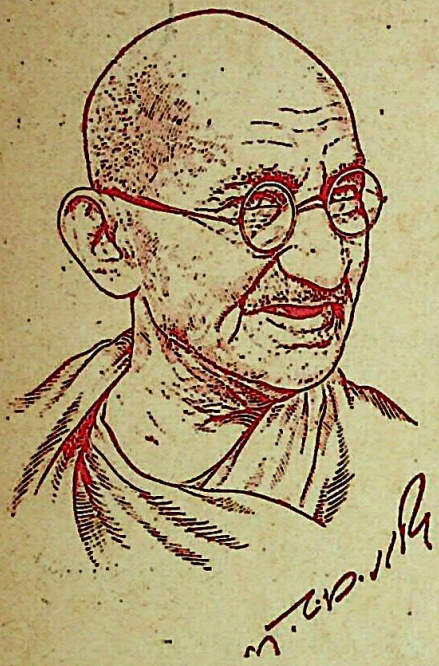
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Q: Who is deaf?
A: He who does not listen to advice of the good.
Q: Who is dumb?
A: He who cannot utter sweet words at the appropriate time.
Q: What is gift?
A: That which is given unasked.
Q: Who is a friend?
A: He who stops one from sin.
Q: What is beauty?
A: Character.
Q: What beautifies speech?
A: Truth.
Q: What is very rare like Chintamani?
A: Gift with sweet words, knowledge without arrogance, valour with patience and wealth with the spirit of sacrifice.
Q: What is to be pitied?
A: Miserliness.
Q: What captivates the minds of the learned?
A: Good poetry and intelligence.
Q: Whom will Lakshmi desire?
A: Those who have an active mind and right conduct.
Q: Who is more valorous than Sri Rama?
A: He who is proof against Cupid's arrows.
Q Which is the chief Thirth?
A: That which washes the dirt from your mind or *chitta.*
Q: What should be uttered at all times?
A: The name "Hari".
Q: What is the arch-enemy?
A: Desire.
Q: Who is the mother of all?
A: The cow.
Q: Which is the army?
A: Courage.
Q: Who is Yama?
A: Inattentiveness.
Q: Where is poison
A: In wicked men.
Q: What is untouchability?
A: Indebtedness.
Q: What causes unafraidness?
A: Vairagya (desirelessness).
Q: Where is fear?
A: In wealth.
Q: Whom does God love most?
A: He who neither thinks of pain in his own mind nor to others.
Q: Who are the great?
A: Those who know the truth about Dharma, although young in age.

Son, always strive with exertion; without exertion, Fate will not achieve their purpose. Human endeavour is greater; by believing in Fate, one confounds oneself.

—Mahabharata.

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HINDUISM

Mahatma Gandhi

BELIEVING as I do in the influence of heredity and being born in a Hindu family, I have remained a Hindu. I should reject Hinduism if I found it inconsistent with my moral sense or my spiritual growth.

But on examination I have found it to be the most tolerant of all religions known to me, because it gives the Hindu the largest scope for self-expression. Not being an exclusive religion, it enables its followers not merely to respect all the other religions, but also to admire and assimilate whatever may be good in them.

Ahimsa, or Non-Violence, is common to all religions, but it has found its highest expression and application in Hinduism. In saying this I do not regard Jainism or Buddhism as separate from it, but an outgrowth. Hindus believe in the oneness not merely of all human life, but of all that lives.

The worship of the cow is the Hindu's unique contribution to the evolution of humanitarianism. It is a practical application of the belief in the oneness, and therefore the sacredness, of all life. The great doctrine of transmigration, or rebirth, is a direct consequence of that belief.

Finally, the discovery of the law of "Varnashrama" is a magnificent result of the ceaseless search for Truth.

[From *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas* by C. F. Andrews.]

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"LAXMI NARAYAN"
(Pahari Style, Kangra, 19th Century)

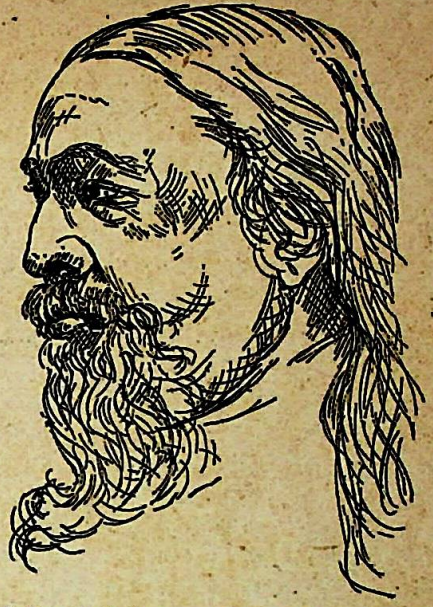
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Sri Aurobindo

The Hour of God



THERE are moments when the Spirit moves among men and the breath of the Lord is abroad upon the waters of our being; there are others when it retires and men are left to act in the strength or the weakness of their own egoism. *The first are periods when even a little effort produces great results and changes destiny; the second are spaces of time when much labour goes to the making of a little result.* It is true that the latter may prepare the former, may be the little smoke of sacrifice going up to heaven which calls down the rain of God's bounty.

Unhappy is the man or the nation which, when the divine moment arrives, is found sleeping or unprepared to use it, because the lamp has not been kept trimmed for the welcome and the ears are sealed to the call. But thrice woe to them who are strong and ready, yet waste the force or misuse the moment; for them is irreparable loss or a great destruction.

In the hour of God cleanse thy soul of all self-deceit and hypocrisy and vain self-flattering that thou mayst look straight into thy spirit and hear that which summons it. All insincerity of nature, once thy defence against the eye of the Master and the light of the ideal, becomes now a gap in thy armour and invites the blow. Even if thou conquer for the moment, it is the worse for thee, for the blow shall come afterwards and cast thee down in the midst of thy triumph. But being pure cast aside all fear; for the hour is often terrible, a fire and a whirlwind and a tempest, a treading of the winepress of the wrath of God; but he who can stand up in it on the truth of his purpose is he who shall stand; even though he fall, he shall rise again; even though he seem to pass on the wings of the wind, he shall return. Nor let worldly prudence whisper too closely in thy ear: for it is the hour of the unexpected.

[Courtesy: Aurobindo Ashram]

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War and Peace

Subrahmanya Bharati

THE sons of King Pandu and King Dhritarashtra were studying in the school of Dronacharya at Hastinapura.

During an evening walk Arjuna asked Karna, "Karna which do you think is better, war or peace?"

"Peace" replied Karna.

"What makes you say that?" asked Arjuna.

Karna replied, "Listen, suppose there is war, I will thrash you but that will cause you infinite pain. My heart is made of pith and I cannot bear to see you suffer. So it becomes a pain to both of us. That is why I say peace is better."

Arjuna: "I don't mean us two; tell me in general whether war or peace is good for the world."

Karna: "I am not interested in generalizations."

Arjuna then made a resolve in his mind to kill Karna, and seeking his preceptor, Dronacharya, asked him the same question.

"War is better," replied Dronacharya.

Sri Subrahmanya Bharati is the national poet of Tamil Nad. He has the distinction of coming in the direct tradition of the great poets. His writings which are mellifluous have the prophetic ring, for he had sung of Indian swaraj and our Welfare State long before they came. He was a fiery patriot and had to spend many years in exile in Pondicherry. Indeed he had become an immortal long before our Independence.

"Why?" asked Arjuna.

Dronacharya replied. "Vijaya! In war we can earn money and fame or hero's death. In peace everything is d-d-doubtful!"

Then Arjuna went to Bhishmacharya and asked him, "Grandpa, which is better, war or peace?"

The Great Bhishma, son of Ganga, replied, "Arjuna, my child, peace is better. In war, the Kshatriya race alone will prosper but in peace the entire world will prosper."

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Arjuna shook his head and said, "What you say is not correct."

"You must tell me the reason first and your conclusion later" observed the venerable old man.

Replied Arjuna, "Dadaji, as long as there is peace, Karna will always be thought my superior and I his inferior. But if war breaks out, truth will be out."

Thereupon Bhishma said, "Child, Dharma will prosper. Be it war or peace, Dharma will always win. Therefore get rid of your anger; seek equipoise. The entire humanity is like your own brothers and sisters. All human beings should love one another. Love is *taraka* and I repeat Love is *taraka*."

As he said this a drop of tear fell from his eyes.

After a few days the Sage Veda Vyasa came to Hastinapura. Arjuna asked him too whether war or peace was better.

Veda Vyasa replied: "Both are good but we must use them in accordance with the needs of the situation."

Several years later when the Pandavas were living in the forest, Arjuna asked Sri Krishna before sending him to mediate with Kauravas: "Tell me, Krishna, is war or peace better."

Sri Krishna replied: "In the present circumstance peace is better. That is why I am starting to Hastinapura in search of peace."

[Translated from the Tamil original. Courtesy: Government of Madras.]

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On With the Work



Jawaharlal Nehru

ON a day like this we should try to detach ourselves from the problems of the moment and see from a distance, as it were, what is happening in our country and in the world. It is right that we forget our little troubles for a while and think of the major currents that are flowing in our country.

Thirty years ago there appeared on the Indian scene a mighty man of destiny who lighted our path. That light illumined our minds and hearts and large numbers of our people, forgetting their own troubles and domestic difficulties, their property and family, responded to his call. It was not for personal gain of any kind. Among these there existed a friendly competition as to who could serve the motherland better and more effectively. Our consuming obsession was the liberation of our country.

The star of a free India beckoned us forward. We dreamed freedom from poverty and distress. We gained our political freedom at last but the other freedom still remains for us to achieve. Before we could do much to achieve it, new problems came in our way. Sixty lakhs of people migrated to India as refugees. We faced this problem as we had faced others. I suppose we made some mistakes but no one reviewing these two years will fail to appreciate our forward march in the face of all kinds of difficulties.

Unarmed and peaceful, we faced a proud empire, not looking for aid to any other country and relying only on ourselves. We had faith in our leader, our country and in ourselves. This gave us the strength that sustained us during our struggle for independence. If we had faith and self-confidence when to outward seeming we were powerless, then surely we are much better off today when we are a free people with the strength

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of a great country behind us. Why then should our faith and our confidence in ourselves weaken? It is true that we have tremendous economic and other difficulties to face. But we have faced even bigger problems in the past. Why should we not face these in the same way also? We must not let our minds get entangled in petty questions and difficulties and forget the main issue.

Some people get into the habit of criticizing others without doing anything themselves. Nothing good can come of that type of criticism. I want you to think for a moment of the days when we fought the battle of India's freedom without arms and without much by way of resources. We had a great leader who inspired us. We had other leaders too, but it was the masses of this country who bore the brunt of the struggle. They had faith in their country and their leaders and they relied upon themselves. Today, we have more strength than we ever had. It is, therefore surprising that some people should feel dejected, have no confidence in themselves and complain all the the time.

Let us get back the purposefulness, the enthusiasm, the self-confidence and the faith which moved us at the time of our struggle for freedom. Let us put aside our pretty quarrels and factions and think only of the great objective before us.

A nation's work never ends. Men may come and go, generations may pass but the life of a nation goes on.

The real strength of a country lies in the capacity of her people for disciplined work. Only hard work can produce wealth for us and rid us of our poverty. Each one of us, man or woman, young or old, must, therefore, toil and work. Rest is not for us. We did not win our freedom so that we might rest afterwards but in order to work harder to hold and strengthen that freedom.

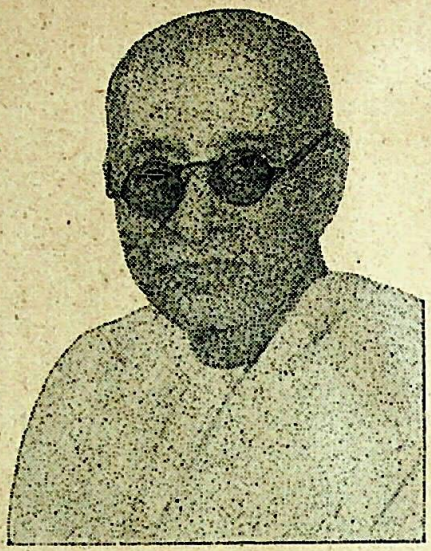
There is a great difference between the voluntary labour of a free man for an objective of his choice and the drudgery of a slave. Our labour as free men and women will lay the foundations for a great future and our labour of love for the cause of India and her people will endure; so will the fact that we are building, brick by brick, the mansion of free India. There is joy in such work and even when we have departed, that work will be there for future generations to see.

India is enduring and will continue to be there long after we are gone.

[Condensed from speech delivered at the Red Fort in Delhi, August 15, 1949].

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The Checkmate of War

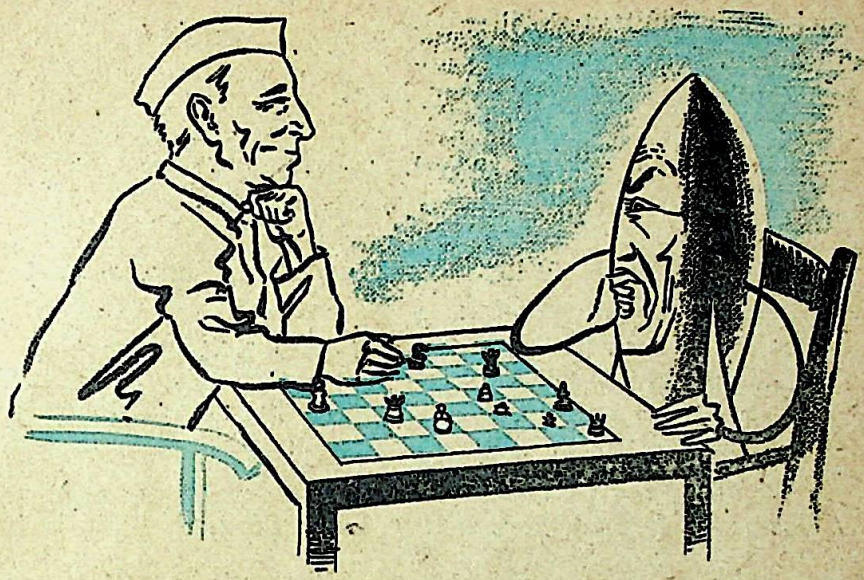


C. Rajagopalachari

WHEN you were young some fifteen years ago
Do you recall the shout that went about
'War to end war and we shall win it sure'?
Fierce was that war, the ills of the world to cure;
And this they hoped till near the end
It was clear that thing not much did mend:
And War just round the corner went and leered
As wise old Gandhi feared.

And a new kind of war began
Cold, chronic, rotting the spirit of man
Nursing hatred and horrid fear within,
And man's eternal foe, father of sin,
Went into the womb of Science and a monster issued
With power imbued
For wide destruction and to blight humanity's seed.
Said Satan: "Take this my gift for your hour of need:
Your foe you need no longer dread".
They took his gift believing what he said:

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"Peace though this will be established well
If any provoke, hurl them into Hell".
The monster possessed them,
They thought 'twas they possessed him!
"We are safe!" they shouted and when they did shout
It seemed there lurked about it not a doubt.
So strength upon strength they piled as fast as they could
Even the priests applauded for the object was good.
And test explosions paled the sun
And they felt proud and thought there was none
To equal them in power, and smiled
As they scanned the bombs high piled.

Then came some inconvenient croakers
Who said "You will have for babies funny ogres."
"But," said others
To the frightened mothers,
"When Mrs. Brown's daughter
Will bring forth a horror,

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Our Government will be out
Beyond a doubt.
Get these ideas out of your head
The present enemy is our primary dread.
When he is smashed and the coast is clear
We'll find some remedy for what you fear."

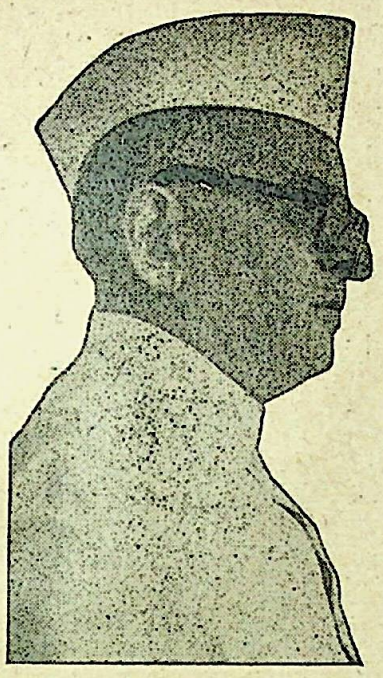
When the piling was o'er and thought had time to think
Said the Ike with a wink
"Perhaps our friends across have too their pile
Our secrets are stolen, some men are so vile.
Meseems a stalemate now it is, our foe is as strong
Perhaps Nehru was not wrong
When he preached and we laughed
Whoever thought there was so much graft?"

Then Nehru went one day
For a game of chess to play
And while the time away.
At Moscow they played, he and the Prince of Blight
"Check!" said Nehru as he moved his red knight
"Ha!" cried the Prince of Darkness and looked around
And no house to move into he found.
"The game is up" he said and walked away.
The night is past and soon it will be day.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own opinion; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

—Emerson.

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Message of India

K. M. Munshi

INDIA is the motherland of the Spirit. Beginning from the Vedic Age it has had a continuous life, developing the power of the Spirit. Indian culture, based on this, can alone save mankind.

The freedom of India therefore, is essential, not only for herself but for the world; her leadership is the only hope for mankind.

Indian culture, *Dharma,* is not composite in the sense of comprising various separate ways of life. It is a homogeneous way of life; it is composite in that it has derived inspiration from many sources and is moulded by many influences. But it is one way of life and has one organic outlook; one set of fundamental values; one underlying Idea guiding and forming the values which flow through the stream of life.

Before the dawn of history this culture had developed the Central Idea of *Dharma.* It predicted an unalterable faith in human endeavour, self-restraint *(samyama)* and self-discipline *(tapas).* Emphasis was laid on individual experience and *becoming* rather than on belief and the scriptural word. Fulfilment was attained only when a man shed his limitations and became divine in this life.

Running through a diversity of religious beliefs and social injunctions was the emphasis on the observance of the great vows—*mahavratas*—of non-violence, truth, non-stealing, continence and non-possession as the essential steps in

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man's advance towards the life of the Spirit. Human behaviour and outlook had therefore to be harmonised and regulated by the ethical and spiritual values calculated to lead to this goal.

This Central Idea in Indian culture, coming to us through the ages, regulates our characteristic way of life; it is sustained by the Message, of which *Gita* is the great scripture; the *Upanishads*, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* elaborate expositions thereon; and the lives and teachings of Dayanand, Ramakrishna, Gandhiji and Aurobindo are but modern commentaries.

To read, to understand and to live up to the Message is to follow the path of the Spirit.

The Message, as I understand it, can be shortly summarised:

God is and informs and upholds the Creation; the Spirit is His expression in man and the Law of the Spirit is supreme.

The aim of a man's efforts is to transform himself, his fellow-beings and the material world so that the Spirit is unfolded in life and God becomes manifest.

To understand, to realise and to follow the Law of Moral Causation is the first step towards the discovery and unfolding of the Spirit of life. In its aspects of non-violence, truth, non-stealing, non-waste and non-possession this Law supports the Moral Order in the universe. It is ineluctable; it imposes upon man the need to keep to the purity of means as much as to the ends. No man may achieve good by wicked means, be a devil in order to emerge as a god.

The divine element in man is the Fundamental Aspiration which yearns for Light, Love, Beauty, Bliss, Joy, Freedom and Calm. Because of this, he is not an atom moved by physio-chemical laws; not merely a unit of life, like an amoeba; not a bundle of instinctive reactions, like an animal; not even a thinking machine as he believes himself to be. Because of it, he is a spark of divinity whose destiny lies towards God.

King, hear that which forms the basis of sin. Avarice, that huge rapacious animal, is the one basis of sin; it is from avarice that sin proceeds; from it proceed sin, unrighteousness and worst misery; this is the root cause of fraud; everything proceeds from avarice. By the self-possessed person, this avarice, along with delusion, has to be conquered.

—Santi Parva.

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beginnings of PHILOSOPHY



Maulana Abul Kalam Azad

A BASIC question that arises is that of the beginnings of philosophy. Where should we start the story? In Greece or in India? In other words, which country contains the traces of the earliest developments of philosophy?

So far as Greek philosophy is concerned, we are aware of some of its earliest phases. It has been generally recognized that philosophical speculations in Greece cannot be traced earlier than the sixth century B.C. The first Greek thinker whom we can appropriately describe as a philosopher was Thales. A specific incident has helped us to determine his chronology. It is said that he had predicted through his calculations the correct time of an eclipse which took place in B.C. 585. Two men who after Thales gave a new turn to the development of philosophical thought in Greece were Pythagoras and Socrates. Pythagoras lived about B.C. 532 and the death of Socrates took place in B.C. 399.

When, however, we look at India of the sixth century B.C., we see a completely different picture. This period in India witnessed not the beginnings but the development of philosophical thought. It was not a case of the dawn of philosophy as in Greece but what may be described as the full glow of philosophical day. It was not the first faltering steps of the human intellect along the long and arduous way of philosophical quest but it marked a stage which could have been reached only after a considerable journey.

Two facts are inevitably forced upon our attention in any discussion of this period:

(i) The emergence of Buddhism and Jainism took place in this epoch.

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(ii) Before the advent of the Buddha and Mahavira, there had already been a considerable development of philosophical thought in India and systems had emerged which presupposed a long period of wide and deep philosophical speculation.

What I am anxious that readers should specially consider is not the personality of Gautama the Buddha or Mahavira but the background of thought which made their emergence possible. It is a study of this background which is of the greatest importance to the historian of philosophy. The fact that India in the sixth century B.C. could exhibit the method and approach of Gautama the Buddha and Mahavira is in itself evidence that the country had developed a widespread and deep philosophical insight. An atmosphere was already in existence in which there could develop different theories and interpretations of the mysteries of life. It is also clear that a stage had been reached where these problems could be solved without pre-supposing either the existence of God or the revelation of His will.

Such a philosophic temper did not emerge in Greece till much later. Ionian philosophy which is one of the earliest of the Greek schools believed in a theory of souls informing the planets and other stellar bodies. These can hardly be distinguished from the gods and goddesses of popular mythology. Located on the peak of *Mount Olympus,* they were the gods of religion; when, however, the same gods put on a philosophic garb and mounted the heavens, they acquired the philosophic title of Intelligences of the Spheres. This tendency of Ionian philosophy continued in all the later schools of Greek thought. If the heavenly souls of Aristotle are subjected to proper scrutiny, it will be seen that they are not very different from the old Hellenic gods. It is true that Socrates protested against the worship of gods, but even he was not able to eradicate completely from philosophy the influence of the popular conception of gods.

If after a general survey of the history of philosophy and religion elsewhere we turn to study the way in which the Indian intellect reacted to their problems, we find ourselves faced with an entirely new approach. Elsewhere, philosophy and religion pursued distinct and different paths; though their paths had at times crossed and the one had influenced the other, the two had never merged. In India, on the other hand, it is not always possible to differentiate between the two. Unlike Greece, philosophy was not confined here to the walls of the academies but became the religion of millions.

In Greece elements of religions acquired the characteristics of philosophy; in India philosophy was itself turned into religion.

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. The distinction we have drawn between philosophy and religion cannot, therefore, describe accurately the Indian situation. If we try to apply to India the criterion which distinguishes philosophy from religion, we will either have to change the criterion itself or recognize that in India philosophy and religion have pursued the same path.

These discussions thus prove two things:

(a) There had been a considerable development of *Upanishad* philosophy before the age of Gautama the Buddha:

(b) The foundations of some of the other schools had been laid although the evidence does not establish conclusively that they had reached their full development. We may therefore safely say that considerable speculative activity had preceded the emergence of the Buddha.

A study of the history of philosophy therefore leads us to the unassailable conclusion that philosophical speculations began earlier in India than in Greece. The sixth century B.C. marks the beginnings of philosophy in Greece, but in India it is an age of considerable philosophical progress. In a general history of philosophy, we should therefore begin the story with India, not with Greece.

[Condensed from *History of Philosophy: Eastern & Western*]

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SAMPATTIDAN

Jayaprakash Narayan

SAMPATTIDAN Movement is based on the Gandhian principle of trusteeship. It creates a new psychology that property belongs to society.



In every country, and more so in India, there are social and economic injustices, inequalities and exploitation of various sorts, poverty and misery on the one side and wealth and luxury on the other. Hitherto efforts to reshape things have been made on a basis which promoted a clash of interests. There have been in various forms, struggles between the "haves" and "have-nots". These struggles have not led to very happy, uplifting or constructive results. Either they have led to naked violence or to serious tensions which have affected deeply both the sides and warped social life.

If social progress is to be achieved only through a mutually destructive struggle between these interests, there seems to be little hope for the future of human society. Progress can be achieved only through the path shown by Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhiji asked both the sides involved in the struggle to look beyond their selfish or class interests. He asked the people to submerge their individual selfish interest for the welfare of the society as a whole. His solution was based on a new outlook of life. He asked the "haves", the captains of business and indus-

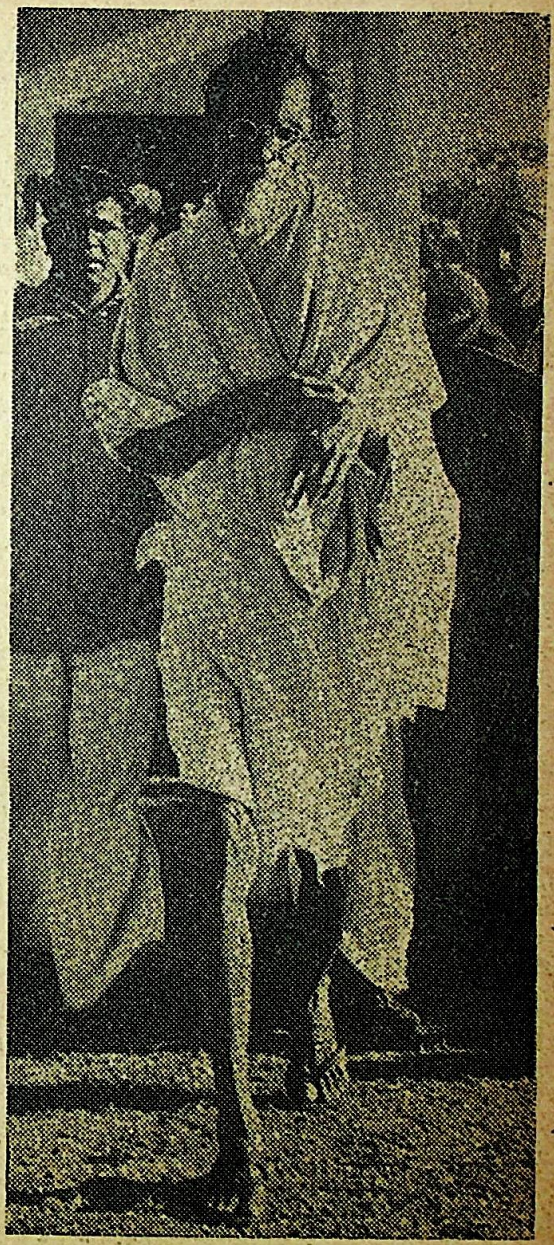
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try, to consider themselves as trustees of the wealth they possessed. He taught them that what they considered as their wealth was in reality the product of social co-operation and effort. It was wrong if they looked upon it as their personal possession.

Wealth belonged to the society as a whole and the wealthy were merely trustees of that wealth from which they were entitled to take for themselves what was essential for their living and devote the rest to the good of the community. Gandhiji also told "have-nots", to look upon themselves not as wage-slaves engaged in a perpetual war against the owners for a higher share in the value they produced but in a common endeavour to produce and serve the whole of the society. The workers are also not entitled, therefore, irrespective of what they produced to more than what is necessary for their wants as long as there are others in society who are more in want.

After Gandhiji's departure, Acharya Vinoba Bhave has been trying to translate these teachings and ideas of Mahatma Gandhiji into practice. The *Bhoodhan* movement, *Sampattidan* movement, *Buddhidan* movement and similar other movements are attempts to give a practical and concrete shape to the Gandhian way of social revolution and reconstruction.

Sampattidan is a first step towards the realisation of Gandhiji's ideas of trusteeship. It does not



Acharya Vinoba Bhave

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mean giving contributions to a fund. It is not to be confused with charity or other ordinary contributions to various charitable funds. *Sampattidan* means the acceptance of a new outlook on life, namely, that every individual, however high or low in the economic scale, has a partial responsibility towards his fellowmen. This would be the first step in the conversion of capitalism into non-violent and just society of the future, in which everyone lives for all and all for every one. That is the Sarvodaya Society of Gandhiji's dream.

The whole movement is based on a certain idealism. It expects everyone to contribute a part of his income, normally 1/6th part of it, for his fellowmen. The contributions so made are not to be collected in a fund but every one has to keep the money with himself and spend it in accordance with the advice of Acharya Vinoba Bhave or his representatives. The donor is expected further to keep accounts and submit them annually to Acharya Vinoba Bhave.

When hundreds of thousands of people participate in the *Sampattidan* movement a climate will have been created in the country for taking the next step towards the transformation of the existing economic order. The next step is that of "full trusteeship." Under "trusteeship", commercial and industrial enterprises would belong to the society and there would be no employer and employee. The management and labour would have joint responsibility to run them not for themselves but for the good of the society as a whole. Thus *Sampattidan* aims at creating a new psychology where the profit motive would be completely eliminated. It also eliminates violence. It introduces love, persuation and power of truth—the great tenets of Gandhism.

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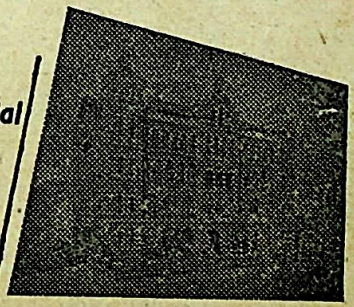
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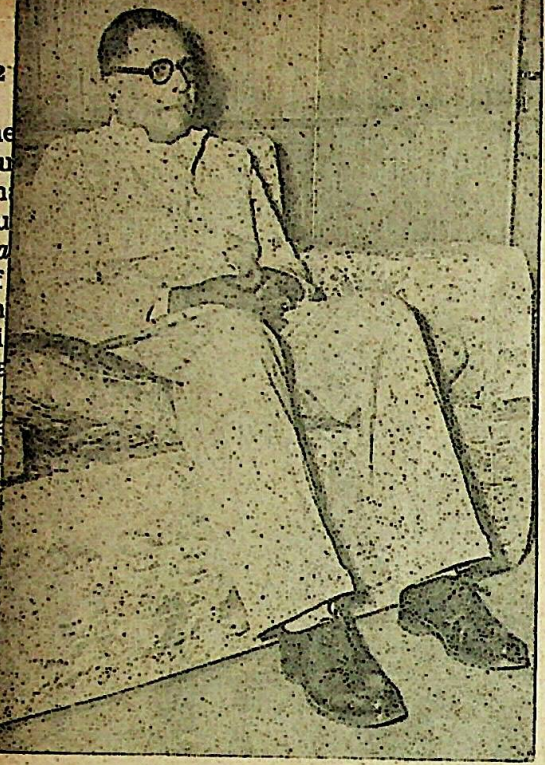


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Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab

POST-FREEDOM INDIA:

A Balance Sheet

Harekrushna Mahtab

Is India a going concern? Bombay's Governor Dr. Mahtab analyses India's latest Balance Sheet (not the budget) as an expert economist and gives his comments on the asset and liability sides and suggests modes of appropriating profits, investments etc.—all in figurative sense of course.

ONLY eight years have passed since the 15th of August 1947, the red-letter day on which India attained her independence by agreement, an event unparalleled in the history of the world. No other country with such a huge population and glorious past was conquered and ruled for two centuries so easily as India and no other country in similar circumstances has gained freedom so easily as India. The sensation of the miracle which brought about the freedom of the country will be felt more and more as the event becomes older and older and then the secret of leadership of Mahatma

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Gandhi and his insistence on spiritual strength will be more and more realized.

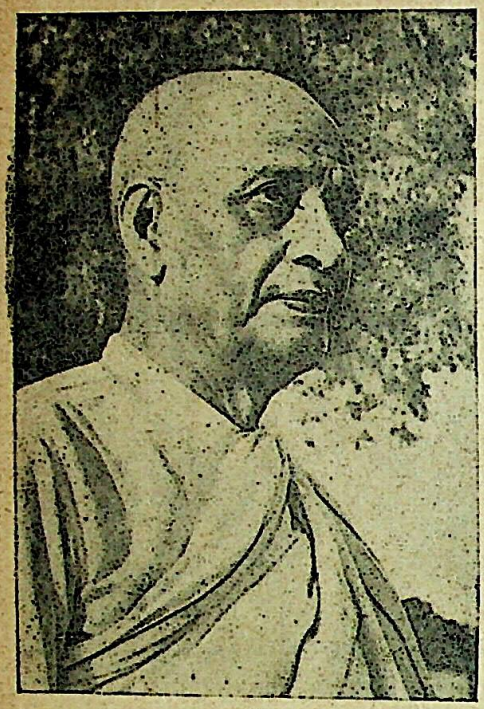
Today we are engrossed in immediate problems which have to be solved as quickly as possible; this is not the time to sit back and recall how the country achieved its independence in spite of all conceivable odds. What is necessary today is to take stock of the work done and remaining to be done and to find out if we are on the right track and if we are making appreciable progress towards the goal. When the management of an old concern changes hands, it is the preparation of a regular balance-sheet which keeps the new manager on the right track and helps him to liquidate the liabilities and increase the assets as soon as possible so that the concern may stand the competition of the world which knows no softness for anybody on any account.

Post-freedom India is to be treated as an old concern, for the transfer of power has been absolutely non-violent and was effected by mutual agreement. But it so happened that the transfer took place just at the time when post-war problems were existing in a very acute form. To add to these, the partition of the country brought in its trail many other acute problems which were probably not anticipated at the time of deciding the issue. High prices, shortage of goods, many irksome controls, etc., were all post-war liabilities; while the



Mahatma Gandhi

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Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel

enormous problem of refugees and the breakdown of the economic structure which was built up in the course of two centuries with India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon as one unit were the post-freedom liabilities. These were the liabilities on the economic side. On the political side, as many as six hundred territorial units, which were collectively known as Princely India, were left as sovereign units like so many islands in the Indian ocean. In addition, as is usual in any change-over, a considerable amount of lawlessness also had to be faced. These liabilities had to be cleared up before anything else could be thought of.

The assets, as against the liabilities, were a well-built administrative machinery left behind and the goodwill of the retiring management to make over the charge in a systematic manner. There is an opinion that the administrative machinery which India has inherited from the British is not suitable for a welfare state. I think this is not correct. The frame-work of the machinery is capable of adjustments to suit the new conditions and it is a beautiful framework which should not be disturbed in a haphazard manner with any ill-conceived idea of reform for better. I think that is the most valuable asset inherited by India. So also is the goodwill of the previous management which gave breathing time to the new hands to tackle the enormous problems which arose as a result of the post-war and post-partition conditions.

Standing at a distance of only eight years from the date of transfer of power, we can legitimately have a feeling of satisfaction that almost all the liabilities have been cleared off. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's name will go down in history as that of a great statesman and administrator who cleared off all the political liabilities, namely, the Princely States and the lawlessness during the transition period. On the economic side, high prices, shortage of goods, controls, instability of Indian economy without

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Pakistan, all these have been cleared off. The refugee problem has been well-nigh solved.

Clearing off of such heavy liabilities within so short a time would, by itself, have been a remarkable achievement for any country. But what is more is that not only have the initial problems been solved but the country has marched with rapid strides towards stabilization and development as no other country in comparable circumstances has done in history. The new Constitution was framed and promulgated within three years of freedom. Economic development on a large scale was undertaken according to a plan which opened up a new chapter in India's history.

Multi-purpose river valley projects, heavy industries run by the State, development of village industries, development of agriculture, nationalization of road transport, extension of railways, all these together with rapid expansion of social services on an unprecedented scale could not even be conceived within five years of people's rule in any other country. But in India these came in as a matter of course almost immediately after the Constitution was promulgated. In about a couple of years, many of the river valley projects will be completed. By that time the second Five Year Plan will have been in operation. Thus in a few years the face of India will have been changed entirely inasmuch as by about 1962 India will be a manufacturing country, a position which the Western countries acquired in not less than half a century.

Thus on the side of economic development, much ground has been covered within the short period of seven years and the progress achieved so far creates the hope that the cherished goal will be attained within a much shorter period than that required by many other countries in similar circumstances.

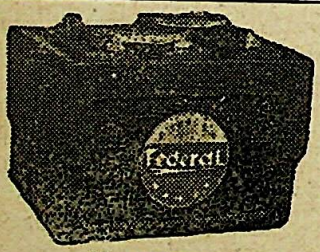
For all these achievements, it might be argued that some beginning, however small it might be, was made during the previous rule and, therefore, it was possible merely to increase the speed later on. But there is one achievement in the seven years for which the credit cannot, by any stretch of argument, be shared by anybody except India. It is the development of India's foreign policy under Jawaharlalji's personal direction. Countries like the U.K., the U.S.A., France and other Western European countries have taken centuries to formulate definite foreign policies and that too to suit their own national interests only, for these, in fact, have now and then resulted in devastating wars. The U.S.S.R. has not yet been able to develop a definite foreign policy in the course of the last thirty years. But India has been able to evolve a policy of foreign relationship which is not only the best in her own interest but is the

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best in maintaining peace in the world. The *Panch Shila* will go down in history as the greatest gift of India handed over to the world through Shri Jawaharlal Nehru.

All these accounts on the credit side create self-confidence which India lost in the last centuries and which develops faith in the future. But, at the same time, note should be taken of possible lapses which might involve the country in heavy liabilities. More than one well-developed political party have not yet emerged to compete on an All-India basis to assume the responsibility of Government. Sometimes the parochial and sectional interest is getting the better of the national one in many parts of the country. Sense of responsibility on the side of the critic and sensitiveness to public criticism on the part of government, which are like the two sides of the same coin, have not yet developed to the extent required in a democratic system of government. These are some of the most important points to which more attention should be given so that there may not be the slightest chance of incurring heavy liabilities at any time.

The blessings of Gandhiji are even now showered upon India from above. His spirit even now guides the conduct of the country from the invisible quarter of eternal bliss. No wonder, therefore, that India marches ahead and shall march on till the dream of the Father of the Nation is realized.



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Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras

A parliamentarian LOOKS BACK

Sri Prakasa

I WAS elected to the Central Legislative Assembly by a most peculiar accident. After many boycotts, the Congress decided to contest the elections in 1934 and accept Lord Willingdon's challenge that it had not the courage to face the ballot-box and had really no influence. Though the Parliamentary Committee in charge of setting up candidates for the Central Assembly in Uttar Pradesh was anxious that I should agree to stand, I asked to be excused. The running of the elections, however, was entrusted to me for many constituencies.

The Committee had set up my father Dr. Bhagavan Das for the Seven Cities, and the rural constituency of Allahabad-*cum*-Jhansi was left vacant for Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. Pandit Malaviya would not stand as a Congress candidate, and the Congress did not like to oppose him. So this seat was left for him to contest.

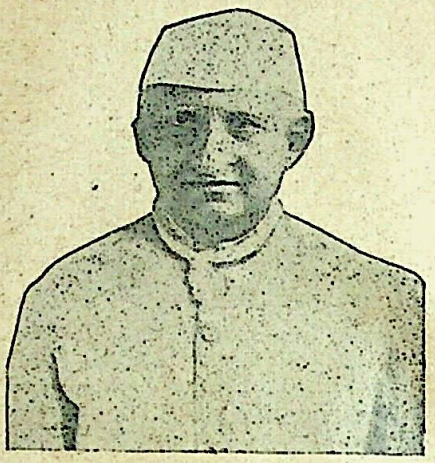
I had gone up to Allahabad from Banaras, to file the nomination paper of my father. After I had filed it and was coming away, it was discovered that Pandit Malaviya's name was not on the relevant electoral roll; and so he could not be nominated for this constituency. Various non-Congressmen discovering this flaw, hastened to get themselves nominated. There were hurried consultations among the Congressmen present in the Court at the time, for we did not want to lose a seat; and as no one was prepared to stand, I was pushed in for the place.

In fact, I had taken only Rs. 500/- as security money for my father, and had no money for my

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own nomination. My name, was on the relevant rolls, and there was no difficulty in getting myself nominated. A friend found the money, and I was nominated. We were all sorry that Pandit Malaviya could not be nominated, and some persons also felt suspicious of the proceedings. I became the subject of many unmerited attacks; but these are the simple facts of the case. There was a contest—though not a very serious one—and I was elected. That is how I found myself—much to my own surprise—in the Central Legislative Assembly at Delhi in January 1935.

Many of the members of Central Assembly were known to me. Even some of the members of Government, I had known before in various capacities. The Government Benches contained many back benchers that I had known as district officers in my home-town or in other places. So far as non-official benches were concerned, I was familiar with a large number of members. I knew most of the Congressmen that had been returned; and the party leaders, Sjts. Bhulabhai Desai, Satyamurti and Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, were all known to me for a long time past. I knew many folk in the Muslim League party also—known as Independents in the beginning as it contained two Parsi members as well—including their Leader Sri Jinnah. Many of them had been Congressmen before like



Sri B. J. Desai

Maulana Shaukat Ali and among the Independent-nominated members I knew Sri N. M. Joshi, the great labour leader and a member of the Servants of India Society, very well. I therefore did not feel strange; and quickly renewed old friendships and made new ones.

Sri Bhulabhai Desai was a brilliant and accommodating leader, a most friendly and helpful guide. He was a very fine speaker; and all who had known him, mourned his premature death as a great personal loss. He was most kind to me. Whenever he rose to speak, the House immediately filled up. It was a delight to hear him. Even though his sentences were long and involved, his voice was sweet and mellifluous; and when he hit out, he did so strongly. He was loved and respected on all sides, and he enjoyed the confidence of everyone. Then there was Sri

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Satyamurti who was a most painstaking and successful parliamentarian one can think of. He was a very eloquent speaker. He studied everything most carefully; and he put in deadly supplementaries to questions asked by any member from any side of the House. He had his facts always at his fingers' ends. He would speak for hours on end without feeling the least fatigued. Then there was Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant with his flair for details, and his facts and figures always at command, and who with his compelling voice and presence, won the respect and attention of all.

The Leader of the House was the Law Member of the time, Sir Nripendra Nath Sarcar, who wielded a caustic tongue and hurt many persons; but he was a warm-hearted patriot, and carried on his duties under heavy pressure and with rare courage. He was so very greatly respected for his sincerity that he was able to carry his own in Government. He began with a tremendous prejudice against Congress; but as he later told me, he had changed his views and was all for the Congress. He was a personal friend of Mahatma Gandhi.

The convention was that we Congressmen could meet only those on the Government side whom we might have known before we came to the Assembly, but we were not allowed to make new contacts. As I had known Sir Nripendra Nath Sarcar who had been our family lawyer before, I came to know him rather well during those days. He was very helpful in many ways to the Congress benches; and he sought our assistance in the piloting of his bills on Company Law and Insurance Law.

His independence could be judged by his refusing to vote with his own Government in an important division on a constitutional point, and accepting my motion of adjournment and declining to call for a division despite pressure from his colleagues, when I protested against the putting up of a so-called mutiny memorial with the blessings of Christian divines. They had tried hard to get the Viceroy to disallow the moving of the motion, but he had left on tour and could not be contacted in time. I very greatly admired Sir Nripendra Nath Sarcar and always held him in high respect.

There were many others whom I came to know very well during those days, but whom I need not mention here. I should, however, like to say that the Englishman with parliamentary traditions ingrained in him, was able to adapt himself when he came to the Assembly, almost overnight; and I have known many proud and stand-offish British district magistrates cooing like doves from the Opposition benches; and then turning themselves again into what they had been as soon as they got back to their districts.

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Sir Henry Craig, the Home Member, once described the terrorists as Public Enemy No. 1, the Communists as Public Enemy No. 2, and, by inference, Congressmen as Public Enemy No. 3. I recollect that in the course of a debate on a resolution pertaining to the Criminal Law Amendment Act, I said that Public Enemy No. 1 were the imperialists represented by the Law Member and the Home Member, Public Enemy No 2 were the militarists represented by the Commander-in-Chief and Defence Secretary, and Public Enemy No. 3 were the bureaucracy who occupied the back benches on the Government side, and who were so quiet and docile here and who were veritable wolves and tigers in the districts they commanded. There was much laughter; but as the Finance Member of the time Sir James Grigg said on one occasion, the humour that I expressed in the House was deadly, and not a matter for laghter at all, as it contained something very serious which had to be looked into. Personally I meant no harm, and I enjoyed myself.

Sri Satyamurti and Sir James Grigg liked and admired each other so far as one could judge. Neither unfortunately had any sense of humour. Sir James Grigg seemed to have a contempt for everyone, though I think he was a warm-hearted man and meant well. He was not averse to using vulgar terms now and then to express his irritation and impatience. Sir Nripendra Nath Sarcar and he used to be on very good terms in the early days but fell out badly later just because of some unfortunate words that Sir James Grigg allowed to let pass his lips. The same happened with Sri Satyamurti; and that too unfortunately practically on the last day they were to sit opposite each other in the Assembly.

Sir James wanted to get away to a valedictory party that had been arranged in honour of him and his wife on the eve of his retirement, while Sri Satyamurti called for division after division on some supplementary grants, knowing full well that we would lose in every such division. Divisions were always lengthy processes, and Sir James got visibly annoyed and used a vulgar expression against Sri Satyamurti as he passed him to the division lobby. Sri Satyamurti was red with anger; and called the Chair's attention to the remark. The Chair was wise, and said it had heard nothing; and so the matter was closed. Sri Bhulabhai Desai tried hard to bring the two together, feeling—as he told me—that they should not part in anger, for they were not likely to meet each other in life again. The breach, however, was I fear, never closed.

Once not fully appreciative of Sri Satyamurti's lack of the sense of humour, I said in the course of my speech after his, that Sri

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Satyamurti very often got lost in his own eloquence. Another man might have enjoyed the fun, but he was angry; and I had to apologise to him. I took great care after that not to have any joke at his expense, and let him have all that he wanted, at mine.

The subject of foreign pedigree bulls was once brought up in the question hour; and with my irrepressible love for laughter, I put in a supplementary: "Are the Government aware that these Australian bulls have died because they could not stand our food, and our cows have died because they could not stand those bulls?" There was tremendous laughter, but Sri Satyamurti thought that I was most vulgar and should withdraw. He was our Deputy Leader; and very reluctantly I moved the next day that these words might be expunged from the proceedings book. The Government Member, Sir Frank Noyce, who was deservedly a very popular figure, told me that though he was a very correct and conventional type of an Englishman himself he did not see anything improper in my supplementary question and wondered why I was getting it expunged. I said that I was sorry Sri Satyamurti thought otherwise; and I had to obey.

There used to be Sir Abdul Halim Ghaznavi, a very popular person, in the House. He came from Calcutta. He had held many offices, and was never quite sure whether he should side with the Muslim League or with the Government. He had some mannerisms of his own while talking. He would repeat the same words over and over again; and halt for long intervals between one sentence and another.

On one occasion, Sir Abdul Halim Ghaznavi who was interested in coastal shipping, was attacking the Moghul Line saying that the name was a perfect fraud as the Company was not Moghul at all; it was British; and then went on repeating: "It was not Moghul, it was British; it was not Moghul, it was British." He was working himself up into a frenzy as he said: "The name was a fraud; the name was a fraud." I could not help butting in with: "Just as your name is Ghaznavi". There was tremendous laughter from all sides of the House. Sri Ghaznavi himself was dumbfounded; and after a long pause said: "I shall answer the question later". I said: "I give you three months time to do so". The question naturally was never answered. Sir Abdul Halim is now dead.

Another member whom I might mention was Janab Kabir-ud-din from Bengal. He was a very stout and a very dark person. He was in the habit of flinging jokes about at everybody's expense all the time. He gladly put up with them at his own expense as well. There were many pleasant bouts between him and me as he sat on the

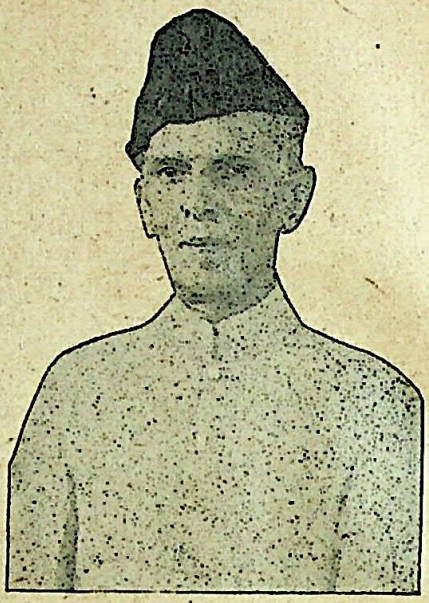
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Government benches. He was fond of interrupting speeches. Once as I was speaking, he shot out some remark; and I sang back:

"Old King Coal was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he."

The laughter that this produced was worth seeing and hearing. The Europeans in the House particularly enjoyed it, being familiar with their nursery rhymes. The poor man himself almost collapsed.

Another member whom I might mention was Sri Baijnath Bajoria. He was a very orthodox Marwari from Calcutta and studiously opposed every measure for social reform that the Congress ventured to present. He was a wealthy merchant and his constituency was of his own class. Once he was reading out a long telegram that had come to him from Calcutta against the measure that was before the House. In telegrams, as we know, the word "stop" is put at the end of sentences. He would read the word "stop" again and again; and whenever he said "stop", members called out loudly "stop"; but he would not stop; and so at one of these places I got up and asked whether he was in order in going on speaking when his constituents themselves were constantly asking him to stop! Later replying to him, I described him as a most innocent man who would not hurt a fly provided of course he could catch one! This very greatly amused the President Sir Abdur



Sri Jinnah

Rahim and he laughed so loudly and rocked in his chair so vehemently that some persons thought he would fall off in his excitement.

Sri Jinnah was the personification of pride who could stand no joke at his expense at all. He once spoke stoutly supporting a Government Bill for purposes of recruitment and prescribing condign punishment for those who obstructed such recruitment. Sri Jinnah made a long speech in its defence. I fear I gave it rather hot to him in my speech that followed. When in the course of my speech I said I was surprised that Sri Jinnah should support this measure and wondered why he was doing so, he

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interjected from his place: "I want to save my neck".

"How bad it is", I continued, "for a leader of his eminence that he should want to save his neck by sacrificing those of others". This was too much for him; and he walked out of the House in high dudgeon.

Next day one of his followers tried to read out a long sermon to me saying that a back-bencher of one party had no business to attack a front-bencher—and that too a leader—of another party. How that had anything to do with the subject under discussion, I cannot say; and why one should not be permitted to attack others, however eminent, in the course of a debate, I could not understand.

My own personal relations with the Muslim League were most happy; and the episode ended where it began. These good relations acquired during the days of the Assembly, stood me in good stead during my eighteen months in Pakistan as India's first High Commissioner there, in those times of extreme danger and difficulty.

Sir Sultan Ahmed, a distinguished lawyer of Patna, used to be grafted into the Assembly from time to time whenever there was a vacancy in the Muslim personnel there. Sir Mohammad Zafrullah used to be a hot favourite with the British Government. He and I had many jousts across the floor of the House. He was a brilliant controversialist and had a great deal of intellectual arrogance which led him to look down on others with undisguised contempt. He indulged a great deal in sarcasm in his speeches. He did not, however, have always the best of every argument. Personally he was nice to me; and in Pakistan he kept the very best relations with me, and spoke very kindly about me at the farewell lunch the Government gave when I left. Sir Sultan Ahmed used to take his place whenever he himself was out.

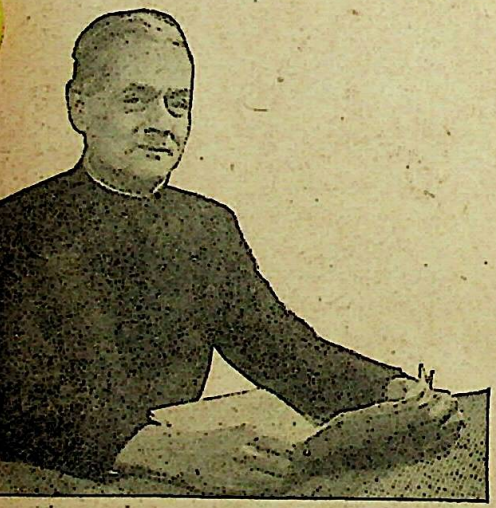
When once I was talking about something to Sri Zafrullah just as he was about to go giving place to Sir Sultan Ahmed, Sri Zafrullah said to me: "You may speak about it to Sir Sultan when he arrives. He is a patrician, while I am only a plebeian. He will understand you better than I do".

Sir Sultan was an exceedingly pleasant parliamentarian and it was a pleasure to deal with him. He has always been the very personification of courtesy and pleasant manners. One day, replying to the various arguments advanced by the Congress benches, he put them seriatim, saying: "This has been said; now that is a lie". "Then this has been said; now that is a lie", "Then this has been said; now that is a lie," and so on, till he came to what he had himself to say. "Now this has been said, and...." but before he could say: "This is the truth", I chimed in: "and that is a lie". There was

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much merriment all round; and the Law Member that he was at the time, joined in it as much as any others. Votes, of course, were on his side, even though arguments were on the other.

The election of the President was always a hotly contested affair those days. They had a convention that the President was to be a Hindu and Muslim in rotation. When I went up for my first Assembly in 1935, the presidentship was to go to a Muslim. The Government and the Muslim League together put up Sir Abdur Rahim. Government and the Congress were always equally divided; and so the Muslim League held the balance of power and used it with deadly effect. The Congress put up Sri Tasadduq Ahmed Sherwani, a Muslim member from the Uttar Pradesh. He was a highly loved colleague, a Congressman, and a great nationalist who had sacrificed his all in the Cause.



Sri Mavalankar

There was naturally much canvassing throughout the few days that were available between the first meeting of the new Assembly and the election of the President. Though we had hoped against hopes that our candidate would win, the verdict of the ballot box was, however, in favour of Sir Abdur Rahim. He won by a very narrow majority of five or six. It appeared as if Tasadduq's heart was broken at this. There was suspicion of a few unexpected defections, and not many weeks later he developed some serious malady and died in Delhi itself.

This Assembly that had been elected only for three years, got innumerable extensions. At last in 1945, new elections did take place, and early in 1946 another Assembly met at Delhi. I was elected to this as well. Sri Bhulabhai Desai did not stand for this, and Sri Sarat Chandra Bose was elected the leader of the Congress Party. According to rotation sanctioned by convention, it was now the turn of a Hindu to be the President; but really the Indian population was at the time politically divided into Muslims and non-Muslims in this context. So Hindu did not include only the Hindus, but also all other non-Muslims—Christians, Parsis, etc.

The Congress put up Sri Mavalankar who still continues to be

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the respected Speaker of the Lok Sabha and who has proved himself so successful—so fair and just—in the Chair he occupies. Obviously a Muslim could not be put up. The Viceroy had nominated Sir Cowasjee Jehangir as Chairman of the Assembly till the election of the proper President had taken place. The Muslim League was anxious not to have a Congressman, and so decided to put up Sir Cowasjee Jehangir himself for the Presidentship.

The election of the President, however, takes place at the very beginning of the term before personal contacts have been established, and before parties have really got consolidated. Feelers were sent to the Congress and a name was suggested; and we were told that if we agreed to that, the election could be unanimous. We were however solmenly informed that Sri Mavalankar could never be acceptable. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel was in Delhi at that time, and he was determined that Sri Mavalankar should be put up. He would not hear of any other name. He told me quite plainly that accepting the other name would mean surrendering to Government's desire which would be improper.

So the contest took place in a terribly tense atmosphere. It was a most exciting election that any one can possibly imagine. What a terrific canvassing went on all the time during the few preceding nights and days available! and everybody was alert and active. The Congress was not sure till the end; but we could not withdraw. Sir Ardeshir Dalal and Major-General Himmatsinhji of Nawanagar—the first, a member of Government; and the second, a nominated member—both declined to vote and when their names were called out, they got up in their seats and said that they were not voting.

After the members had voted, the ballot papers came before the Chairman. There was pin-drop silence in the House as these were counted. All eyes were riveted on the papers themselves. It seemed as if the papers were being put on the two sides in turns: the votes seemed to be so equally divided. The papers were counted again and again, adding to the growing excitement in the House. It appeared as if the votes were absolutely equal in number, otherwise why should there be counting and recounting so many times? At last, the result was announced. The Congres candidate won, and he won by just three votes. The Government had a rooted suspicion that three of their members had disobeyed their whip, and voted on the Congress side. The Chairman Col. Chatterjee made a very felicitous speech congratulating Sri Mavalankar before he gave up his chair.

The House re-assembled under Sri Mavalankar a little later; and

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there were the usual speeches of congratulations. The Leader of the House Sir Edward Benthall made his speech. It must be said for the Britisher that he takes an electoral defeat with a smile; he is at heart a democrat; and shakes the hands of the victor even if he loses against him. Sri Jinnah, however, was too angry to come into the House; and all the congratulations that were halting and half-hearted, on behalf of the Muslim League party, were uttered by Sri Liaquat Ali Khan, later the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Sri Jinnah's most trusted lieutenant and his veritable right-hand man.

A few days later after Sri Mavalankar had presided with grace and dignity over the House and shown himself scrupulously just and fair, always coming to the rescue of Government when any of its members were fumbling or ill at ease, I asked Sir Edward Benthall the leader of the House, who was personally quite friendly to me: "Benthall, why did you make a fool of yourself by opposing Mavalankar".

He replied: "I am really ashamed of myself. We should never have done that. Mavalankar is such a fine and scrupulously fair President. The fact is, Sri Prakasa, we all feared he would prove another Patel." I had a laugh at that; and asked him what objection they could have had to Patel. This little incident, however, showed what a great impression Sri Vithalbhai Patel had left behind him.

This recalls to my mind what Tasadduq Sherwani had said to the Party in the earlier Assembly when we finally decided to put him up, come what may, and when we were almost sure of success after our own vigorous canvassing all round. He had said: "Thank you all, my friends. I shall try to carry on the traditions of Patel," He was a member of the Assembly when Sri Vithalbhai Patel was the President.

That must bring me to the end of my story. I can recite many other incidents, but that would unnecessarily fill up too much space. This is long enough, from 1935 to 1945, from its beginning to its end.

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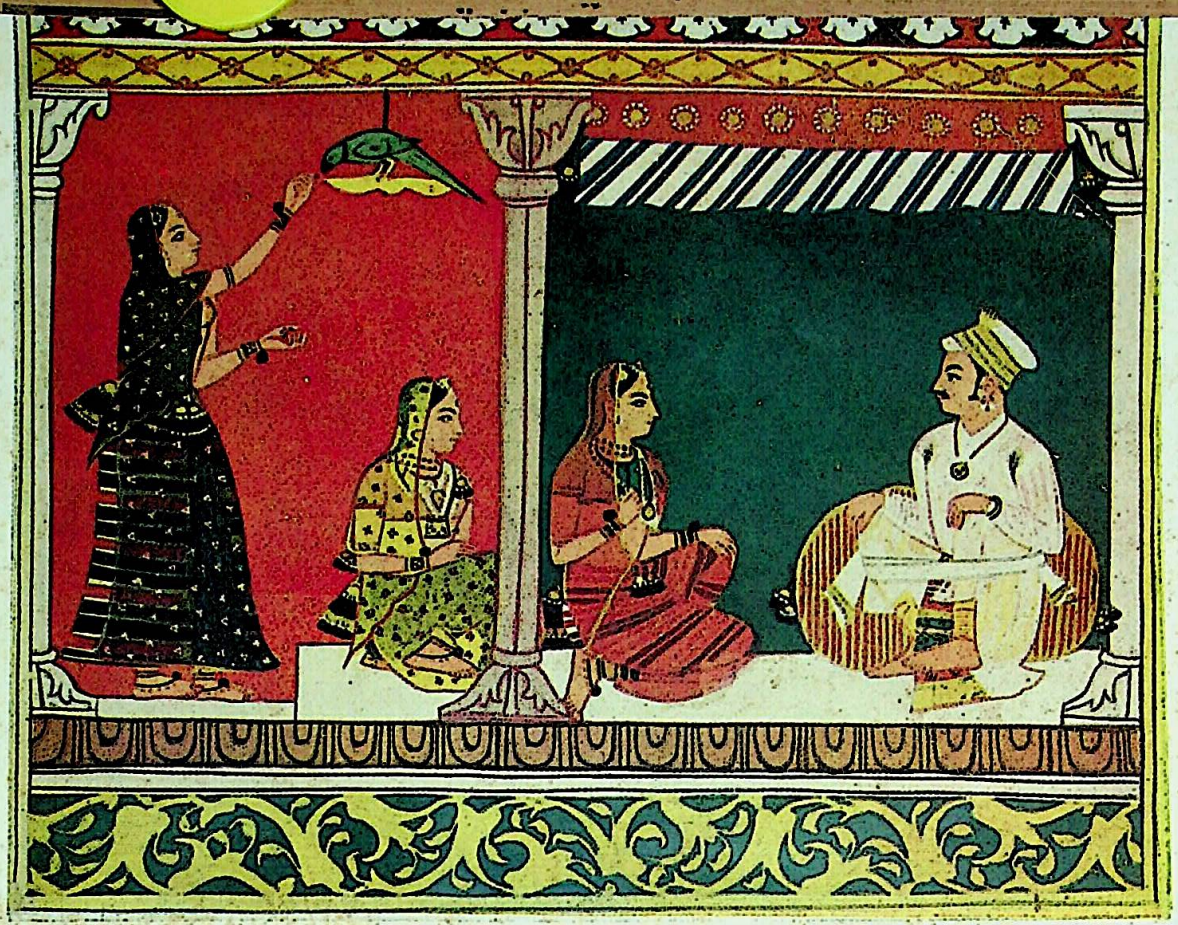
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"LOVERS' TALK"
(Rajasthani Style, Malwa)

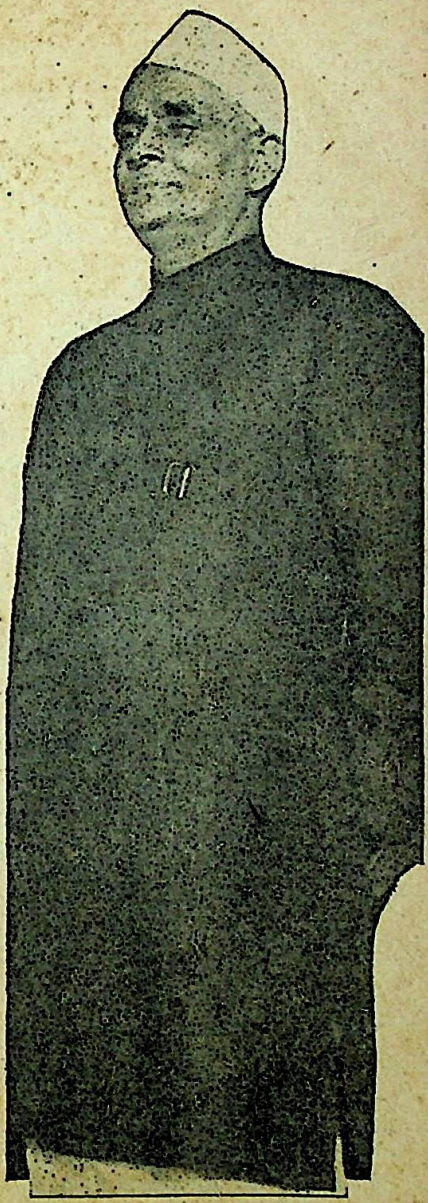
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STUDY OF SANSKRIT

R. R. Diwakar

In the scramble for languages Sanskrit appears to have become a casualty. Granting that the educational "menu" of the modern student is heavy, can "salt" be excluded from it on that score? argues Sri R. R. Diwakar, Governor of Bihar. Some of his suggestions for popularising the study of Sanskrit are original and worth serious consideration by all concerned.

WHILE the battle of languages is going on on various fronts in India, the question of Sanskrit does not seem to be receiving the attention that it rightly deserves. Even some of the educationists who appreciate its importance seem to suggest that it is not very easy to accommodate it in the already heavy syllabus of studies of secondary schools.



Sri R. R. Diwakar

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Their plea seems to have some justification on account of the multiplicity of languages that a student has to master in addition to a number of subjects. But while one may agree that the "menu" is quite heavy, one cannot reconcile oneself with the view that "salt" may be dispensed with! So far as India is concerned, Sanskrit is not merely a language but the repository of the culture and wisdom of ages.

It is not necessary here to prove how Sanskrit is but a part and parcel of Indian culture. The spirit of India for millenniums has expressed itself in it. The highest as well as the most beautiful and useful in Indian thought has used Sanskrit as its vehicle for not less than three thousand years. In fact, our vital and continued culture has taken shape and form in that language. Not only philosophers and poets and great seers have spoken in Sanskrit, but men of science, of medicine, of mathematics have embodied their thoughts in that language.

It often seems to be forgotten that all the languages in India, including those which are said to have been derived from a pre-existing Dravidian tongue, are not only under a deep debt to Sanskrit but that their very emergence as literary languages was inspired by and due to Sanskrit. The vocabulary and literary forms, the very imagery, the idiom, and rhetoric of these languages are based on Sanskrit. Therefore, the further enrichment of these languages depends much on a systematic study of Sanskrit as the source and parent language. Today, opposition to Sanskrit is nowhere more vociferously expressed than perhaps by the Dravida Kazhagam of Tamil Nad. But the very language which it uses and takes pride in, cannot easily deny its debt to Sanskrit. Nor can it with any reasonable chance of success think of throwing away the sail which has helped to keep its boat afloat and moving so far and so long.

The study of the extent and influence of Sanskrit on different regional languages in the matter of script, vocabulary, structure, syntax, literary forms, prosody, imagery, and rhetoric would not only repay all the trouble, but establish the fact of the heavy contribution that Sanskrit has made so far to each of these languages. Such a study will also indicate the potentialities that a closer study of Sanskrit still holds for further enrichment of each of the languages.

In addition to being the linguistic and cultural foster-mother of our regional languages, Sanskrit has been for centuries the unifying influence of the various peoples in India. It has always supplied the basic philosophy of life and other thought-material to all the regions. The *Ramayan*, the *Mahabharat*, the *Gita* and *Upani-*

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shads, the *Pancha Tantra* and *Hitopadesh* have been prolific sources of ideas and thoughts which have taken different shapes and form in all Indian languages. The poetic imagery, the many familiar similes and metaphors have been common to almost all languages in India because of their common source. The great epic figures of Rama, Sita, Hanuman, Krishna, Radha, Dharma, Bhima, Narada and so on are to be found in the literature of all our languages. In fact, Sanskrit literature has been the common quarry for us for millenniums, not to speak of centuries. That is the reason of our basic cultural unity and our ability to recognize similarity in thought and imagery in all our languages, whatever our own mother-tongue might be. All these facts show that Sanskrit, which has undoubtedly a past greater than any other language, living or dead, classical or otherwise, has a future which neither Greek nor Latin nor any other ancient or mediaeval language can dream of.

But Sanskrit and its protagonists have to shed all orthodoxy and aristocracy. They must rise superior to all irrational and outmoded inhibitions, and adopt simple, modern, progressive methods of teaching and using the language. It should be boldly and openly declared by every lover of Sanskrit, especially the Pandits who, of all others, cry hoarse that Sanskrit should live and prosper, that the Vedas are open for study by all and that the Gayatri Mantra is the preserve and monopoly of none. It may not be out of place to suggest that we should hold great gatherings where there is "Mantra-Dan" on a mass scale.

Unfortunately for us, for centuries our women-folk have been bracketted with the Shudras and Vaishyas as ignorant and unfit for chanting the Vedas. It is a strange irony that while we chant the Vedas "seen" and composed by a number of women composers, we forbid their sisters and daughters from reading them or even hearing them! This ban must go and the inhibitions against half of our population must stand finally condemned. How else can we expect all these people to feel that Sanskrit enshrines their culture and that they should protect and foster it? For whose benefit, one may ask, should our women, the Vaishyas and the Shudras, support Sanskrit? Is it for the sake of a few old-fashioned and narrow-minded Pandits, priests, and Purohits that they are asked to hold it aloft and help it?

Another step equally necessary is a serious attempt to simplify the methods of teaching and propagating Sanskrit. It is the human interest and curiosity of the millions that has to be roused first. Those who take up the study of Sanskrit are today frightened by the heavy grammar, the unpro-

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nounceable Sandhis and a number of the hurdles. Today there is no Western language ever so rich and evolved which does not humble itself and try to think constantly in terms of simplification and of devising easy methods of teaching. How much more should Sanskrit, which has the reputation of being difficult in addition to being old, stand in dire need of an approach which is similar to those of modern languages?

It is these things which are necessary for enabling every Indian, whatever language he may speak, to appreciate the treasures of Sanskrit and further enrich his own tongue, by mastering it.

FOR ALL

यथेमां वाचं कल्याणीम्
आवदानि जनेभ्यः ।
ब्रह्मराजन्याभ्यां
शूद्राय चार्याय च
स्वाय चारणाय च ।

So may I speak these blessed words to the people at large:
to the Brahmana and the Kshatriya,
to the Sudra and the Vaisya;
to my own people and to the foreigner.

Yajur Veda



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SATYAMURTI

K. Santhanam

The late Sri Satyamurti was a name to conjure with in the South. His silver tongue is a byword. A staunch Congressman, unwearied worker for the national cause and strong individualist, he had the patience and tenacity to convert Congress into Parliamentary mood. As Sri Bhulabhai Desai's Deputy in the Central Legislature he did yeoman service to the country. It is but meet that Sri K. Santhanam, Lieut-Governor of Vindhya Pradesh who has seen him at close quarters should give us his candid impressions of Sri Satyamurti on this historic day.



The late Sri S. Satyamurti

IT IS many years since Satyamurti died but his personality is still vivid before my mind's eyes. I am sure this is true of all those who knew Satyamurti. One might admire and like him for his fine eloquence, patriotism and earnestness or criticise him for his shallowness, egoism and ambition but no one could ignore him. He was too vital a personality to be brushed aside by anyone however great or powerful he might be.

Satyamurti's rise to political fame was meteoric. He shot into the front rank as an opponent of Mrs. Besant and follower of Tilak. By conviction he was a liberal with the belief that political agitation by constitutional means was all that was needed—at least all that was possible in the India of his time. But as a speaker and agitator, he was an extremist. A big audience went to his head like strong wine. Fiery words poured forth in magnificent eloquence. He

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could speak in English and Tamil with equal facility. His voice, pronunciation and emphasis were perfect. In English his diction was not so good as Srinivasa Sastri's. In neither language was he so persuasive and effective as Rajaji. But for inspiring an audience with enthusiasm and patriotic emotion, he had hardly any equal.

The platform and the Council Chamber were his two master passions. With limitations of time and subject matter, his eloquence had not the same freedom inside the council chamber. But he made it up by a careful and laborious study of the subject. He was, perhaps, the most conscientious parliamentarian of his time. He would never miss a sitting, nor be absent during a sitting whether it was question-time, or the subject under discussion was official bill, non-official resolution or any other subject. He took interest in everything concerning the work of the legislature in which he was a member.

In the Indian Legislative Assembly, he was first Secretary and then became the Deputy Leader of the Congress Party in 1947 when Govind Ballabh Pant left it to become the Chief Minister of U.P. The Leader Bhulabhai and the Deputy Leader Satyamurti were poles asunder in temperament and outlook but they worked well together and were complementary to each other. Bhulabhai's brain was sharp as a razor, he was impatient of details and drudgery and he was reluctant to get up and speak unless it was necessary. Satyamurti's mind was rather heavy and slow but he did patient work and put up with drudgery. He was prepared on every subject and was eager to be always on his feet. Between the two, the Government benches had always an anxious time and could not afford to be careless or easy-going.

If Satyamurti were not so ambitious as he was, he would have been far more successful. He wanted to be the central figure everywhere and to monopolise all the garlands and the applause. He heartily disliked all those who came in his way or shared in either. His dream was to occupy some unique place in the Indian political field. He would have liked to be the President of the Indian National Congress, the Chief Minister of Madras or the Prime Minister of India.

But fates were against him. Almost at the threshold of his political career he found himself against Mahatma Gandhi. He was totally opposed to the Mahatma's doctrines and methods. It is to the great credit of Satyamurti that at the risk of being swept off the political field, he stuck to his convictions and never relaxed his efforts to convert the Congress to parliamentary activity and away from satyagraha and direct action. He rejoiced at the success of the Swarajist Party movement and

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Sri K. Santhanam

again when the Congress decided to contest the elections to the Central Assembly in 1934 and to the provincial legislatures in 1937. But in both cases, his success was short-lived.

The withdrawal from the legislatures and the Salt Satyagraha in 1930 was a bitter pill for Satyamurti. Yet, the political atmosphere in the country was so intense that Satyamurti, who was a politician and nothing else, had to bow before the storm and take part in the Satyagraha. In the general elections of 1937, he would have liked to come away from the Central Assembly and become the Chief Minister of Madras. But it was not to be, as the choice fell on a more eminent personality. When the war came, and legislatures were once more deserted, Satyamurti was once more swept into jail in 1941 and again in 1942. I imagine his heart broke and this was the principal cause of his illness and premature death.

Satyamurti was keenly appreciative of the good things of this world. He liked music, drama, dancing, good food and all kinds of pomp and ceremony. Though he enrolled himself as a lawyer, he never practised. As he had no inherited wealth, he was comparatively poor all his life. This poverty rankled in his mind and it also gave room to malicious critics to cavil at him for occasional assistance received by him from his richer friends and admirers. The work he did as propagandist and parliamentarian was worth more than that of the highest civil servant but Gandhiji had set before the country the ideal of poverty for public servants and as generally happens in such cases, those who never dreamed of following the ideal did not hesitate to throw stones at others who failed to follow it fully.

Satyamurti's fame was entirely his own achievement. His chequered career and premature death were the result of circumstances beyond him. He deserves an eminent place in the annals of the Indian Struggle for Freedom.

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RAMAYANA AND SANE LIVING

N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

There can be no question that the Ramayana bristles with the enunciation of principles that serve even today as guides to good living. From each of its episodes we can draw a lesson of permanent value to the development of individual character and proper building of society. Sri N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of India and presently Chairman of the Delimitation Commission has given us the benefit of his rich scholarship and ripe experience in an interpretation of the Adi Kavya which is all too important at the present day.

THE culture of a country is largely judged by its output of literature and its excellence. Applying this test, it can be safely asserted that India reached lofty heights of civilisation much earlier than the western countries. Even if all the other books ever written or produced in India happen to be destroyed, the two great epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, would testify amply to the truth of the statement that India's cultural heritage has not only been rich but has remained so from very ancient times.

While the *Mahabharata* is the book for the scholar, the *Ramayana* is the book for the ordinary man, the pedestrian, if we may say so. The *Mahabharata* is essentially a war-story while the *Ramayana* is in large measure a story of domestic life, its joys and troubles, its sufferings and sorrows. Vigorous and aggressive action is the keynote of the former. A quiet and placid contentment in a calm atmosphere of resignation is the basic texture of the latter. Affection, friendship and self-abnegation are inculcated in the earlier epic. The *Mahabharata* is a narra-

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tion of assertion of rights, intrigues, jealousies, quarrels and battles. One is a fierce drama of the conflict of ambitions and of currents and cross currents of political activity and aggrandisement; and the other is a mellowed scene where the stream of life flows on placidly and calmly. Draupadi may be said to typify the aggressive or self-assertive modern woman. Sita is the greatest example of selfless devotion to the home, the hearth and the husband and is a shining example of Indian womanhood at its best.

There can be no question that the *Ramayana* bristles with the enunciation of principles that serve even today as guides to good living. From each episode in the *Ramayana*, we can draw a lesson of permanent value to the development of individual character and the proper building up of society. The characters of Valmiki are patterns to follow or discard. No work in Sanskrit can be said to help so much in the formation of character as the *Ramayana* does. It is not without reason or justification that it has been for countless years the solace and the comfort of millions of Hindus in this land, inspiring their ideals and regulating their modes of life.

The *Ramayana* inculcates reverence to elders as a cardinal precept of life—a much needed lesson today when students show growing tendencies to travel far beyond bounds and to revolt against discipline at home or in colleges. The respect that Rama showed to his parents, his guru Vasishtha, his patron Viswamitra, and the sages of the Dandaka forest, is something wonderful. He followed to the very letter the Upanishadic teaching मातृदेवो भव, पितृदेवो भव. His obedience to his father's commands was at once sublime, pathetic, and tragic.

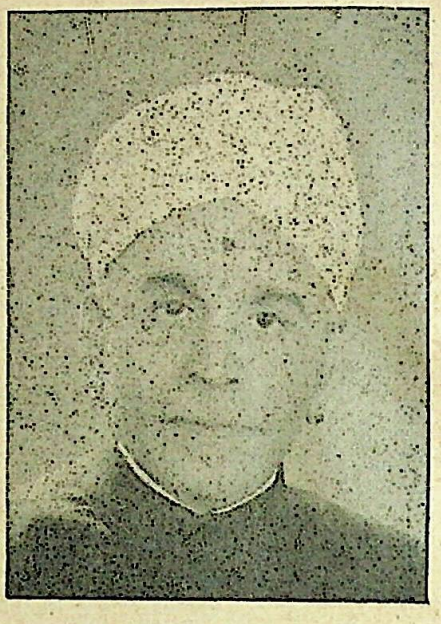
It is often levelled against Rama as an accusation that he carried the duty of obedience to the father to illogical excess and it is said by some that he would not have been guilty of any impropriety if he refused to forswear the Crown and go to the forest in exile, as his father directed him to do, not because it was the latter's own wish but because he was prompted by his young wife Kaikeyi. The relentless practice of rigid dharma and truth may lead to disastrous consequences, as it did in Rama's case. Sage Jabali pointed out the utter futility of such a course and exhorted Rama to grasp the real instead of pursuing the unreal, unknown, or fantastic. Lakshmana became furious with his father and begged Rama's permission to destroy the old king and even the kingdom. But Rama stood firm and immovable like a rock. He did not want his father to earn ill-fame as a promise-breaker and his duty was to help his old parent in maintaining the sanctity of the plighted word. No sacrifice was too great to achieve this end.

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Mother's entreaties and brother's prayers were of no avail. He stood unmoved in his resolve and carried it out to its bitter end. The hardships he suffered by reason of his unflinching resolution were sources of joy to him as acts of sacrifice offered at the altar of filial duty. The loss of Sita was a mere by-product of the life in the forest. If she and his dear brother Lakshmana also suffered with him, they voluntarily undertook the sacrifice on their shoulders; it was not at his instance. In fact, he actually dissuaded them from accompanying him to the wilderness.

The affection and love which the four brothers had for one another is a supreme example of the harmony and understanding that should prevail among members of the same family. Rama and Bharata were heroes to Lakshmana and Satrughna respectively. From their infancy this was noticeable. Even when Rama was a little boy, he would not eat unless Lakshmana was fed with him. Lakshmana never forsook Rama's company even for a moment. So did Satrughna accompany Bharata to the Kekaya kingdom and remain with him when the tragedy of Rama's banishment was being enacted in Ayodhya.

If Lakshmana was ready and willing to go with Rama into exile and live through the hardships and dangers of a forest life, Bharata was eager to indulge in an act of



Sri N. C. Aiyar

greater sacrifice and place back the kingdom at Rama's feet by entreating Rama to return to Ayodhya and get crowned. When Rama did not yield, Bharata took Rama's sandals on his head and put himself in charge of the kingdom as bare trustee till his beloved brother's return.

When Lakshmana lay almost mortally wounded on the battlefield, with little hope of survival, Rama's lament was that there was no longer any need to continue the battle; diligent search might secure for him another woman like Sita but how was he going to get another brother Lakshmana?

The very sight of the crooked maid who poured poison into Kai-

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keyi's ears made Satrughna so infuriated that he would have killed her on the spot but for Bharata's intervention in the name of Rama. So were the four brothers knit together in fraternal bonds.

This is in utter contrast to the relationship which prevailed between Vali and Sugriva, or Ravana and Vibhishana. No doubt there could be no lasting intimacy between virtue and vice but still they were brothers and the question is often raised whether Sugriva was right in getting his brother killed and whether Vibhishana was justified in abandoning Ravana at the nick of time, when the battle was about to begin. Some people have it that a higher loyalty must have prevailed and dictated a different course. Whatever this may be, the example of Rama and his brothers is meritorious.

The breaking of Siva's bow is only an outward cause for bringing together in indissoluble union two souls that had hungered for each other ever since the beginnings of Time. The steadfast attachment of Rama to Sita and the exemplary devotion of Sita to her lord is a theme of glory. Though he belonged to the kingly order, and a kshatriya was permitted by the Sastras, practice, and convention, to have a plurality of wives, Rama was an *ekapatni vrata;* and this tribute was paid to him by no other than Kaikeyi who, when asked by her son Bharata what crime Rama had committed to deserve banishment, stated at the very outset that he never coveted other women.

Times without number, in the greatest moments of distress and when the peril of death was imminent, Sita spurned Ravana's advances and declared that Rama alone was her husband, protector, saviour and God and that she would not deign even to look at any other person.

The conversation between Sita and Anasuya (wife of Atri) about the true *dharma* of Hindu wives is an elevating and ennobling discourse. Even when Rama sent Sita away to the forest, somewhat mercilessly because he heard whispers of calumny, Sita did not arraign him; she bemoaned her own fate and when Lakshmana asked her for a message she said that she would ever pray to God that even in her next birth she should have only Rama as her lord. This ideal of wifely devotion and chastity set by Sita and other heroines of this land like Savitri is a treasured guide of life to most Indian women even today.

There may be any amount of talk and legislation for changing marriage from a sacrament into a contractual alliance and providing for divorce. But such examples of ancient Indian womanhood will not be swerved from for scores of centuries. So sensible and wise and truly cultured are most of our Hindu women; those who want to set other examples are not even a few drops in the ocean.

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What shall we say of Anjaneya and the ideal of service to the master which he has exemplified in his life? There can be no greater picture or portrayal of such *bhakti* than his for Rama. Even Rama's unexpressed wish was a command which he must obey willingly, readily and enthusiastically carrying out not merely the specific orders given but also accomplishing several other things besides, so as to help in the achievement of the ultimate purpose. His devotion to Rama was so great that sometimes it looks as though Anjaneya was prepared to forget the fact that his master was Sugriva. What mighty tasks did he not accomplish for his Rama and what fierce battles did he not fight to help Rama! All this for no reward except Rama's grace and blessings. He sought Rama's embrace and got it.

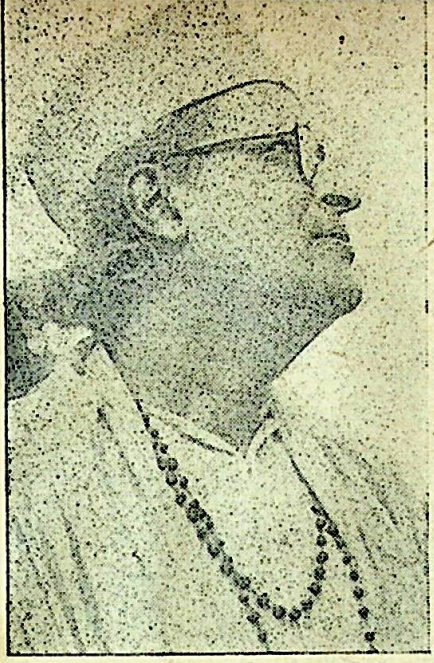
Rama never thought of repaying him for the services rendered and he said that the very thought of such repayment was itself wrong as it meant that he would like to have the accounts squared up whereas he preferred to remain permanently indebted to Anjaneya. In his turn, all that Anjaneya wanted was that he should be privileged to listen to Rama's story till the end of Time. This boon he sought and this he got.

The poet is never tired of repeating that Rama and his brothers regularly performed their *sandhya* worship, a feature which is becoming rare now-a-days, silly excuses being offered on the score of want of time and not realising the value of silent meditation and concentration at the junction of day and night when the cosmic and mystic-spiritual forces are in the plenitude of their power.

Rama's sweetness of disposition, love for his subjects, his forbearance and generosity, his readiness to forgive his worst enemies provided they came to him in a penitent mood, his loyalties to friends like Guha and Jatayu, his humility towards elders, and his valour in punishing the wicked or the unrighteous are portrayed in the various incidents that are narrated in the *Ramayana.*

Let us try to follow his example however feebly. To be divine, or to become divine, like him is not possible but we can in our own lives imbibe some of the qualities and characteristics which he and the other noble characters in the *Ramayana* displayed so that our lives might become purer, richer and sublime. It is true spirituality that will sustain us as individuals or as a nation.

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Sri D. K. Roy

Dilip Kumar Roy

RABEYA

(From the Life of the great saint)

I

RABEYA, ailing, lay in bed
When Sofian called and tenderly
Asked how she fared. "To His Will I bow,"
Replied the radiant devotee.
"And how about yourself?" she queried.
"Oh, black my suffering's dawnless night!
Plead to the Lord for me, O Saint!
Your prayer He answers with His light
That can absolve even glooms of hell."
She smiled: "Whence come dark sufferings?"
"But all that is," he wailed, "derives
From the one Invisible King of Kings
Whose All-will rules our universe:
You know this, Virgin, better than I."
"And so," she nodded, "I accept
What His Will ordains from on high,

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Resigned in love, declining all:
Drug, medicine and opiate.
Whatever my Lord decrees I hail,
In weal or woe, on Him I wait.
Is not all pain a purging fire,
All curse a blessing in disguise?
How can your faith, that hymns the sun,
On fogs of doubt, friend, improvise?"

"But tell me where I err," he asked,
"Why faith's deep wisdom still I miss
And fail to live in joy like you
Annulling the self-will's emphasis?"
"Because you, friend, will not be weaned,
From desires' blind world of clamourings:
Those who are caught in anarchies
Become life's puppets, underlings."
"I strive to be aloof," he sighed,
"But where is His redeeming Grace?
Oh deaf must be His marble heart:
Why else does He still hide His face?"
"You probe Him with your questionings,
And yet the Supreme vision crave!
To eyes that are focussed on the abyss
How can the sky-glimpse come to save?
Know: only Love may view His Face,
And Love is born when Self is slain;
When pride is throned, Grace abdicates,
When pride is exiled, Grace will reign.
No one sincerely courts Him, friend,
Who sues Him not for His own sake
In self-oblivion—those who'd love
The All-in-all their all must stake."

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II

"O Love! I love thee so," Rabeya
sang in radiant ecstacy,
"That to live without thee for a moment
seems a dark eternity,
And an eternity with thee, Lord,
passes like a lightning-flash:
Thou hast reversed all rooted concepts,
kindling afire my life of ash."

"O what a love, Rabeya!" cried
a devotee who kissed her feet,
"But tell me, is your heart for Satan
with an equal hate replete?"
"My heart is now," the Virgin smiled,
"so full of love for the One on high,
That hate is crowded out: to none
I can with aught but love reply."

III

Rabeya, an invalid, prayed in bed, her mystic eyes aflame with light.
Two dervishes, Hasan and Malik, tended her as she lay sore.
Hasan declared: "Who knows in mind—His justice never can swerve from right,
Accepts His chastisements unmoved and sorrowful he is no more."

"That's true," assented Malik, "only add: who feels in life His Grace,
Joys even in His chastisements in the darkest hour of agonies."
"Well said," acclaimed Rabeya, "only add: who once has viewed His Face,
Must find that even chastisements are His deep blessings in disguise."

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"But I wonder, Saint," Hasan demurred, "since there are
curses dark as hell:
See, now your thigh is amputated, walk you must, alas, on
crutch."
"It makes no matter," she replied, "and no affliction shall
impel
My heart to admit what you call Hades. Friend! I feel His
marvel touch
Even in doom. We are ungrateful: that is why we fail to see
How He stands guard, a living shield—how vigilant,
compassionate!
Remember, all these years I lost not even a finger's tip, for He
Sentinelled me—or else my every limb you'd have to
amputate."

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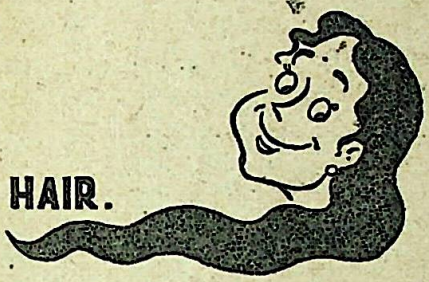
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Loma ...
KEEPS THE BRAIN COOL.

Loma ...
GROWS MORE HAIR.





Loma ...
DARKENS THE GREY HAIR.

Loma ...
SMELLS SWEETER.





Loma
REGD.

DARKENS THE GREY HAIR

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Indira Devi

THE FAIR AND THE FLUTE

YESTERDAY, at the fair, I heard your call. Still dizzy from the merry-go-round, I rushed out to meet you, but where were you, O Friend? Only the looming shadows stretched out their arms, enfolding me in their dark embrace.

Helplessly I went back. I tried to get through a side-door into the fair, but accidentally stepped in behind the scenes, thus getting a faint glimpse, the merest clue to the secret of the incredulous tricks of the magician's performance. But that split second was enough to break the charm. All that was so enchanting seemed a childish display.

I moved out from the dazzling lights into the night again. Haunted by your call, I walked on. I could feel the cadence of your voice in the murmur of the breeze. The dancing brook, rippling along, reminded me of your anklets. The swaying blue-bells had caught the contagion of your dance, even the shy rose-buds had bared their hearts to feel your touch. The swooning honey-suckle clung fragrantly to the intoxicated Kadamba tree. The dew-drops lay like little diamonds strewn carelessly on the meadow, which spread like a green carpet for you to tread on. A star fell from the blue and for a minute I thought it was a tear from your eye. The hovering clouds rang out their thunderous gong proclaiming your presence.

Yes, all nature was a witness that you were here, so close, so very close. How long I walked on in this bewitching wilderness, seeking you, I do not know, but when I had heard your call, it came from almost within my heart.

There were numberless sign-posts on the way, pointing to so many roads running in different directions but, strangely enough, all leading to your Abode.

In my longing to reach you swiftly, I had dropped all that I had brought with me from the fair,

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little trinkets, and pretty presents. But even then, after hours of searching, I was no nearer the goal. It seemed as if I was running round and round in circles. The signposts only confused me the more. I fell down at the cross-roads in utter despair, abandoning even the hope of seeing you, but how could I forget that flute-call, how could I give up the longing to meet you, you who had made me forget all else in the world? Like a dream you had come into my life of hard realities, but now all else seemed a dream without you. You were the one Reality that made things seem real: the one Light that gave shape and meaning to what seemed one stretch of unbreakable darkness without your illuminating Presence. How could I live away from you? It was hard to be away, but how much harder to get close to you!

In the dark hush of that helplessness I heard a soft footfall. Then I saw a stranger coming as though from distant lands, walking dauntlessly, sure of his path and his destination. Love's courage shone in his compassionate eyes. A child-like smile lit up his face showing the stamp of purity that self-giving brings. He left glowing imprints of his two feet on the way he traversed. Nearer and nearer came the traveller and then two strong arms lifted me up carrying me gently but firmly. I surrendered myself like a child in a mother's arms.

At the break of dawn, we reached your gates. The mighty stranger put me down and, opening the gates, stepped in. Then you came out. Who was this gracious helper? Now in the daylight I see that he even looked like you!

You smile and ask me what is it that I want from you? I thought it was only seeing you that my heart yearned for, but now I feel that I seek other boons too.

Give me happiness: not the joy that comes from the satisfaction of ever-increasing desires, but the deepening bliss that lesser and lesser cravings bring. Not ever-increasing prosperity, but the contentment that comes from being thankful for little boons.

Give me the humility that is born of an inner strength, and the power to see greatness in little acts and things.

Give me the aspiration to seek Light and the vision to see the difference between truths and half-truths: the consistency in loyalty to Truth, and the courage to sacrifice consistency when Truth is at stake.

O Beloved, give or take what you will, but give that I may give myself to you.

Who can describe the joy and happiness that one experiences by taking shelter in God?

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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It is a far cry from primitive fetish-worship to Sankara's Advaita. But Hindu religion is a continuous thread on which its differing cults and practices from pre-historic times shine as different beads and present a composite picture. What makes this rosary unique is the symbology with which the Indian mind has invested it. Swami Sadananda Saraswati (of Sivananda Ashram), presently Acharya of Bhavan's Gita Vidyalaya has unfolded some of them in this article.

SYMBOLISM IN HINDU RELIGION

Swami Sadananda

IF we examine the symbolism in the Hindu religion now, it would appear that many pre-historic and non-Aryan ideas have got into the Aryan religion throughout the centuries but the Indian genius for giving philosophical interpretations was responsible for the preservation, even up to the present times, of many deities—with all their symbology—as gods fit for worship even by the enlightened thinkers and exponents of Vedanta philosophy.

Symbols in the Hindu Religion may, for the sake of convenience, be grouped under two headings:—(1) Those that are found in relation to Mantras which are repeated by Sadhakas in the practice of Japa Yoga and (2) those which are in conformity with the descriptions of deities that continue to be worshipped by some one or other of the different Hindu communities. It is needless to say that the idols of the deities installed in different places for worship are made in strict adherence to the descriptions. So a separate study of the symbolism of the idols is not necessary.

The most prominent of the Mantras is the Pranava or "Om". It

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consists of the three letters A,U,M. This *mantra* itself is a symbol representing, according to Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, God. The vibration of the Pranava Mantra is not the vibration of an audible sound. It is the vibration of the cosmic Sabda Brahman or the first manifestation of the primordial Purusha of the Sankhya philosophy. It is believed that it was from this vibration that everything in the Universe evolved. It is greatly extolled in the Upanishads. Sri Krishna says in the Gita "I am the syllable 'Om' in all the Vedas". We cannot be sure whether or not the Yogi in Samadhi will be able to hear the "Music of the Spheres" as "Om", but we can regard "Om" as the symbol which brings before all believers in Hinduism the picture of Isvara, of the Universe and of anything and everything that is lofty and sublime. Deep-rooted faith in the sanctity of this symbol is fundamental to belief in Hinduism.

There are in the Hindu religion several letters or Aksharas (literally, the imperishables) which the *mantra* literature regards as bija "Seeds": They are *Kleem, Aim, Sow, Hreem, Hram, Hroom* etc. To these sounds—or more correctly speaking, vibrations—are attributed mystic significance and the Mantra *shastras* state that the utterance of these sounds, vocal, but particularly mental, with great concentration, is greatly effective in bringing about a gradual transformation of the person repeatedly uttering them so that he becomes fitted to have communion with Gods. The Bija Aksharas have therefore to be regarded as symbolical of the powers or the Saktis of the particular deities invoked through them.

There are, besides Bija Aksharas, some words uttered before some *mantras* are repeated. They are spoken of as either three or seven in number. The three are (1) Bhuh (2) Bhuvah and (3) Suvah. The seven are (1) Bhuh (2) Bhuvah (3) Suvah (4) Mahah (5) Janah (6) Tapah and (7) Satyam. These words are also symbols conveying the seven higher worlds which sacred scriptures call respectively, (1) the earth (2) the mid-heavens (3) the Svarga or Heaven (4) the Maharloka, (5) the Janoloka, (6) the Tapoloka and (7) the Satyaloka or the Brahma Loka.

The *Gayatri mantra* consisting of twenty-four letters runs thus; *Tat savitur varenyam bhargo devasya dhimahi dhiyo yo nah prachodayat.* It is also to be regarded as a symbol, though its meaning is in the form of a prayer to Savitr, the most revered and shining among the Devas, that our *Buddhi* may be illumined. It has to be regarded as a symbol because of the word "Tat" which means "That". It refers to the unknowable Param Atman.

The *mantra* for Siva is *Namah-Sivaya.* This also is a symbol be-

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cause one never knows what Siva is like but one firmly believes that by uttering this formula one can get into communion with Him.

The same rule applies to all the other *mantras*. In fact every word is a symbol representing something that has a form.

Passing on now to the symbolism as found in the description of the different deities, we shall notice that there is a rational interpretation for most of the symbolic representations.

Every Hindu is familiar with the Siva Linga that is worshipped by the devotees of Siva. It was for long believed by foreigners and by even some Indians that the Linga is the phallus and the worship of Siva in that form is the survival of pre-Vedic and non-Aryan phallic worship. This theory has now been given up by all right-thinking people. It is a symbol (mark) representing the thousand-faced, thousand-headed, thousand-eyed cosmic Purusha—*"Sahasra Seersha Purushah—Sahasrakshas Sahasra pat"*. Siva is given that form and worshipped thus because it is believed that in that form he gives lasting auspiciousness to the worshipper. Since He, in that form, integrates in Himself all the forms of the Universe, the worshipper also is taken into Siva's form so that he is thereby guaranteed the highest of benefits he can aspire for through Siva-Worship.



It is easy to understand that Siva appears as the greatest of Tapasvins (performers of penance) when He wears the Jata or the mattered hair. But the meaning of the ornament of snakes is not so obvious. The interpretation is that the snakes on the body of Siva are symbolic of the sublimation of Tamoguna or the characteristics of darkness, wickedness or ignorance into Satva Guna or the characteristics of purity and goodness. The idea is that the only way by which the *Tamasic Samskaras* or the innate impulses to

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do wicked deeds (symbolised by the poisonous snakes) can be transformed by sublimation into good impulses is by penance or Tapas and the greatest Tapasvin, (performer of penance) is Siva Himself. It was because of His penance that He was able to take into Himself all the strength of all the Devas and, with their cooperation, to put an end to the great Asuras in the episode of Tripura Samhara.

The Ganga on the head of Siva has a special significance. It is the quality of water to go down as it is the quality of Fire to go up. The Puranas describe the body of Siva as Fire. It is only natural that it should be so because such *tapas* as He does cannot but have heated Him even to the extent of transforming Him into Fire itself. When the sparks came out of His third eye, they were sparks of fire, which had to be gathered so that Kartikeya might come into the world. If there is one excess calorie of heat in Siva's body, the Ganga would have disappeared as vapour. If, on the other hand, there was one drop more of cold Ganga, Siva as Fire would have been extinguished. But we find neither of these happens. The proof is that Siva is able to preserve the balance between heat and cold, between the quality that will make one escape from the world in a high spiritual mood of absolute renunciation and the opposite quality of losing all spiritual consciousness and becoming immersed in materialistic pleasures. The symbol of Ganga on Siva's head therefore teaches us what is meant by "equipoise" or "tranquillity", the quality characterising a Jivan-mukta or one who is free even in this world.

The crescent-moon is symbolical of the dawn of wisdom coming in Samadhi, to the practising Yogi. That wisdom is the Higher wisdom coming straight from Sat-Chidananda and not the lower one of discrimination which all intelligent humans have.

Vishnu is depicted with four arms which bear respectively the conch, the discus, the mace and the lotus. Vishnu is called the Preserver. He is the husband of Lakshmi, the Goddess of prosperity. His first function is to illumine beings imprisoned in their respective bodies, in the different orders of creation in the Universe. The force known as cohesion that binds together the different molecules in mineral kingdom stands as the barrier to their evolution into the plant kingdom. It has to be broken up. The *tamasic* energy of the mineral must give place to *rajoguna* whose mark is *chalana,* or movement. The need for such a breaking of the *tamoguna* is symbolised by the mace in Vishnu's hand. When that work is done, the second stage in the evolution is reached. Life-activity begins, for the mineral has got transformed into plant.

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From that stage it is possible to establish a connection between one life and another, between the less evolved and the more evolved. This connection is symbolised by the discus or Chakra. That signifies movement. Just as the fly-wheel in the factory sets all other wheels in motion, the life-wheels or *jivas* in the entire creation including the *jivas* in the plants, are whirled by Vishnu's Chakra (the fly-wheel).

After that, the third stage is reached. The plant is transformed into an animal. The distinguishing mark of an animal is its voice. The most developed animal is man. His highest voice is "Om". It is the sound that comes automatically from the conch when we hold it to our ear. The conch therefore symbolises the third advance made by the *jiva*—namely into the human kingdom through the guidance of Vishnu, the Preserver.

Last of all comes the symbol of the perfection of created beings. The Padma or the lotus is the thing on which Lakshmi stands. Lakshmi is the highest evolved among beings. The Lotus also proves how the highest position is attainable though the origin is from mud or mire. *Pankaja* literally means born of mud.

So the created being or *jiva* though he was at first in the lowest, the mineral kingdom, was



lifted up stage by stage till the highest place was given to it, the place of equality with Lakshmi Herself. That is the reason why Vishnu keeps the lotus in one of His hands.

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VEDIC RISHIS
their contribution to civilization

A. C. Bose

Who were the Vedic Rishis? What about the legends associated with them? Did they live thousands of years as related in the Puranas? Had they, besides spiritual, any social, political, and economic interest in life as such? What is their contribution to human civilization? Dr. A. C. Bose, Principal, Lahiri College, Chirimiri, Madhya Pradesh, who has made a life-long study of Vedic literature answers these questions in this article which will be an eye-opener to many.

RISHI, MUNI—these were names to conjure with in India. Lord Buddha was honoured with the name, 'Sakyamuni'. His disciples, though seemingly cut off from the Vedic tradition, called him *isinam isisattama*, Pali for "Rishinam Rishisattama", the Rishi of Rishis!

Though all the Rishis are wise, some are wiser than others. The *Rigveda* compares the lesser ones to tanks in which the water reaches up to the shoulders and the greater ones to lakes in which people can bathe. Among the lesser ones are some who are clever craftsmen, turning out verses with skill like any other craftsman. Such a one is the poet who, speaking of men's manifold vocations names the carpenter, the physician, the priest and the smith, and says about himself and his parents in a light, colloquial vein:

I am a poet (karu), my daddy's a physician,
and mummy a grinder at the quern-stone;
With various aims we strive for wealth.

(*R.* IX. 112. 3)

Much publicity has been given to Vedic "charms", especially those

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of the *Atharva Veda*. We do not know enough about hypnotic and psychic influences. It may, however, be noted that the great Ayurvedic system has its roots in the *Atharva Veda*. These so-called charms do not make "black magic", they are for health and well-being, e.g. a sick young man is treated with a "charm" beginning with—

This world is the most beloved of all,
unconquered by the powers above,
To whatever death thou wast destined,
when born, O man,
That and we call after thee:
do not die before decrepit age.
(*Ath.* V. 3. 17)

Physicians to-day may better appreciate the effort to rouse in the patient the will to life than their predecessors did, at a time when the orientalists expressed their opinion on this kind of stuff. How will a modern physical culturist react to the following, which is also a "charm" stating a determination for perfect health of body and soul?

May I have voice in my mouth,
breath in my nostrils,
sight in my eyes, hearing in my ears,
Hair that has not turned grey
teeth that have not decayed,
and great strength in my arms.
May I have power in my thighs,
swiftness in my legs,
steadfastness in my feet;
May all my members be perfect,
and my soul remain unimpaired.
(*Ath.* XIX. 60. 1-2)

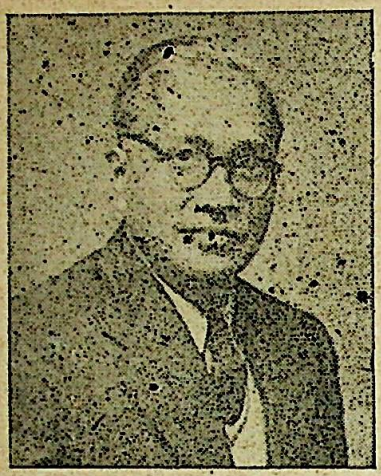
We may say that the Vedic poet not only prayed for but also willed good things.

In post-Vedic ages there was great opposition from certain quarters to rituals, and to the desire to have the good things of the earth or of the world-to-come. The grand Vedic rituals were the practical and popular part of the religion. The ceremonies, performed in the open amidst masses of people, excited great enthusiasm.

Sometimes they took a political colour, as in the performance of the Ashwamedha or the Rajasuya sacrifice. Well-known sages, described as "leaders of thousands", came down from their forest retreats. Philosophical disquisitions and debates created an intellectual stir. These made it sufficiently clear to people that religion was something far above mere formalism. For the Vedic people the ritual was acted poetry and was as much a part of worship as the beautiful hymns. We should, however, carefully note that all the complicated ritual that arose in later days, and all the fantastic legends associated with them cannot be ascribed to Vedic sages. A simple example will illustrate the point.

In the Vedas a hundred years are taken as the expectation of life, whereas in post-Vedic literature Rishis are supposed to live thousands of years! Puranas have often given miraculous legends about Rishis, sometimes involving them in anomalous conduct, but

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Dr. A. C. Bose

strangely enough, their eminence was not the least affected by these, in the eyes of their admirers!

The Rishi took a complete and synthetic view of life. He was as much thrilled by the exhileration of bodily health as by the raptures of the spirit. He as much admired the ascetic with the girdle which was a daughter of Faith and a sister by his side, as he admired the brave soldier with the bow-string pressing close to his ear, like a sweet-heart desiring to whisper words of love (*R.* VI.75.3)

He recognised the political and economic as well as the spiritual interests of life.

> Animate *brahman* (soul-power) and invigorate the mind,
> Animate *kshatra* (political power) and rouse heroes;
> Animate the milch-cow and strengthen the masses of people.
>
> (*R.* VIII. 35. 16-18)

The Divinity as a social Person had for his limbs all the component parts of society—the spiritual man, the ruling man, the trading man and the working man (*R.* X.90.12). Social leadership belonged to *brahman* (spiritual power) and *kshatra* (ruling power) and when they worked in harmony, society was at its best (*Y.V.*XX.25). The Rishi wanted to lead man to life and light, and to make him rise to a higher plane of existence, living in terms of Satya (truth) and Rita (Universal Order, manifesting itself in beauty and goodness). Though a strong individualist, he wanted to carry everybody with him from darkness to light:

> Give light to our men of holy lore,
> give light to the ruling man,
> Give light to the man of trade,
> give light to the working man.
> And through (that) light, give me light.
>
> (*Y. V.* XVIII. 48)

The Rishi was more elated by the nobility in man than dejected by his limitations. He recognised the existence of sin but believed that it could be washed off here and now, restoring the soul to its pristine purity. He had the high ambition of rebuilding the world nearer to his heart's desire by making man grow to the fullest stature of his spiritual being and live his life in terms of the highest values. In common language, he wanted to make a god of man

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who would find a heaven on the earth.

A sage called Vena, the loving one, made a great discovery in a spiritual vision:

> Vena beholds that mysterious Existence
> wherein the universe comes to have one home;
> Therein unites and therefrom issues all;
> the Lord is warp and woof in created being.
>
> (*Y. V.* XXXII. 8)

This, certainly, opens a new horizon for man's mind and spirit. Was the Vedic sage lost in subjective illusion? An English writer on tragedy, seeking its roots in human experience, says that, having found that man was unhappy in the world, the East tried to change man, and the West the world. In the latter case man met with defeat, but his will remained unconquered, and out of this conflict grew the tragic consciousness, which provided the most powerful element in European literature. Philosophers like Nietzsche have gone to the length of encouraging the tragic attitude towards life, seeking the highest expression for man's heroic spirit in a brave adventure which, straining his powers beyond control, will plunge him in ruin. "Live dangerously", says Nietzsche. "Build your cities on the volcanoes . . . Live in a state of war". This, in Vedic language, is blind *kshatra* (militarism) rushing wildly, unaided and unchecked by *brahman* (the spiritual power).

The Aryan race, historians say, split into two main branches, one going east, and the other west. Their spiritual history shows great divergence. While the Eastern branch built on the ancestral culture three great religious systems —Brahminism (Hinduism), Zoroastrianism and Buddhism—giving spiritual inspiration and moral law to the whole of Asia and even outside, and bringing through the last of these the great Mongolian race under some of the finest Aryan ideals, the Western branch lost its picturesque ancestral religion to the Semites, and instead of spiritually reacting to the new cult, institutionalised and militarised it, and waged most violent religious wars and indulged in the cruellest persecutions in its name, some of the worst sufferers being the very race that had given it the Messiah. Unbridled *kshatra* (militarism) had, but for a wonderful flowering of the intellect among Greeks for a short period, held sway over medieval and modern Europe. Among other things it played havoc on human dignity, enslaving the conquered foe and buying and selling him in the market.

Christianity arose among these terribly wronged people as a challenge of the lowly man deriving his strength from the spirit against the physical might of the Roman empire, though it could not check

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its own transformation; nor could it check at a later stage the slave trade, in which the western Aryan was instigated not by *kshatra,* but by the Vaishya spirit (commercialism) in him.

His new religion did not seem to bring the Western Aryan peace of mind. His soul was convulsed by an inner conflict between Hellenism which represented the hereditary Aryan culture, and Hebraism, superimposed by the Semitic cult, with a fundamental difference of outlook. At last Hellenism was revived and the event was called a new birth (renaissance) and the suppressed paganism burst in a riot of creative life. The liberated mind of Europe started on a triumphant career, demolishing authority and establishing truth, though the intellectual resurgence was not reinforced by a spiritual awakening. The world, however, was being rebuilt by a new race of Brahmanas, the scientists, who followed truth without fear or favour and whose intrepidity emphasised a new moral ideal —that of intellectual courage. But, alas! the growing vastness of the scale of their work deprived them of individual initiative and liberty and subjugated them to the tyranny of the ruling power.

India developed caste and untouchability. Her Kshatriyas fought internecine wars and produced chaos and, what was worse, aroused, by reaction, uncompromising pacifism which sapped the power of national defence. But the Kshatriyas killed the enemy, did not enslave him, much less buy and sell him in the market.

In India lives the only section of the Aryan race that has preserved its culture without a break through the long ages. Its marriage sacrament not only bound Aryan and Aryan but also Aryan and non-Aryan, and wedded white and brown and yellow into one common Aryan society; it did not, as its European cousins often did, offer the second best to people of other races or colours—natural marriage without sacrament, branding the descendents with the stamp of inferiority, and producing the inevitable psychological reaction among them. Again, while the prophets and Messiahs of the West, who claim to interpret spiritual values, all belong to the past, there has hardly been an era in India without its sage or saint or yogi or Mahatma, who, for all that we know, fanned the cinders of spirituality into blazing fire.

The West has had its Dadhichi, and he has given his bone, and the thunderbolt has been made out of it, but nobody knows whether it will be directed against the nine and ninety Vritras (powers of evil) or against the hundredth target—man.

The Western attempt to change the world has upto a point succeeded marvellously, but the modern world has proved it beyond dispute that man is not happy at

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heart; he cannot be happy with the prospect of being blown off the earth any moment. Such an event may give a grand theme for tragedy to onlookers from other planets, if there are any such!

Perhaps the Eastern attempt to change man may receive better attention than it has done hitherto, from the West. If it does, then the Vedic sages claiming to rebuild the world in terms of light—of truth and Order—may come to their own again,—the Angirasas, Vishwamitras, Vashisthas and the rest.

> Praising Eternal Law, thinking straight,
> sons of Heavens, sons of Light,
> Angirasas held the rank of sages,
> and first observed the statute of sacrifice.

They will, perhaps, adjust their statutes to the modern world, but their effort to uplift man, to help him to a new birth, to guide him on the sun-lit path of life will remain as earnest as ever. This will be a new renaissance.

Let us in the words of their near successors pay our homage to the Vedic sages:

> Our salutation to the Rishis of old times,
> the ancient ones, the path-finders.
> (*Ath.* XVIII. 2. 2)

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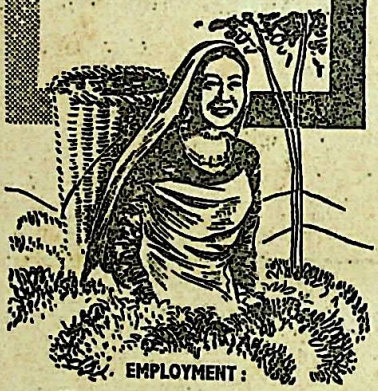
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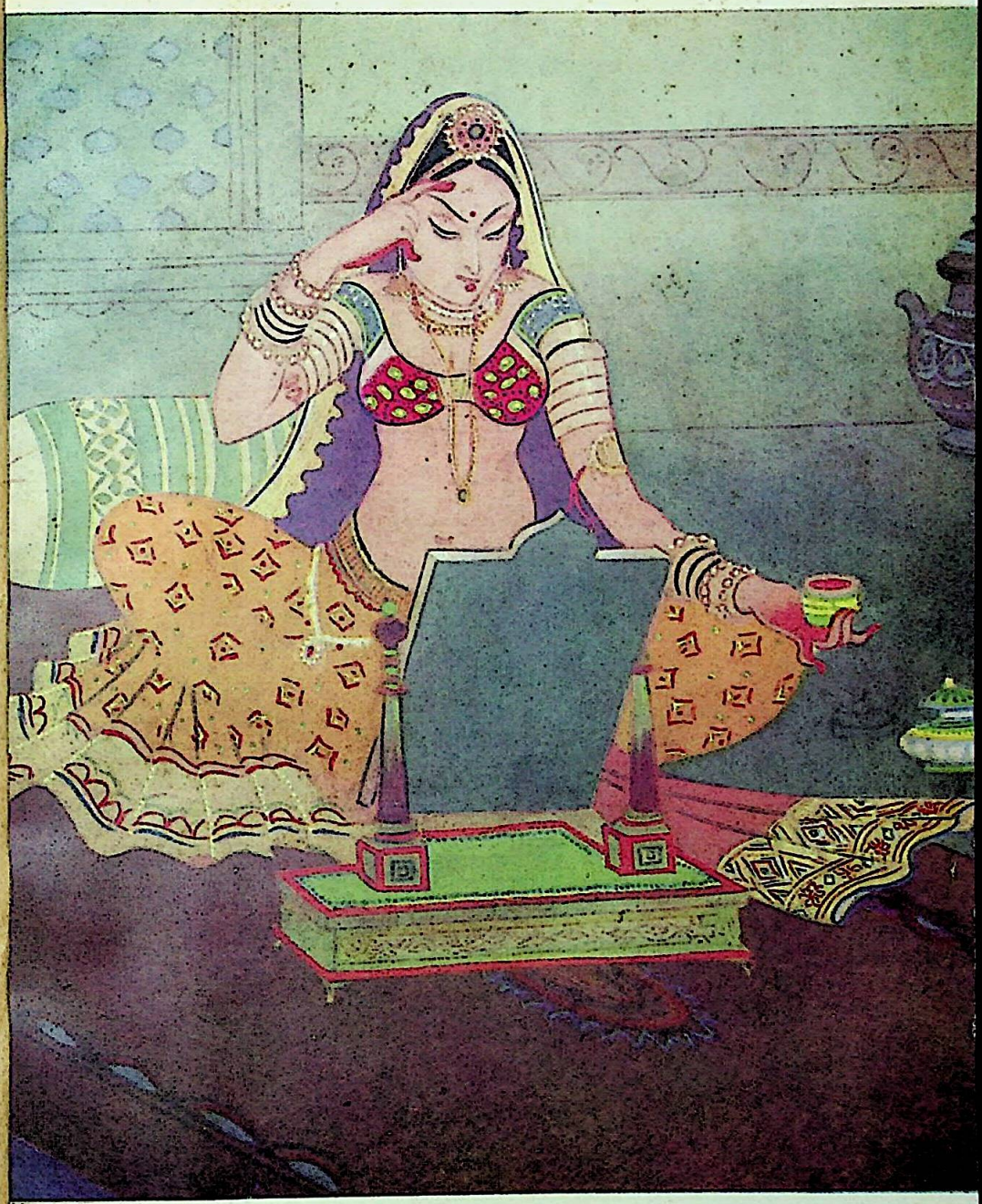
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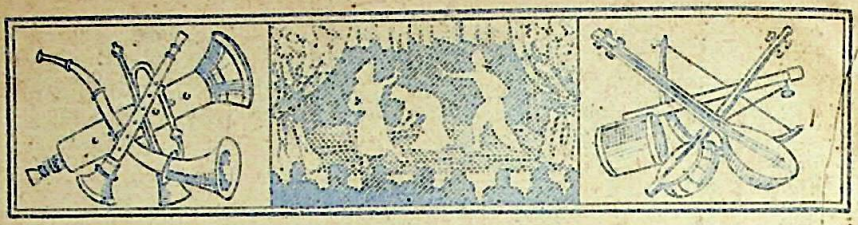
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MUSIC IN SANSKRIT THEATRE

V. Raghavan

Professor Sanskrit, Madras University.

THE INDIGENOUS AND authentic drama of India was essentially an art which never divorced itself from music and dance. It was most natural for its poetry to heighten into song and its action to gather into dance.

Bharata says that the production of a play is colourless without music, and that there is hardly any situation to heighten whose effect music cannot be employed. Bharata and Indian tradition do not subscribe to Tolstoy's view that the two arts, the dramatic and the musical, cannot be brought together without diluting each other.

One of the impediments, says Abhinavagupta, to a spectator having the complete realisation of the *Rasa* or aesthetic appreciation, is his failure to get attuned in heart owing to other preoccupations still clouding his mind. The purpose of the preliminary music in Indian dramas is precisely here, —to prepare the audience, so to say, and make them, as the technical Sanskrit name for an art-enjoyer puts it, *Sa-hridaya,* of one heart.

This purpose of music is relevant not merely at the beginning, but all through the performance, and apart from the contextual significance, this general purpose runs through the whole of the music, fitted to the Acts or their intervals.

This music falls into two main divisions, instrumental and vocal. The instruments are of four clas-

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ses, string *(Tata)*, bored *(Sushira)*, percussion *(Avanaddha)* and cymbals *(Ghana)* intended to keep time.

Of the stringed instruments, more than one variety was used, *Citra, Vipanchi,* and so on, played with fingers or plectrum, and of instruments of percussion, the chief was the three-faced Bhanda-Vadya or Tripushkara, and there were also the Panava and Dardura.

Each group was called a *Kutapa,* the string-groups, which included the flute, also, the *Tata Kutapa;* and the drum-group, the *Avanaddha-kutapa.*

Like the flutist, the vocal singers also sat with the string-group. Those that took part in the play constituted the third *Kutapa* called *Natya-Krata.*

It is well-known that both men and women together took part in the enactment of plays but Bharata says that as women's voices are endowed by nature with sweetness, they are to render the songs, and men should put forth their vigour at the instruments, this view of Bharata being supported by King Sudraka.

*

THE SANSKRIT DRAMA arose as a part of the festival of Indra's flagstaff. A lot of ceremony and propitiatory acts marked its beginning and all this preliminary was referred to as *Purva-ranga,* literally, the pre-performance acts. The Purva-ranga was done either elaborately or in a simple manner, *Citra* or *Suddha,* and the style of its renderings also varied according to the type of play that followed—a love-theme having a delicate set and a vigorous theme having a vigorous set of preliminary displays, *Lalita* and *Uddhata.* All the items of the Purva-ranga were marked by music, instrumental or vocal, and Bharata himself gives a large number of details regarding these songs and dances.

This preliminary music is marked by ten stages each of which is known by a specific name, and nine of which were out of the view of the audience, being played from behind the curtain, and on this score called external music or *Bahir-gita.*

The first is the setting up of the Orchestra called *Pratyahara.* The musicians coming and taking their seats is *Avatarna.* The third stage is *Arambha,* the musicians adjusting the instruments among themselves; the sounding of the instruments in some set rhythms so that all of them may hear is *Asravana;* then follows an interesting stage called *Vaktra-pani,* in which pure rhythm-syllables, *Sushka-aksharas,* were played.

Parighattana and *Sanghatana* are the trial playing, so to say, on the strings; then the chief drum and the strings join to play the *Margasarita,* and the *Asarita* which has three varieties. These bring on the main feature of the Purva-

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ranga, the song of praise to a God and the bamboo representing the Flag-staff of Indra, Jarjara; this stage is called *Utthapana* as it practically opens the dramatic show.

A number of set verses of prayer and benediction for the successful conduct of the play are sung, the flower-offering or Pushpanjali is made, obeisances are made by the stage-manager, Sutradhara, and dances are also gone through. By reason of its propitiatory effect this section is called *Nandi*, the delighter of the Gods.

★

THE MUSIC of the drama proper consists of songs and instrumental background. The songs are wholly those that come under what is called *Dhruva-gana*.

These songs are called *Dhruvas* because, as Abhinava suggests, they stabilize, so to say; or form the firm basis of the production, or their themes are of fixed significance.

They are of five kinds according to their place and specific function: the first is the entrance-Dhruva, *Pravesika*, which introduces the character to come on the stage. Corresponding to it, is the exit-Dhruva which communicates the departure of a character in the middle or end of an act. The entrance-song is indeed the most important, and applied even to the entry of the stage-manager and others of the prologue and the Purva-ranga and it had survived in traditional practice to most recent times.

In between the Dhruvas of entry and the exit, while characters are in action within a scene or act, there are three Dhruvas, *Prasadiki*, *Akshepiki* and *Antara*. Prasada is to burnish or reinforce a mood already introduced; the Dhruva discharging this duty is *Prasadiki*. Akshepiki is the Dhruva for the switch-on to a changed mood or situation. Antara is the Dhruva sung when a gap or mishap in the production has to be covered up, or when owing to the overpowering feeling, there is tense pause in the action, as when one is in deep grief, in loss of memory, in sleep or has fallen down.

In his *Kuttanimata*, Damodaragupta sets forth the method of enacting the *Ratnavali* of King Harsha, and shows how the Dhruvas were employed. We have a unique manuscript of the most emotional work of Kalidasa, *Vikramorvasiaya*, depicting Pururavas almost mad in his love-lorn state, which has come to us in its musical edition, the version on which we have the equally precious comments of Ranganath.

The Dhruvas were not written by the poet himself; many of them took the lead of the verses in the play and would appear redundant, if seen from the wrong angle.

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In the great classical period, when the prose-verse dramatic masterpieces were produced, the stage-artistes had their own composers who wrote the Dhruva-music using the poet's contextual verses for guidance.

★

AS MUSIC COMPOSITIONS, the Dhruvas have their two essential aspects, melody and rhythm. All the illustrative songs in ancient music treatises from Bharata down to Sarngadev in the earlier sections of his chapters, are connected with dance and drama; in Bharata they were *Jatis*, in later writers, the *Ragas*. These melodic modes were analysed with reference to their emotional suitability. The interval notes and modes were all studied from the emotional view-point and schemes of harnessing different moulds for different dramatic situations were formulated.

The practice of making such studied use of Ragas in dramas was so well settled that Kalidasa refers to it in his *Kumarasambhava* when he makes the divine couple grace with their presence a dramatic performance done by the celestial damsels in honour of their marriage.

Bharata gives some further instructions on the methods of rendering Dhruva-songs of the drama. As their meaning is important, musical embellishments should not be resorted to in singing them; or they should be so dexterously employed that an embellishment would heighten the effect and not retard the emotion or understanding. When a Dhruva-song is taken off, its rendering should have its first round without the drum-accompaniment which should join up later. This is necessary, as otherwise the audience may not hear the theme of the Dhruva properly.

★

FROM KING BHOJA who wrote on poetry, drama and music, we learn that a further kind of music was also employed. Certain situations required certain melodic back-grounds and to throw this melody over the situation, a song was sung in which the raga alone mattered, and not the words, of the song. Bhoja refers to songs so used as *Sravya* or *Akshepiki*.

All these Dhruva songs were in specific Talas or time-measures, and in as great detail as in the case of the melodies. The time-measures are analysed by Bharata from the point of view of situation and feeling. Not only was the tempo of the Dhruva set to promote a *Rasa* but even when there was no Dhruva song, and the actor moved or bent himself down, there was pure instrumental playing intended to underline the mood.

The music in which there are no words or songs but only rhythm-syllables like Jhuntum, Dhen, Dhi, Dhan ti, Kita—what are now called *Jati*, *Sol*, or *Bol*—which were played on the instruments only,

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is called by Bharata *Nirgita Vadya* and as the contribution of the Asuras to the Sanskrit theatre.

★

IN THE ACTUAL playing of the instruments, there are different methods: three primary styles are *Tattava, Anugata* and *Ogha:* Tattava is instrumentation that goes in advance piloting the coming theme; Anugata is close accompaniment of the song; Ogha is the play of the instruments in a crescendo. Not only these but nineteen other ways of instrumental playing are also spoken of by Bharata, each with its emotional and contextual application.

The flute was the leading instrument in ancient India, it provided the pitch and served a function similar to the present drone. Matanga made special contributions on the flute and he expatiates on how it could be played to heighten the effect in love or anger, in separation or suffering.

It was Kohala who first codified further varieties of stage-performances which came to be known as the *Uparupakas.* From a smaller play of lesser theme-value but increased music and dance interest to pure dances, these new varieties were of different grades and forms.

In many of these lesser varieties of the repertoire of ancient Indian stage, there was either a continuous theme or story or a series of related or unrelated emotional ideas, all set to music, sung and danced and gesticulated.

A composition which would employ several Ragas would be a Chitra-raga-kavya, e.g., the celebrated *Gita-Govinda* of Jayadeva. The Uparupakas are thus the link between Bharata and the dance-drama traditions that developed in different parts of the country.

[Condensed from *Arts & Letters*]

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HISTORY
a new perspective

Lynn White Jr.

Are we having a correct or balanced human history now? Frankly no, if we listen to Lynn White Jr. There is a vast sub-history, even as pre-history, which is the story of the vast millions of inarticulate, disenfranchised, not-to-be-found-in-historical-record material which has to be unearthed and sifted by new apparatus. History as we known today is the history of the charmed circle, of the nobility and the lettered. Who knows it may not tilt the balance?

HISTORIANS have recently waked up to the extent to which they have been document-bound. The written records upon which they depended in the past, with the rarest exceptions were the product of the upper classes and reflect their interests and the things they cared to talk about.

Record-keeping began with a tiny dominant group of priests and rulers. Gradually through the centuries more of the nobility, and eventually some of the greater merchants, entered the charmed circle of the "Historical." But, even as late as the eighteenth century, what do we really know—and in terms of the written records what can we know—about the nine-tenths of the people, even in literate societies, who were themselves illiterate and voiceless? Not until the age of the American and French Revolutions did the great masses become articulate and emerge clearly into the historical records.

There is a vast sub-history which is very like pre-history. It must be explored if we are to have

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a full history of humanity rather than just of the aristocracy. The task is by no means hopeless; there are ways of gleaning the fields which conventional historians thought they had harvested. We have archaeological data, pictures, even the casual metaphors of the upper classes.

It would be very wrong to picture the submerged nine-tenths as dumb brutes. If there is anything in genetics, we can't permit ourselves to think so, for we are all descended from them. There was much originality and creative force in those who did not get into the records. To a great extent (although not entirely) changes in the so-called fine arts and literature are refinements of the folk-art and oral literature of the common people.

Probing into sub-history, the historian finds relationships which have had tremendous effects on the "higher" culture but of which there is no written record.

If we are to discover the history of our race and not merely that of the literate upper crust, the historian must create his patterns of probable truth less in terms of specific records and more in terms of relationships intuitively evident to him as he deals with the records.

This is a dangerous game, for it increases the chance that unscrupulous forces may manipulate history for present purposes. We have seen it so used in every totalitarian state. But dangerous or not, the game cannot be avoided. While he can never afford to lose touch with all the recorded facts he can get, the historian is forced by the development of his field to become more and more like the critic of literature.

The part which intuitive perception must play in the study of history is heightened by the insights of psychology into the interconnection of all parts of human experience and into the importance of the subconscious. We are beginning to be able to trace the pre-natal history of ideas and attitudes in the subconscious of people who perished centuries ago.

The enigmas of human nature may of course be studied in the living men and women around us, and in ourselves. But the billions of our fellows who are dead, and the vanished pageant of their generations, have left traces equally instructive, and instructive in new ways each decade. The past does not exist. What we call the past is our present thinking about what went on before us. Today the past is changing with incredible rapidity because our ways of thinking are in flux and expansion.

The research of historians, however, is far more than a passive reflection of the change of values which is at the heart of the turmoil of our time. What they are discovering and how they are discovering it is a major part of our

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present intellectual adventure, and affects all other parts of it. Like every humanistic scholar, the historian is trying to show people the meaning of what they are up to. By making men aware, conscious of the implications of their actions, history is to some extent modifying and moulding the historical processes which it studies: the historian is actor as well as spectator.

The democratic revolution of the past two centuries has in some ways been frustrated by the carry-over into our society of the educational and cultural assumptions suitable only to the age of aristocracy. The historian's discovery of sub-history is helping us slowly to create a world which will prize all originality and not merely the kinds which were valued by the upper classes of the past.

And in an era when rapid change breeds fear, and fear too often congeals us into a rigidity which we mistake for stability, the historian's exploration of the subconscious of the past generations, and of the ways in which their real beliefs and tendencies were so often at variance with their professions, may lend us a healing humility when we look at ourselves. The way the past is changing may foreshadow a better future.

[Condensed from *Harper's Magazine*]

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EXISTENTIALISM AND AFTER

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Existentialism is a house of many chambers where constant additions and alterations have been taking place since the days of Pascal. Sartre is just one of the artisans. Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Professor of English, Andhra University, is a seasoned surveyor who can assess the improvements made or damages caused to it by the different exponents. It may rattle some to be told that Sri Aurobindo's is essentially existential philosophy.

IT was about ten years ago that 'Existentialism' lifted its head as a dubious philosophical entity out of the mire of wartime and post-war intellectual confusion. And it was at first invariably linked up with the work of the French writer, Jean Paul Sartre. Even in India, where we had our own agonizing problems arising out of the 'partition' and the responsibilities of independence, intellectuals occasionally read and discussed Sartre, and one of his plays, *Crime Passionnel*, was actually enacted in Waltair in December 1950 by the Andhra University Dramatic Association. But although Sartre rendered 'existentialism' in terms of terrific contemporaneous urgency, especially in the context of post-war France and Europe, the "philosophy of existence" didn't spring out of his pen as Pallas Athene shot out of the head of Olympian Zeus.

The germs of the philosophy—in so far as it is a distinctive philosophy—may be traced back to Pascal, Duns Slotus and St. Augustine; Nietzsche and Kierkegaard on the one hand and Kafka and Dostoevsky on the other could be remotely affiliated with the movement; and thinkers like Husserl, Jaspers and Heidegger, Nicolas Berdyaev, Gabriel Marcel, Albert Camus and Emmanuel Mounier have in one way or another helped

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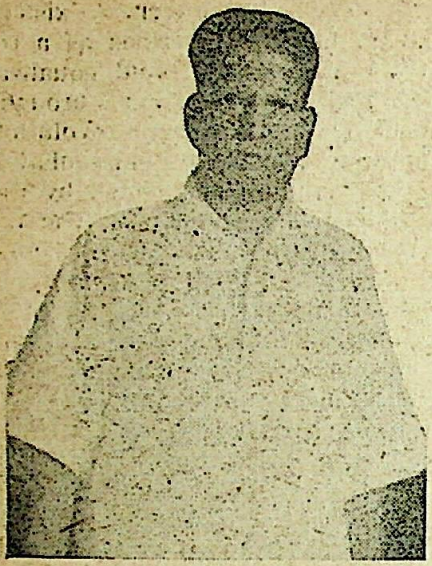
to clarify or confuse the existentialist thesis.

More recently, in France itself, Simone de Beauvoir and Maurice Merleau-Ponty have attempted new definitions or affirmations of the philosophy, while M. Gabriel Marcel, often known as a 'Christian Existentialist' (in contrast to Sartre's hardly concealed atheism), now openly rejects this title, presumably because the Papal Encyclical of 12 August 1950, *Humani Generis*, has definitely condemned existentialism as a subversive movement tending to degrade human reason, obscure essence and substance, and enthrone naked individualism and subjectivism.

Existentialism is not only a house of many chambers—and fresh extensions or alterations are constantly taking place—it is also a target (a camouflaged one, too) assailed vigorously from diverse directions: Marxism, Roman Catholicism, democratic liberalism. Existentialism shares with the ambiguous apprehensive present all its ambiguity and hardly to be escaped sense of doom as also a defiant hope that is almost irrational in the face of the madness and the absurdity of the human situation today. Hence to understand the Existentialist Comedy—its progress from Hell to Purgatory, and its plans for the conquest of Heaven—is verily to understand ourselves and the world in which we would appear to be helplessly trapped.

In very general terms, Existentialism may be described as a reaction against the blind equalization and vulgarization brought about by the democratic revolution and the progressive emasculation of body and mind effected by the technological revolution. The democratic man must needs also be a spiritual being, asserting his claim to uniqueness, sending roots deep down into the bowels of the inherited earth of memories and racial achievements, mastering (not turning away from nor being dominated by) the manifold potencies of technology, and sending out creepers of understanding that may bring him into integral relation with his fellow-men, with Nature, with God. Such is the existential problem: how to redeem man from the clutches of his own past contrivance, the many forces that encompass his alienation from his God, his environment, and even from himself. Soren Kierkegaard tried to resist the aggressive imperatives of the outer world and its forms of Government and its technological toys by stressing the paramountcy of man's spiritual life. To live wisely—to make life full of meaning—was to live as Christ did, not as the money-changers did. Existential truth was for Kierkegaard subjective truth; and the soul's life, life in the spirit, was of more urgent importance than the demands of the work-a-day world; and ethical and religious values—rather than the many categories of knowledge

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Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

doled out at school or college—opened the way to self-realization in existential terms.

Karl Jaspers, writing nearly a century later, declares: "Philosophy of existence is a way of thinking which uses and transcends all material knowledge, in order that man may again become himself." Jaspers conceives of transcendence in three leaps—first from bits of scientific knowledge to the unity of science, next from empirical to self-knowledge, and finally from self to the Absolute—a procession or a process distantly paralleled by the three movements—ascent, descent and integration—envisaged in Sri Aurobindo's supramental Yoga.

Neither Husserl nor his one-time pupil, Heidegger, can be described as an existentialist: but the involutions of their thought and the contortions of their dialectic have also played their own part in the emergence of the loose body of philosophies and attitudes that now answer to the existentialist label. Indeed, Heidegger with his plea that man shall grow out of himself, shift his centre of vision from himself to the centre of the universe and thus truly "ec-sist", in other words become witness and participator of Being, is an "eksistentialist" more than an existentialist!

To turn from Kierkegaard, Jaspers, Husserl and Heidegger to Sartre and Marcel is to turn from the Teutonic mind with its granite strength and hardness as also its painstaking complexity and subtlety to the Latin-French mind with its razor-edge sharpness and clarity and also its flashing lightness and nimbleness.

Sartre was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1940; released in 1941 for reasons of health, he took an active part in the resistance movement, and the agony no less than the glory of this experience is rendered in excruciatingly vivid terms in his *The Republic of Silence.* It was not possible during those months and years merely to drift along, for every second one was under judgement, every second one had to think and act aright. "We were never more free than during the German occupation", wrote Sartre paradoxically; "because the German venom seep-

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ed into our thoughts, every accurate thought was a conquest." On the other hand, Sartre is struck when he views the spectacle of human existence by the futility, the wastefulness and, above all, the absurdity of everything.

The stifling situation created by the German occupation, itself a phase of negation, nevertheless inspired in the victim the will to freedom, made heroes out of clay, and churned liberty out of slavery. Is existential affirmation, then, possible only under conditions of negation? Realization comes, not through blind conformity nor passive acceptance of the given situation, but through the deliberate exercise of the power of choice, that is, through an act of will or decisive engagement. "Fixt fate—free will": this is the sum of the human predicament, and the challenge can be met only by deliberately engaging in a course of action, and facing the consequences. This was true of the Satyagrahis who waged the fight for freedom under Gandhiji's leadership, as it was true of the leaders of the French resistance. Emasculation, softness, death of the mind and soul, and seeming life without existential significance occur when the power to think, to act, to defy our fate is replaced by the desire to conform, to follow the line of least resistance, to cringe before our fate.

The capacity to engage, to act in a given situation, is no doubt an admirable trait; yet where the action proceeds, not from any ground of unbreakable faith, but from random impulses, wayward fancies or enthusiasms, such actions can only lead to more abysmal frustration than ever. But can freedom and faith club together? Isn't faith verily the denial of freedom? Absolute freedom leads only to absolute frustration and despair.

The world as seen by the atheist is no more than a pyramidal absurdity, reared on the rocks of misdirected action. To fight absurdity when all is absurd, to engage in action when all is foredoomed to ultimate failure, is itself absurd! It is here M. Gabriel Marcel scores over Sartre. Marcel too advocates deliberate commitment or engagement. But such action, when not sustained by faith, can only stultify itself. Hence the need for faith. For Marcel himself the decisive commitment is of a religious nature, the aim being to end the alienation from God which the tempo of twentieth century technology and the climate of modern thought have brought about. Although Marcel has now firmly rejected the existentialist label (even with a 'Christian' prefix), his advocacy of religious involvement with a view to redeeming the time and achieving life's transformation is essentially an existentialist philosophy because it is a philosophy of becoming, besides being a philosophy of fidelity, faith and hope.

It is clear the existentialists

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named above—to whom may be added in passing Berdyaev who stressed in his writings the primacy of intuition (as opposed to all forms of conceptual knowledge) and outlined a philosophy of existence in terms of inner life—have with whatever differences in their backgrounds and variation in emphasis set themselves resolutely against the depersonalizing and dehumanizing forces let loose by the democratic and technological revolutions of the last hundred years. These movements have invariably acquired a special significance in times of crisis, and a philosophy of existence can almost be equated with a philosophy of urgency, a philosophy of here-and-now, a philosophy that aims at meeting the challenge to man *"here* on this bank and shoal of time", *now* at the phoenix hour when the old is dying but not dead, and the new is still struggling to be born.

All current existentialist philosophies, however partially valid in particular contexts, have suffered nevertheless from imperfect integration of all factors that make the sum of human existence. Again and again the old division of existence into the hemispheres of matter and spirit has served to make philosophy a one-sided affair, now stressing matter at the expense of the spirit, now spirit at the expense of matter. That matter and spirit are no irreconcilable terms but together make the full arc of omnipresent reality and that the attempt to escape from one or the other is a vain delusion and a mere weariness of effort is demonstrated with matchless force and compelling logic in Sri Aurobindo's *The Life Divine.*

Although Sri Aurobindo never called his philosophy 'existential' it is truly and quintessentially existential because it is, above everything else, a philosophy of becoming, a philosophy of transformation from a limited earth-mind and earth-nature (with all their current negations and confusions) to a supermind and supernature that shall cancel all the accumulated frustrations of the ages and establish the 'Life Divine' in our midst. It is a philosophy meant to meet, not any particular local or national crisis, but the challenge at the heart of human history. 'I think, therefore I am'; 'I am, therefore I think'; 'I exist, therefore I am'; 'I react, therefore I am': these are but imperfect enunciations of the primary or central affirmation: 'The Divine is potentially within me; therefore, although I am what I am with all sorts of limitations, I can and must strive to overcome these limitations and realize in my person and in my environment that Life Divine.' The future of existentialism as a philosophy of life and change and life-transformation and world-transformation thus lies in following the luminous trail blazed in such prophetic terms by Sri Aurobindo.

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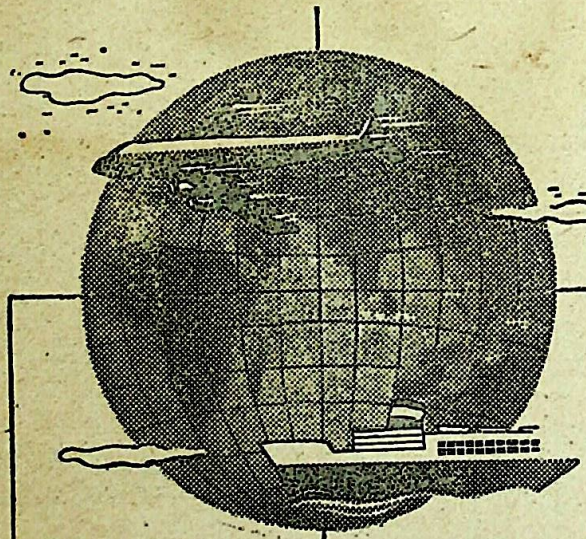
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Immortal India—25 **J. H. Dave**

SOMNATH

यत्र गङ्गा च यमुना यत्र प्राची सरस्वती।
यत्र सोमेश्वरो देवस्तत्र माममृतं
कृधीन्द्रायेन्दो परिस्रव ॥

—*Rig Veda, Khila* 20-5.
At the end of the 9th Mandala.

"Make me immortal at the place where the three rivers Ganga, Yamuna and Prachi Saraswati meet and where there is Lord Somnath. O Moon! Shower nectar for Indra."

ON 11th May 1951, Vaisakha Sukla Panchami (S.Y. 2007), at 9-47 a.m. (I.S.T.) Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad installed the Jyotirlinga of Lord Somnath in the new temple constructed on the historic spot at Prabhas Patan near Veraval in Saurashtra. It was the same spot and over the same Brahma-sila where for millenniums stood the hoary and sacred Jyotirlinga and shrine of God Siva, the first among the twelve famous jyotirlingas and held in extreme veneration all over Bharata. Prabhasa is refered to as Somanatha Pattana or Deva Pattana.

This Prabhasa Tirtha is situated on the sea-shore on the south coast of Saurashtra. The seventh Khanda of the *Skanda Purana* is known as the Prabhasa Khanda. In the first 365 Adhyayas it describes the Prabhasa Tirtha, in the next 19 Adhyayas Vastrapatha or Mount Girnar is described, then in 63 Adhyayas Arbuda or Mount Abu is described, and in the last 44 Adhyas Dwaraka is dealt with.

The 7th Adhyaya of Prabhasa Khanda gives the legendary origin of this Tirtha. It says that Lord Siva is present in this Tirtha since eternity and will so remain eternally hereafter. Various Brahmas have come and gone. This is the age of the seventh Brahma called Satananda and Lord Siva is known as Somanatha. Before that in the regimes of the six earlier Brahmas, Lord Siva did abide at Prabhasa but Siva was then known by the respective names of Mrityunjaya, Kalagnirudra, Amritesa, Anamaya, Krittivasas and Bhairavanatha. The eighth Brahma hereafter will be known as Chaturvaktra and Siva will then be known as Pranatha.

The Land of Bharata is conceived of as Janardana who has assumed the body of a Kurma and Saurashtra is its South-west part. Prabhasa is described as the essen-

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ce of Anarta (Anarta-Sara) which name is frequently used for Gujarat as a whole.

The Vedic quotation given above is from the *Rig Veda Parisishta* or *Khila* and it says that near Prabhasa flowed the old Saraswati with its two tributaries locally called Ganga and Yamuna. The old Rig Veda references to Saraswati make it clear that it started from Plaksha Prasravana in the Himalayas, passed through Marwar, Abu and Gujarat and then met the sea near Prabhasa. *Rigveda* 7-95-2 says that the pure river Saraswati flows from the mountains to the sea.

एका चेतत् सरस्वती नदीनां
शुचिर्यती गिरिभ्य आ समुद्रात् ।

Skanda, Prabhasa 37-3, says that Prachi Saraswati flows at Kurukshetra Pushkara and Prabhasa, but at Prabhasa yields more merit. Prabhasa Khanda 4-12 describes the area of this Tirtha. The Kshetra of Prabhasa has the area of 12 Yojanas; the Kshetra-pitha of 5 yojanas; and the Garbhagriha of a gavyuti or one Krosa (about two miles). In the east is situated the temple of Taptodakaswami, in the west of Madhava, in the south is the ocean and in the north is river Bhadra. By worshipping the Jyotirlinga of Someswara, the faithful is promised liberation.

That deity which was known to the Vedic Rishis as Kalagnirudra was designated as Bhairava at Prabhasa. He is also called Agni-Isana. In different Kalpas, this same deity is known by different names (Prabhasa 4-68-73). Somnath has five faces (Prabhasa 6-8). This Somnath is the highest deity called *Hamsa* and *Nada* (Pr. 6-36). The Kalabhairava Linga of Siva at Prabhasa was worshipped by the Moon with great austerity and when the deity was pleased, the Moon prayed for the grace that the Lord might be known by the name of his devotee, the Moon, as Somnath and that He should be the Kuladevata of all the successive Moons to follow. (Pr. 7-51).

Numerous Rishis and sages have entered the Linga of this deity. Various Siddhis and Mantras have been taught to the world through the grace of this Linga. Many Siddhas adept in the Pasupata Yoga flourished here (Pr. 8, 3 to 13).

In Prabhasa there are five *Sakaras*—Saraswati river, Samudra, Soma (the Lord with His Concort Uma), Somagraha (i.e. the Moon) and the Darsana of Lord Somnath (Pr. 24-37). The Swayambhu Linga of the Lord is situated on the sea-shore in the western quarter about 300 bow-lengths from the Kritasmara Mount. (This mount desired to marry river Saraswati and proceeded to touch her even when she was impure. She asked him to temporarily hold the fire which she was carrying till she became pure after a bath. On catching that fire, Kritasmara was reduced to ashes and his scattered stones were used thereafter by

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the masons for purposes of building temples).

Near the Somnath temple and in the 1/14th part of its Kshetra, there is a spot of 200 bow-lengths called Karnika and those who die at this spot are promised an abode with the Lord. Prabhasa Khanda 2-82 and 83 describes the Linga of Somnath in this way: "It is a Swayambhu linga of great prowess, as bright as the disc of Sun, surrounded by a serpent, of the size of the egg of a hen, called the Sparsalinga and situated underground".

The legend is that the Moon was married to the 27 daughters of Daksha. He was partial to one of them Rohini and neglected others. In spite of a warning from Daksha and the promise of the Moon to treat them all as equals, he continued to exhibit his partiality. Daksha became angry and cursed the Moon to be a consumptive. On his entreaties, Daksha said that only Lord Siva could save the Moon. On the advice of Daksha, the Moon came down with Rohini to Prabhasa to worship this Sparsa Linga of Somnath of the size of the egg of a hen (Prabhasa Ch. 21). After a penance of 4000 years, Lord Siva was pleased with the Moon. He was graced and given the strength to grow and shine in the bright half. As the Moon regained his light at this place, it was known as Prabhasa. Brahma himself initiated the Moon and his favourite wife Rohini for establishing a shrine of Somnath. Brahma cleft open the earth and all of them saw the bright Swayambhu Sparsa-Linga of Siva of the size of an egg of a hen. It was covered with honey and darbha grass. On that was placed the Brahmasila; and over it was established by Brahma himself the great Linga of Lord Somnath. It was worshipped with Vedic Mantras (Prabhasa 23).

Skanda, Prabhasa 8-11 says that at Somnath there were seven varieties of Gargeyas who were adept in Pasupata Yoga and were Siddhas. In Prabhasa 24-82 it is stated that Brahmins of the Kausika Gotra undertook to perform the daily worship in the Somnath Temple. The great founder of the Pasupata Sampradaya Lakulisa or Nakulisa flourished at Kayavarohana or Karvan near Baroda in about the second century A.D. He had four pupils—Kusika, Gargya, Kaurusha and Maitreya. Lakulisa's Pasupata Sampradaya spread far and wide. The Prasasti in Lakulisa temple of V.S. 1028 near the Ekalingaji Temple in Mewar says that the Pasupata Acharyas there were of Kusika Gotra. The Tripurantaka Prasasti (well-known as Cintra Prasasti) of V.S. 1343 of the time of King Sarangadeva states that the Pasupata Acharyas at Somnath Temple were Gargeyas or of the Garga Gotra,—the Acharyas named Kartika-rasi, Valmika-rashi and Tripurantaka. *Skanda* Prabhasa Khanda, therefore, when it states that Somnath was worshipped by Pasupata Acharyas and Siddhas of Garga and Kusika Gotras is sup-

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ported by historical and epigraphical evidence.

Prabhasa Chapters 79 and 177 deal with Lakulisa Mahatmya. Lakulisa is taken to be the Avatara of Siva who entered a dead body at a place called Kayavarohana. He came to Prabhasa from Kayavarohana, performed severe penance, initiated four pupils, taught numerous sastras including Nyaya and Vaiseshika and became an unequalled Siddha. One who offers saluations to the image of this Lakulisa particularly on the Purnima of Kartika is promised abundant wealth for seven births and veneration of Gods.

तस्यैव पूर्वदिग्भागे लकुलीशस्तु मूर्तिमान् ।
स्वयं तिष्ठति देवेशि कृत्वा घोरं तपः पुरा ॥
संस्थितः पापशमने तत्र स्थाने स्थलोपरि ।
कार्तिक्यां कृत्तिकायोगे यस्तं पूजयते नरः ।
स पूज्यते महादेवि सर्वैरपि सुरासुरैः ॥

—*Prabhasa* 177- 1 to 3.



In *Mahabharata* Adiparva 238, Arjuna's Yatra of Prabhasa is described. He sees Subhadra there and desires to run away with her. Krishna comes to know of this resolve and helps Arjuna. In Vana Parva 80, Pulastya describes to Bhisma the greatness of various Tirthas. Prabhasa is stated as an abode of sages, where fire or Agni stays eternally. It is noted above that *Skanda* describes Prabhasa as the place of Kalagnirudra who later became known as Somnath. That Rudra is identified with Agni even in *Rig Veda* and more particularly in later Samhitas need no mention. As matter of fact the whole of *Satarudriya* (T.S. 4-5-1-1 and V.S. 16) is a prayer of Agni when the fire is raging with flames in the Agnichiti and this Agni as Rudra is thereafter propitiated with the pouring of ghee along with the repetition of Vasordhara Mantras (T.S. 4-7-1 to 11 and V.S. 18). *Rig Veda* calls Agni Mahodevah (4-58-3) and Sambhu (7-35-10) and Rudra is identified with Agni (2-1-6) and called Arusha (fiery) Ashalha (unbearable) Ugra (formidable) and Sahamana (strong)—all being also the attributes of Agni. In Vanaparva 86, Dhaumya describes the Tirthas of the South to Yudhishthira. In Saurashtra he mentions Chamasodbheda, Prabhasa, Pindaraka and Ujjayanta (Vana 86-20 and 21). In Vana 91-10 Tirthas are described as *Prabhasadini Tirthani*, i.e. Tirthas headed by Prabhasa. Vana 119-15 says that Yudhishthira came down to Prabhasa from Surparaka for his Yatra. He performed penance, completely fasting for 12 days and living only on water and air. Draupadi also joined him in the austerities. He was met there by Krishna and his party. Vana 132-5 says that river Saraswati had disappeared near Vinasana and it reappeared near Chamasodbheda in Saurashtra and it was near Prabhasa on the seashore that Lopamudra met and married Agastya. (Vana 132-6). In Salya 36 the legend of the Moon-god showing partiality to Rohini

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and ignoring his other wives is related. With Daksha's curse the Moon became a consumptive. On a request to find out a way for cure, Daksha advised the Moon to go to Prabhasa for penance:

समुद्रं पश्चिमं गत्वा सरस्वत्यब्धिसङ्गमम् ।
आराधयतु देवेशं ततः शान्तिं अवाप्स्यति ॥

—Salya 36-33

"Let the Moon go to the western sea (in Saurashtra) where river Saraswati meets the sea and worship Devesa (i.e. Isana or Siva). Then alone will the Moon God regain his light". Here the *Mahabharata* also clearly mentions that the Moon worshipped Lord Siva at Prabhasa which was even then a Saiva Tirtha. The Moon had his bath there on the Amavasya or the new-moon day before he regained strength and light. Because the Moon regained light here, was enabled to increase in the bright half and once again brightened the earth, this Tirtha is known as Prabhasa. Prabhasa is also referred to as a select Tirtha in Anusasana 64-9 and 143-2. In Asvamedhika 84-12, Arjuna is again stated to have come to Prabhasa. It was near Prabhasa that the Yadavas got drunk, fought amongst themselves and were destroyed. Krishna gave up his mortal coils near Prabhasa at a place called Dehotsarga.

Somanath is connected with Soma or the Moon because the legend says that the moon established here the first shrine of Lord Siva. Soma also means Siva in association with his consort Uma. The 8th Anuvaka of *Satarudriya* begins with *Namah Somaya Cha Rudraya Cha.* There Soma has been unanimously interpreted as as Siva along with Uma. *Brihajjabala* Upanishad 2-3 says that

अग्नीषोमात्मकं विश्वम् ।

"the whole universe is a combination of Agni and Soma". Here Agni represents the luminous aspect of Siva and Soma represents the aspect of Sakti or Uma full of nectar (Amritamaya). There is nothing in the Universe which is not pervaded by Siva and Sakti.

तदित्थं-शिवशक्तिभ्यां नाव्याप्तमिह किञ्चन ।

—Brihajjabala 2-12.

Bhasma is the Virya of Agni or Siva. It is mixed with water symbolised as the Amrita of Sakti. This Upanishad says

शिवशक्त्यमृतस्पर्शैं लब्ध एव कुतो मृतिः ।

"How can there be death when one is touched with the Virya of Siva and Amrita of Sakti?"

It further says:

शिवाग्निना तनुं दग्ध्वा शक्तिसोमामृतेन यः ।
प्लावयेद् योगमार्गेण सोऽमृतत्वाय कल्पते ॥

—Brihajjabala 2-19.

"He attains immortality who with yogic practices burns his body with the fire of Siva and gets it sprinkled with the nectar of Sakti Soma."

Prabhasa Khanda 6-36 describes Somnath as *Hamsa.* It is the same

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as Soma—Siva with Uma or Sakti.

हंसौ तौ पुम्प्रकृत्याख्यौ हं पुमान् प्रकृतिस्तु सः।
—*Saradatilaka,* 15-51.

In Hamsa Ha represents Purusa and Sa represents Prakriti. When Prakriti, realising that Purusha is her resort merges in Him, Hamsah becomes Soham. By dropping the consonants S and H what remains is the Pravana Mantra OM. In the same 8th Anuvaka of *Satarudriya* which says *Namah Samaya cha Rudraya Cha,* Siva is further prayed as *"Namah Taaraaya"*—where Taara means the liberating Pranavt mantra OM.

Mahabharata in Salya 36 significantly says that after performing penance at Prabhasa, the Moon God took his bath there on the amavasya day and then with Siva's grace acquired a beautiful i.e. Darsa or Darsaniya body (Amavasya is known as Darsa).

With this another legend is connected. Sati when insulted by her father Daksha, threw herself in fire and was reborn as Uma. Sati is identified with Soma or Chandra and Siva or Agni with the Sun (the Celestial Agni). On Amavasya, Sati or the moon merges or is burnt in the Sun (the celestial fire)) i.e. Siva and emerges as the new Moon or Uma. (See Prabhasa Khanda Ch. 19). Siva is identified in *Satarudriya* with the Sun and is is stated that He is red, then slightly red, then tawny and then auspicious as he gradually raises in the sky; and even the ignorant cowherd boys, water-carrying women of the villages and all creatures including cattle can see and spot Him.

असौ यस्ताम्रो अरुण उत बभ्रुः सुमङ्गलः।
उतैनं गोपा अदृश्नन्नदृश्नन्नुदहार्यः।
उतैनं विश्वा भूतानि स दृष्टो मृडयातु नः।
—T. S. 4-5-1. 2 and 3.

Whether the Indus Valley civilization is taken as pre-Vedic or post-Vedic, we find there the worship of a God similar to the Vedic Rudra-Siva. He is also Pasupati and in Yogic pose. Saivism in Gujarat and Nepal has affinities. See Bom. Gaz. Vol. I part I p. 84. Nepal Kings were Saivas, called themselves Paramamahesvaras and had, like the Valabhi Kings of Gujarat, a bull on their seals. Both the Valabhi and Nepal Kings bow to the feet of Bappa which appears to be the title of Saivate Pontiffs. The temple of Pasupati in Nepal was already in existence when Asoka had visited the Valley in 250 B.C. In the later Vedic period, in the 10th book of the *Taittiriya Aranyaka,* there are five mantras of Sadyojata, Vamadeva, Aghora, Tatpurusha and Isana on which the Lakulisa Pasupata Darsana is based. This Darsana is systematically stated in the *Pasupata Sutras* with the commentary of Kaundinya (Published in 1940 by the University of Travancore). The story of how these sutras were written by Lakulisa, the incarnation of Siva and born at Kayavarohana near Baroda in

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Gujarat, is stated in *Vayu* and *Kurma Purnanas*.

From the Mathura Pillar inscription of Chandra Gupta II dated 380 A.D. we learn that Uditacharya was the 10th in succession from Kausika, one of the four pupils of Lakulisa. The statement that Kausika was one of Lakulisa's pupils is supported by Vayu and Kurma as also the Cintra Prasasti of Tripurantaka of S.Y. 1343. Lakulisa must therefore have flourished in about the 2nd century A.D.

Skanda says that Lakulisa came to Prabhasa and preached the Pasupata Darshana. Authors of Nyaya and Vaiseshika systems are said to be Pasupatas.

The Bhara-Siva and Vakataka rulers wers Saivas. Most of Kshatrapa kings of Gujarat with names beginning with Rudra appear to be Saivas. Majority of Valabhi Rulers called themselves Parama Mahesvaras. Pratihara Gurjaras came to worship Somnath. The Solankis of Gujarat were mostly Saivas. It is clear that from the time of at least the Kshatrapa rulers uto the 14th century, the Pasupata cult was very much in vougue in Gujarat. Somnath was the principal seat of this Sampradaya. Gujarat was the birth place of Lakulisa, the founder of the Pasupata system. The image of Lakulisa was established in Prabhasa and it is also traced at several other places in Gujarat and in the South. Numerous famous Saiva Siddhas and Acharayas flourished here as is evidenced by *Skanda* and the inscriptions.

★

Mahmud of Gazni looted and destroyer this historic shrine in 1025 A.D. It was immediately reconstructed by Bhima and Bhoja, the rulers of Gujarat and Malva. Emperor Siddharaja Jayasimha abolished the tax on pilgrims visiting this shrine in obedience to wishes of his mother. His successor king Kumarapala widely extended and repaired the shrine, came down walking with Yati Hemachandra to Somnath from Anhilpur Panan and had the great foundation ceremony performed through Bhava Brihaspati who was then honoured with the title of Ganda. He was a Kanya-Kuhja brahmin and had rebuilt many Saiva temples. King Bhima added two spacious Mandapas. The great Pasupata Acharya Tripurantaka built the majestic temple of Somnath again and established five more Saiva temples in Prabhasa. The Cintra Prasasti of Tripurantaka gives in detail his associations with the Pasupata line of Acharyas. In 1300 A.D. Alaf Khan, the general of Alaudin Khilji destroyed the shrine and it was shortly rebuilt by king Mahipala of the Chudasama dynasty. Muzaffar Shah I, Mahomed Begda, Muzaffar II and Aurangzeb destroyed the shrine respectively in 1390 A.D., 1490 A.D., 1530 A.D. and 1701 A.D Each time it was soon restored. In 1783 A.D. Queen Ahalyabai built a new temple nearby.

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On May 11, 1951- A.D. Dr. Rajendra Prasad installed the Jyotirlinga of Somnath on the same Brahmasila on which several earlier temples were built in history.

★

The Lakulisa system is also detailed in the Sarvadarsana Sangraha of Madhava as the Nakulisa Darsana. *Vayu* and *Kurma* say that Siva incarnated himself in the beginning of the Kali Age in a village called Karavan on the banks of Narmada. He was born in an Agnihotri family of Atri *gotra*. He went to Ujjan and there taught his first pupil Kusika, a brahmin of the Brahmavarta country and while so teaching Lakulisa composed the Pasupata Sutras. They are 168 in number in five sections called Sadyojata, Vamadeva, Aghora, Tatpursa and Isana. The Sutras preach how to worship the God and have His Sayujya. Kaundinya (4th to 6th century A.D.) composed a Bhashya on these sutras. *Ganakarikas* of Haradattacharya (800 A.D.) with their Vyakhya by Bhasarvajna (Gaekwar Oriental series No. 15) is another work of the Pasupata School. The Nyaya and Vaiseshika sutras and Bhashyas are also treated as Pasupata literature. Kaundinya quotes without naming numerous authors. Some Saiva Puranas and Agamas also contain Pasupata literature.

The Pasupata Darsana of Lakulisa is Bheda-Abheda Vada or Dualism-cum-Monism. It believes in the five primary categories of Karana, Karya, Yoga, Vidhi and Duhkhanta. Its liberation is not merely the cessation of pain but positive attainment of divine Supremacy. The Karya consists of Kalaa, Vidya and Pasu—they are all eternal. The system is based on the 10th book of the *Taittiriya Aranyaka*. This system of Lakulisa does not accept Dasatva of the Lord as Moksha but states that Moksha consists in attaining all the attributes of the Supreme Being Himself.

★

The prosperity of the Somnath temple is described by Mohamedan historians. Water came daily for the Lord from the Ganges and flowers from Kashmir. About 10000 villages were endowed for the maintenance of the temple. This was the most sacred and the biggest temple in India in the days of Mahmud of Gazni. On every eclipse day lacs of pilgrims collected there. Richest presents were offered to the Lord. A thousand brahmins were engaged in the daily worship. Three hundred barbars used to shave the pilgrims. About 350 dancing girls were engaged for dancing and music. The garbhagriha was lighted by jewelled lamps and the huge bell was rung with a chain of solid gold of 200 maunds in weight. In the treasure room, there were numerous subsidiary images and equipment of gold silver and jewels. The temple had 56 pillars all studded with gems.

★

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हृदि स्थितं चिन्मयमात्मवेदिनः
समाधिमास्थाय विलोकयन्ति यम् ।
स चित्तसन्तापमपाकरोतु वः
स्तनन्धयश्वेतमयूखभूषणः ॥

"Those who have realised the Atma after attaining the Samadhi see Lord Siva as All consciousness seated in their heart. May this Lord who has the ornament of the crescent moon remove all your worries afflicting the mind."
—Cintra Prasasti of Tripurantaka Verse I

तदेव गर्भस्य गृहं च सा शिला
यथातथं द्वित्रसहस्रवत्सरान् ।
अधस्तनस्योपरि यत्र नूतनः
पुराणमूते गरिमा प्रकाशते ॥

It is the same Garbha griha (or the inner chamber) and the Brahmasila (or the stone on which the Jyotirlingam is installed) as it was for the last two or three thousand years. Above the lower layer now shines the new glory and greatness of the Lord of Ancient Manifestation. —*Somastavaraja*, Verse 39.



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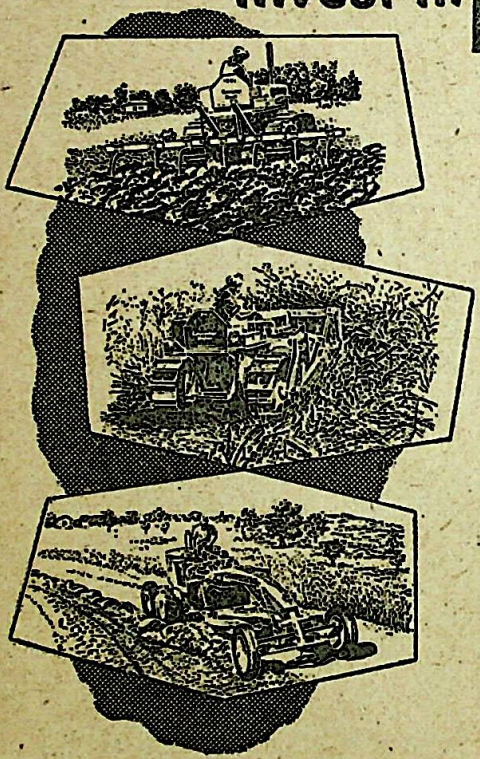
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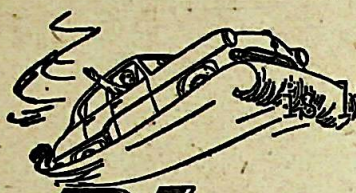
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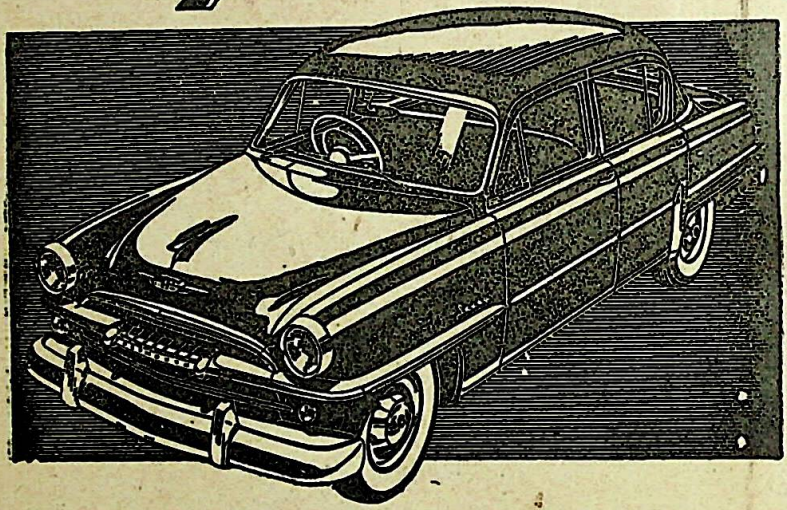
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VEDIC ART OF HEALING

T. A. V. Dikshitar
Principal, Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya

WE all know that Mahatma Gandhi always pinned his faith in the efficacy of nature-cure and the very great influence Ruth's "Back to Nature" had on him. The essential ingredients of this curative art are faith in the power of nature ultimately to heal and trusting to and praying for God's grace to come to the victim's aid.

This kind of treatment had been in vogue in India from very ancient times. That the seven Rishis had pressed this type of treatment into service is clear from a study of their respective invocatory hymns.

The word 'Bharadwaja' means one who has food, the giver of food and strength, as also one who knows the means by which to give both food and strength. It is common knowledge that it is the food we take that sustains us and that bodily vigour and disease-free constitution depend on and are influenced by the diet prescribed for us. Sage Bharadwaja knew what diet suited a particular constitution. He prescribes variations in the diet so as to accord with the changes of the seasons. His invocatory hymn runs thus:—

उत देवा अवहितं देवा उन्नयथा पुनः ।
उतागश्च ऋुपं देवा देवा जीवा यथा पुनः ॥

"I have done wicked deeds. I pray for your grace, O Gods. I have committed sins innumerable. You will kindly relieve me of of these, O Gods." Now, deeds are deemed wicked if they are contrary to the prescribed canons of right conduct and accepted code of living including dietary habits. Sinful actions are those that offend against correct behaviour and include all those deeds committed without regard to their merit and they expose us, among others, to ill-health.

One thing emerges from all this, namely, that man is bound by silken cords with the Supreme Creator and he should have the constant realisation that God is the giver and as well as the destroyer of all bodily ailments. The onset of a disease therefore is a warning

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that the victim is pulling away from this centrifugal force and an invitation to him to get closer to Him by worshipful prayers. Bharadwaja is a great healer and his *armour propre* is Diet.

Kasyapa is described as among the best of Seers. He had the power to diagnose every ailment or evil from its decaying state back to its origin. He could cure every ailment. The hymn, associated with his name runs thus—

द्वाविमौ वातौ वात आ सिन्धोरा परावतः
दक्षं ते अन्य आ वातु परान्यो वातु: यद्रपः

Two different winds blow here, one from over the Sindhu and the other from over distant lands. May the one blow in on you (the victim) energy and the other blow your disease away.

One's body is one's own *kshetra* or land. Of the two winds, referred to here, one is Prana. It is produced in and by the body. Its function is to purify and enrich the blood. Inhalation of *prana* serves to keep one's health in a state of perfection. Apana is the name applied to the breath we give out. Its function is to remove the impurities of the body. Now. the act of respiration consists of the in-taking and the out-going breath. We are provided with two nostrils that we may inhale through the one and exhale through the other. It is said that the retention of bodily heat is in direct correspondence with the act of respiration. The selection of the correct nostrils through which to breath in and out assumes very great importance in the context of perfect health. Negligence or carelessness in this respect results in considerable cooling of the system and that is a sign of ailment.

The verse following it refers to two kinds, one blowing in from the sea and the other through dry lands. The saline breeze of the sea is admittedly beneficial to health. Here therefore is a prayer that such a wind might help the victim, and the other one from the land, is asked to carry away the diseases of every kind. It is made clear that the course of the winds is dictated by the Supreme Being and hence the need for reverential prayers that, He may come to the aid of the victom.

Sage Gautama's hymn runs thus.

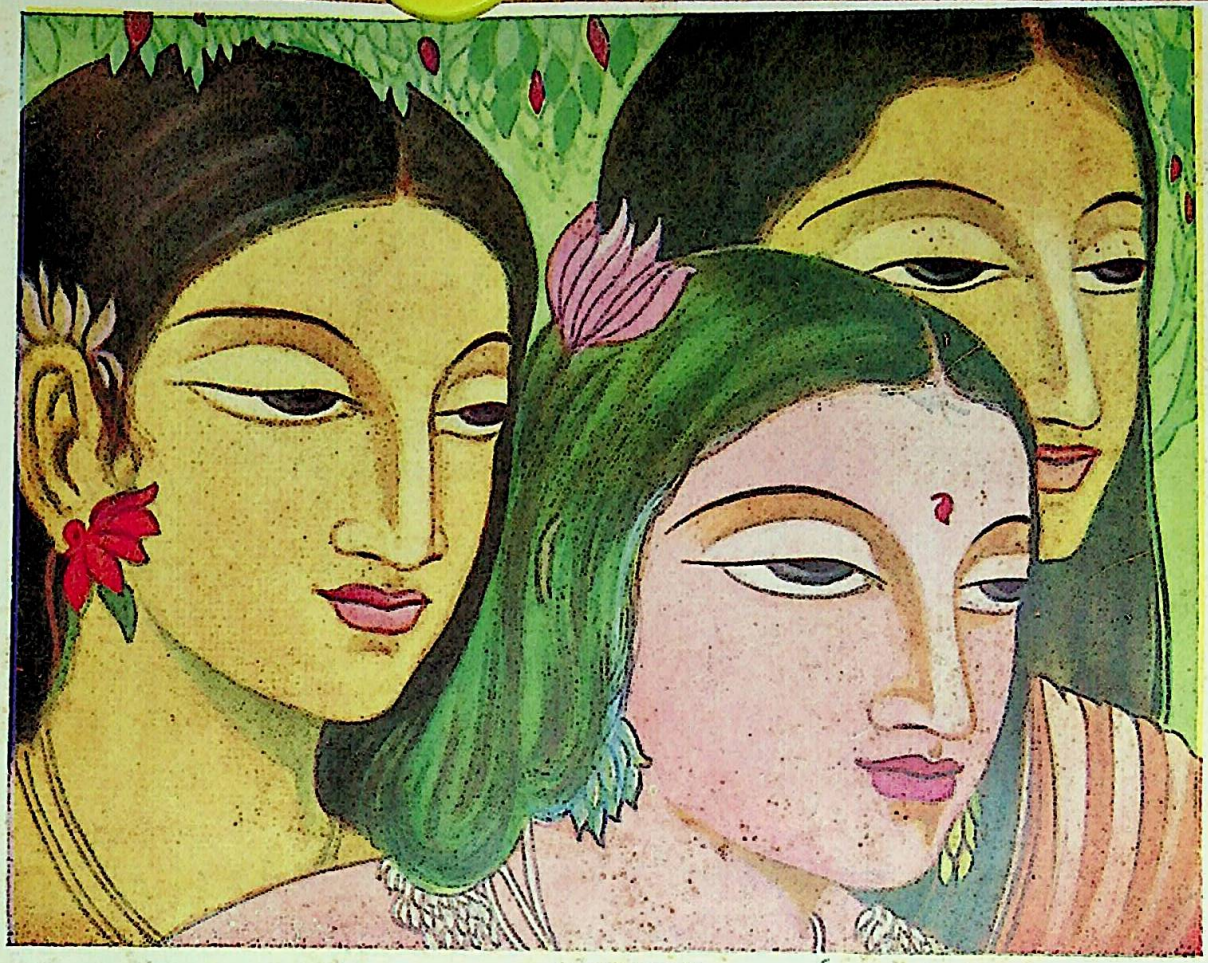
आ वात वाहि भेषजं वि वातवाहि यद्रपः
त्वं हि विश्वभेषजो देवानां दूत ईयसे ॥

"O Wind, blow hither. Thou art the healing balm, blow away every disease. Thou art the messenger of the gods, thou hast all the medicines." Here the wind is addressed as possessing the innate power and potency of the herbs over which it blows. It also has the capacity to throw away all its connections with noxious and unhelpful vegetation.

The flora with which the Himalaya is studded contain many a herb of medicinal value, known not only for their curative but also

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"TRIVENI"

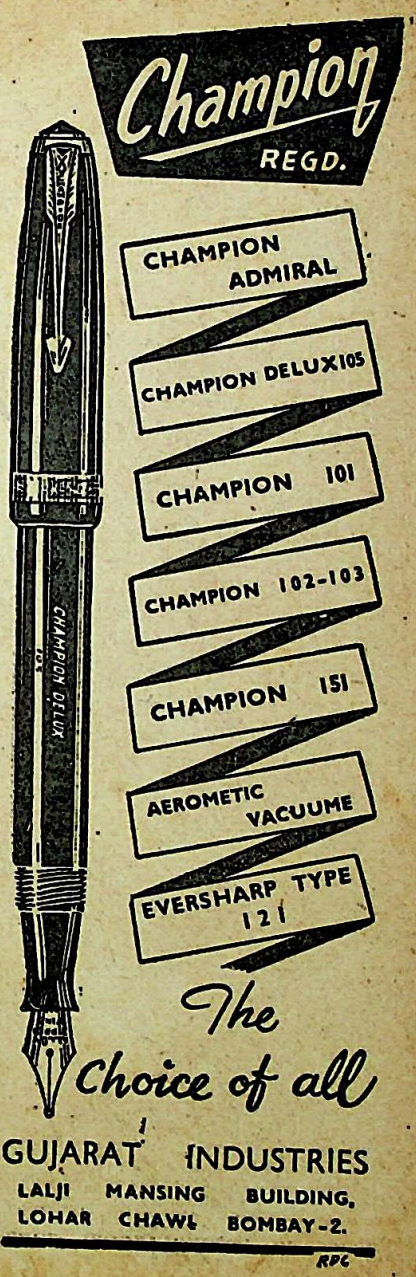
Artist: Gopalkrishna Bhobe. *Courtesy:* "Navanеet", Bombay.

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for their energising and life-giving properties. Our Indian lore abounds in stories about these herbs. Naturally therefore our sages have chosen the Himalayan altitudes for their abodes as being conducive to mental concentration of a peculiarly vigorous kind. He, who breathes in the air, laden with the fragrance of these powerful herbs is able to keep his health unimpaired.

The Wind is said to possess curative properties not only by the aroma of herbiage it imparts to the victim, but also by its own coming into contact with the body of the ailing. When therefore, herbs of various kinds are put on fire as oblation or *homa*, the fumes escaping from the altar, are said to possess curative property. It is significant in this connection that the Vedas hail the rice and barley used as oblation as medicine.

Again, the leaves of certain plants are used as articles of worship in temples. The Bilwa and Tulsi are examples in point. The smell of these leaves is known to be very effective in treatment of cold and other cognate complaints. It is therefore clear that the *havans*, performed according to *shastraic* injunctions with full faith in its efficacy will surely remove diseases and make for health. This type of treatment is known as Havana Chikitsa or Treatment by Oblations. It is Gautama's fortissimo.



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The verse ascribed to Atri is as follows.

आ त्वागमं शन्ता तिथिरथो अरिष्टतातिथि:
दक्षं ते भद्रमायाषं परा यक्ष्मं सुवामि ते ॥

"I am come to thee with balms to give thee rest and to keep thee safe and free. Thou art blessed, thou art the Strongest. I drove thine weakening malady away."

Here a sickly person is addressed as being the strongest, thus removing an essential element of disease and bodily disorder. This verse brings out the fact that faith and strength of mind can effect a rapid and effective remedy. Modern medical opinion also is veering to the view that mental and emotional stress is responsible for most of our ills. By rigorous mental discipline, it is possible to keep oneself free from diseases. It is for this reason that the body is said to depend upon the mind. By constantly dwelling on the good and auspicious objects, a sick man may cure himself of his complaint. Therefore the more powerful and stronger the mind, the healthier the man becomes. On the contrary, if the victim should brood and worry about the ailment, he paves the way for more complicated diseases. Thus, a yogi, who has controlled his mind, is sure to radiate cheer and strength by his mere presence to a weakling because he presses into service the vibrations of his own undoubted strength. This is otherwise known as suggestion in psychological parlance.

Coupled with this strength of mind, there should also be a deep-seated belief and faith in the power of God to come to the victim's aid. That is why, a sickly person is advised to take rest in a holy place, as for example, under the branches of a tree, held sacred. Thus, the mind has infinite power over body and this mental strength can always be relied on to effect even impossible cures. Sage Atri then is the patron saint of this Faith—Cure or Mind-cure.

Sage Viswamitra has the following hymn:

त्रायन्तामिह देवास्त्रायतां मरुतां गण:।
त्रायन्तां विश्वा भूतानि यथायमरवा असन् ॥

"May Gods deliver themselves of him here. Let him be cast away here that he be freed from disease." This sage is said to have borne no ill-will or hatred towards anyone. He was dear and near to everybody. Hence the name. The healing art, popularised by him, as evidenced in the verse above quoted is founded upon prayer. Here, all that is required of the patient is sincere and devoted prayer to God. But his mind must be pure an paved with good intentions. This kind of treatment is called प्रार्थनाचिकित्सा or prayer treatment.

These prayers are set out in the form of hymns and are to be uttered in the curing of the diseases. Fever, small-pox and skin affections are some of the diseases that may thus be remedied by uttering

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the hymns appropriate to each one of them. But as has already been pointed out, the most important element in such treatment is implicit faith in divine dispensation. In the absence of this faith, the prayer becomes unavailing. Faith, prayer and determination constitute the core of this system of which Sage Viswamitra is the founder.

Jamadagni's hymn runs thus:—

आप इद्वा उ भेषजीरापो अमीषचातनीः
आपः सर्वस्य भेषजी तास्ते कृण्वन्तु भेषजम् ॥

"The waters are known for
their healing power
They drive away the diseases
They have a panacea for all
Let them prepare the medicine
for thee"

The medicinal properties of water are well known. It is claimed that there is no disease that cannot be cured by water. Verily, therefore, water constitutes a medicine by itself. The Vedas describe in great detail the capacity of water to cure all diseases. There is a whole Sukta called अब्सूक्तं which deals with only this efficacy of water.

The application of water on the different parts of the body, the use of hot and cold water baths, the application in a special pot, of hot water on the patient's head, and by drinking a specified quality of water, by all these methods, a man may be cured of his ailment. To Jamadagni we owe this system of water-cure therapy.

The verse with which Vasishtha is associated runs thus:

हस्ताभ्यां दशशाखाभ्यां जिह्वा वाचः पुरोगवी।
अनामयित्नुभ्यां त्वा ताभ्यां त्वोप स्पृशामसि ॥

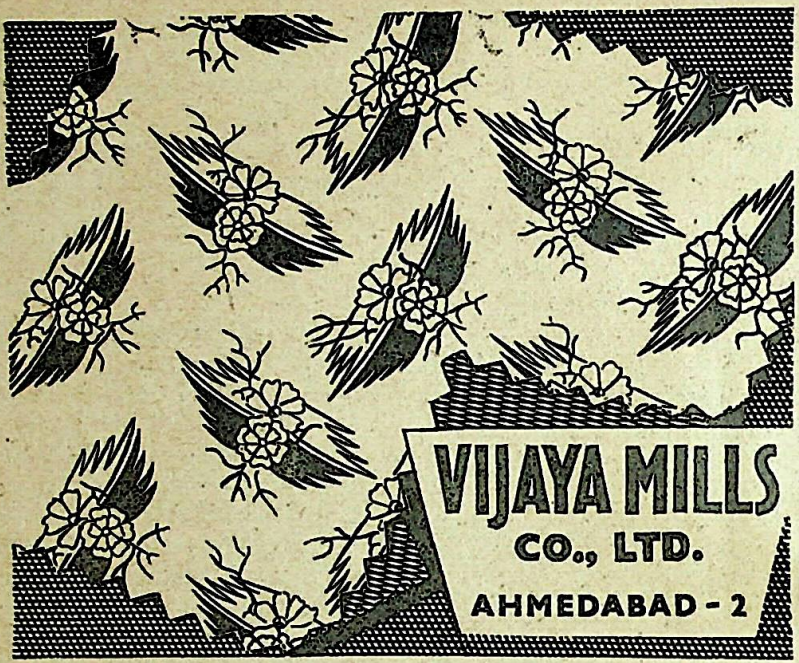
"The tongue that precedes the
voice leads
Then we stroke thee with a
gentle touch
With our two hands, the chasers
of disease,
Which taper off into ten-fold
branches".

The touch treatment is the name by which to designate Sage Vasishtha's system of cure. Diseases are known to be cured by mere touch. This is equivalent to modern hypnotism which has gained very great popularity in Europe. From the above hymn it is clear that this curative treatment had been in vogue in Bharatavarsha from very ancient times. Here, by intonation of certain words, diseases are cured. There is also evidence to show that such knowledge did exist in the country several centuries before Vasishtha himself. But it was Vasishtha who places this on a sound and scientific basis.

These then comprise the core of the art of healing originated, systematised and popularised by the Vedic seers.

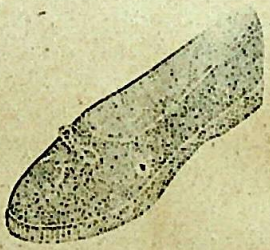
The elixir of Ramanama imparts joy to the soul and rids the body of its ailment.—Mahatma Gandhi.

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Vetala Pachchisi—24 & 25 *Serial*

V-DAY FOR VIKRAMADITYA

THE ghoul said,

Your majesty! In the country of Kalinga there was a Brahman named Yagya Sharma, whose wife was Somadatta. She was very beautiful.

The Brahman began offering sacrifices, whereupon his wife gave birth to a beautiful boy. When he attained the age of five years, his father began teaching him the *Shastras*. At the age of twelve years he had finished the study of all the *Shastras*, and became a great scholar; and he began to be in constant attendance upon, and to help his father.

After the lapse of some time the boy died, and in their sorrow for him his parents uttered loud cries of lamentation and wailing.

On receiving this news all his kinsfolk hastened thither, and fastening the boy upon a bier, took him away to the burning-ground; and when there, began repeatedly gazing at him, and said to one another, "See! Even in death he appears beautiful!"

They were uttering words like these, and arranging the pyre, while an ascetic was seated there engaged in religious austerity.

In this issue two instalments of the story appear, and with them the serial comes to an end. The truth of the saying that he alone who is wise wins success is brought home by this unforgettable story.

A new serial Simhasana Dwatrimsika, *equally fascinating, will start from the next issue.*

He hearing these words began to think to himself, "My body has become very old; if I enter this boy's body, I can practise religious meditation with ease and comfort."

Having thought thus, he entered the body of the child, turned round, and pronouncing the names of Ram (Balaram) and Krishna, sat up as one sits up from sleep.

When the people witnessed this, they all returned to their homes in astonishment; while his father lost all desire for the world on witnessing this marvel; first he laughed, then he wept.

After relating so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "Say, your majesty! Why he laughed, and why he wept "

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Thereupon the king replied, "Seeing the ascetic enter his body, and so learning the art of changing one's own body for another he laughed; and through regret at having to quit his own body he wept, thinking, 'Thus shall I too some day have to abandon my own body.'"

Hearing this, the ghoul went again and suspended himself on that tree; and the king, too, arriving close at his heels, bound him, put him on his shoulder and carried him away.

★

Continued the ghoul:

Your majesty! There is a city in the south named Dharampur, a king of which was named Mahabal.

Once upon a time another king of that same region led an army against and invested his capital. He continued fighting for several days. When his army went over in part to the enemy, and a portion was cut to pieces, then, having no help for it, took his wife and daughter with him, and went forth by night into the jungle.

After he had penetrated several miles into the jungle, the day broke, and a village came in view. Then, leaving the queen and princess seated beneath a tree, he went himself towards the village to get something to eat, and in the meantime a body of Bhils came and surrounded him, and ordered him to throw down his arms.

On hearing this, the king commenced discharging arrows, and they did the same from their side. Thus did the fight last for three hours and several of the Bhils were slain. In the meantime an arrow struck the king's forehead with such force that he reeled and fell, and one of the Bhils came up and cut off the king's head.

When the queen and princess saw the king dead, they went their way back to the jungle weeping and beating their breasts. After having proceeded a mile or two thus, they got tired and sat down, and began to be troubled with many an anxious thought.

During this time a king, named Chandrasen, together with his son, while pursuing the game, came into that jungle, and the king noticing the foot-prints of the two women, said to his son, "Whence have the foot-prints of human feet come in this vast forest?"

The prince replied, "Your majesty! These are women's foot-prints; a man's foot is not so small."

The king observed, "True, man has not got such delicate feet."

The prince said again, "They have just this moment passed."

The monarch said, "Come, let us seek them in the jungle; if we find them, I will give her whose foot this large one is to thee; and I will take the other."

Having entered into this mutual contract, they went forward, and perceived the two seated.

They were delighted on seeing them, and seating them on their

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horses in the manner agreed upon, they brought them home. The prince took possession of the queen, and the king of the princess.

Having related so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "Your majesty! What relationship will there be between the children of these two?"

On hearing this, the king held his tongue through ignorance.

Then the ghoul said in great glee, "Your majesty! I have been highly pleased at witnessing your patience and courage; I tell you one thing, however; do you attend thereto,—viz.: one, the hairs of whose body are like thorns, and whose body itself is like wood, and whose name is Shantshil, has come into your city, and he it is who has deputed you to fetch me, while he himself is seated on the burning-ground working his spells, and desires to kill you.

"I therefore forewarn you, that when he has finished his devotions, he will say to you, 'Your majesty! Prostrate yourself so that eight parts of your body may touch the ground.' You should then say, 'I am the king of kings, and all potentates bow low in salutation before me; up to this hour I have not bowed in adoration to any one, and I know not how to do so; you are a spiritual teacher, kindly show me how to do so, and then will I do it.' When he bows down, give him such a blow with your sword that his head may become severed from his body; then will you reign uninterruptedly; whereas, if you will not do this, he will slay you, and reign permanently."

Having warned the king in these words, the ghoul came out of that corpse, and went his way; and while somewhat of night still remained, the king brought the corpse and placed it before the ascetic.

The ascetic became glad on seeing it, and lauded the king greatly. After that, he repeated incantations and raised the corpse to life, and gave a burnt-offering in sacrifice: and sitting with his face southwards, offered to his god all the materials he had prepared; and after offering up betel leaf, flowers, incense, lamps, and consecrated food, he said to the king, "Make obeisance; very glorious will thy dignity become, and the eight supernatural faculties will always abide in thy house."

On hearing this, the king called to mind the words of the ghoul, and joining his hands, said with the utmost humility, "Your reverence! I know not how to bow in adoration; you, however, are a spiritual teacher; if you will kindly teach me, I will do it."

As the ascetic, on hearing this, lowered his head to prostrate himself, that instant the king struck him such a blow with his sword that his head was severed; and the ghoul came and showered down flowers. It is declared that there is nothing unlawful in slaying

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him who would himself slay another.

At that time Indra and the rest of the gods, having witnessed the king's courage, mounted their cars and cheered the king. And Indra said in pleasure to King Vikramaditya, "Ask a boon."

Then the king joined his hands and said, "Your majesty! Let this story concerning me become famous in the world."

Indra replied, "So long as the moon, sun, earth and sky endure, this story shall be famous; and thou shalt be ruler over the whole earth."

After saying this, King Indra went to his place, and King Vikramaditya took those two corpses and threw them both into the oil-cauldron.

Thereupon the two heroes came and presented themselves, and began to say, "What command is there for us?"

The king replied "When I remember you, then do you come."

Taking from them their promise to do this, the king returned home, and began to attend to his government. It is said that, whether one be learned or a fool, a child or a man, he alone who is wise will win success.

THE END

[Next Serial "Simhasana Dwatrimsika"]

EMPIRE'S

REPORT OF PROGRESS

IN 1953

New Business ...	...	Rs. 3,22,06,250
Total Assets ...	...	Rs. 11,97,50,963
Total Claims Paid ...	...	Rs. 13,99,78,843

New Business, 1954, exceeds Rs. 3,82,00,000

Points from the Administrator's Report

- Nearly 70% of total assets invested in Government Securities
- Good Prospects of Handsome Bonus in the valuation as at 31st December 1954

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TOTAL FUNDS:

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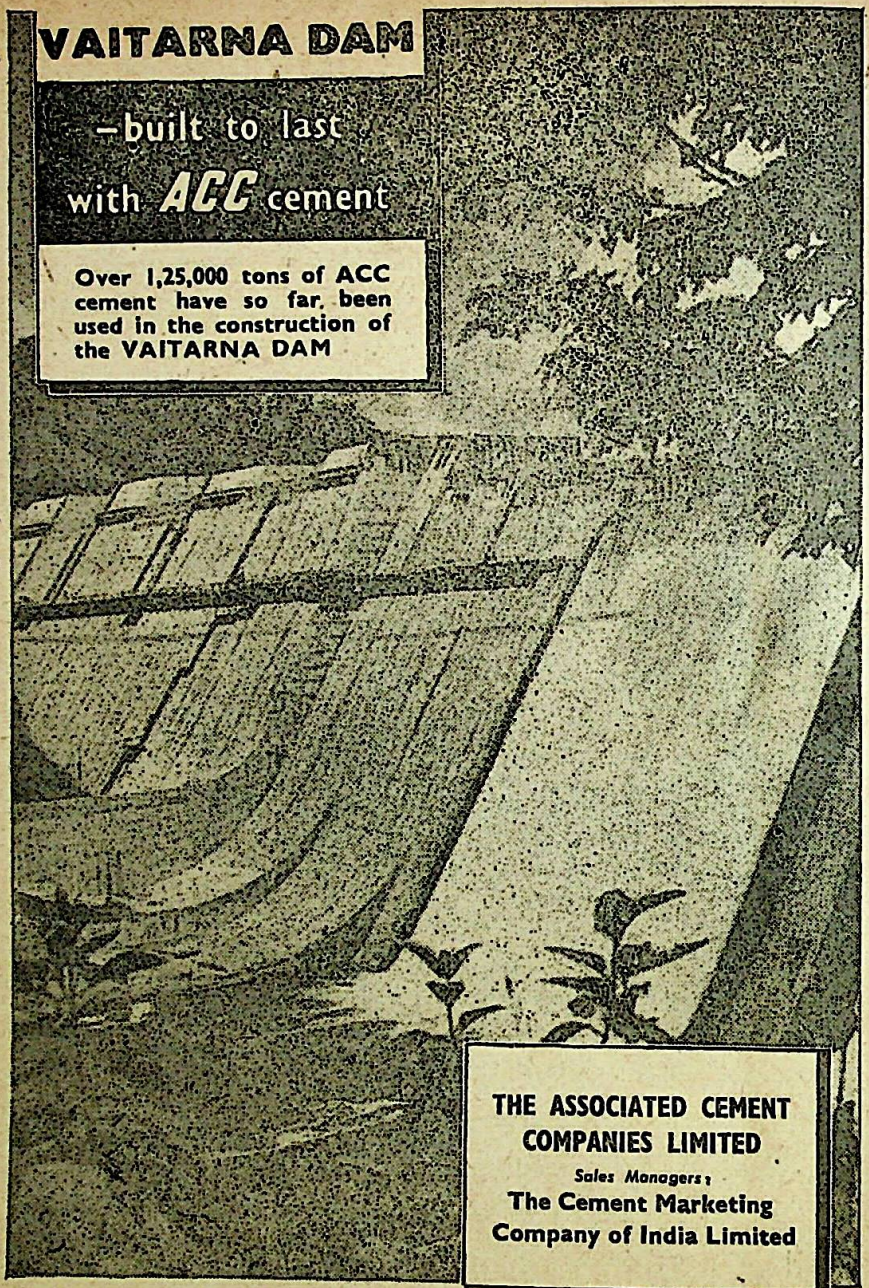
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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

THE Sanskrit Vishva Parishad was established at *Somnath* on May 11, 1951 on the historic occasion of the installation of the Jyotirlinga of Bhagwan Sri Somnath. Babu Purushottamdas Tandon, the then President of the Indian National Congress, inaugurated the *first session* and His Highness Sri Padmanabhadasa Bala Rama Varma, Rajpramukh of Travancore-Cochin presided. 284 delegates—eminent scholars, Sanskrit Professors, pandits, Vaidikas etc. —from al over India attended this session. Sri U. N. Dhebar, the then Chief Minister of Saurashtra and at present President of the Indian National Congress was the Chairman of the Reception Committee. This session was also addressed by His Highness the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar.

The *second session* of the Parishad was held at *Banaras* on November 15 and 16, 1952 under the Presidentship of Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad. This session was attended by 292 delegates. Dr. Sampurnanand, the Chief Minister of U.P., was the Chairman of the Reception Committee. Among others, the session was addressed by Pandit Gobind Ballabh Pant, now Union Home Minister, Dr. Panjab Deshmukh, Union Minister for Agriculture, Sri M. Anantha-sayanam Ayyangar, Deputy Speaker and H. E. Monsieur H. Vaivaine, Finnish Ambassador to India.

The *third session* of the Parishad was held at *Nagpur* on April 24 and 25, 1954, Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad presiding. 305 delegates attended this session. Pandit Ravishanker Shukla, Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh was the Chairman of the Reception Committee. The session was attended by Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh and was also addressed by Shri Brijlal Biyani, Finance Minister, Madhya Pradesh and Shri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Deputy Speaker and others.

As announced in the last issue of this Journal, the *fourth session* of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad will be held at *Tirupati* (Andhra State) on November 11 and 12, 1955. The President of the Parishad, Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad will preside. The Parishad Chairman and U. P. Governor, Sri Munshiji, Madras Governor Sri Sri Prakasa and other eminent men and scholars from all parts of India are expected to attend.

The Sanskrit Vishva Parishad has during its short life of four years done its humble mite towards resuscitating Sanskrit and restor-

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ing it to its pristine glory. It is indeed gratifying that there is growing appreciation of the need for concentrated work in this direction.

A list of the Branches and Kendras of the Vishva Parishad arranged in alphabetical order is given hereunder:—

Branches

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Kendras (Colleges)

1. Hindu Vishva Vidyalaya Mahavidyalaya, Banaras; 2. Goenka Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Banaras; 3. Birla Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Banaras; 4. Basahat College, Rajghat, Banaras; 5. Sama Veda Vidyalaya, Banaras; 6. Veda Vidyalaya, Banaras; 7. Ayurveda Vishva Vidyalaya, Jhansi; 8. Budhelkhanda Degree College, Jhansi; 9. Adarsha Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Jhansi; 10. Bipinobihari Inter College, Jhansi; 11. Government Inter College, Jhansi; 12. Hindi Inter College, Jhansi; 13. Chitrakoot Karwa College, Jhansi; 14. Sankar Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Kuthaund; 15. Pili Kothi Chitrakut, Jhansi; 16. Tulsi Sanskrit College, Rajapur; 17. Vidvatsabha, Jhansi; 18. National Inter College, Gandhaha; 19. Kasturba Sanskrit Vidyalaya, Aith; 20. M. M. Arts College, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay; 21. Jai Hind College, Bombay; 22. Khalsa College, Bombay; 23. Ruparel College, Bombay; 24. Wilson College, Bombay; 25. Sanskrit Sa-

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Kendras (Pathashalas)

30. Delwara; 31. Gurusariayya; 32. Mauranipur; 33. Barnasagar; 34. Ait; 35. Sami; 36. Kunch; 37. Shankarpur; 38. Dewat Pura; 39. Sirasa; 40. Bhadharkha; 41. Magraul; 42. Inguri; 43. Mahuta; 44. Turanitanka; 45. Pahadi; 46. Marza; 47. Bilgaon; 48. Mahu; 49. Girwan; 50. Kherwa; 51. Ballen; 52. Saki; 53. Taruha; 54. Jhatghan; 55. Gokhia; 56. Silar; 57. Mayasamai; 58. Kuktara; 59. Icholi; 60. Inghora; 61. Karhia; 62. Kahara; 63. Saura; 64. Chauka; 65. Charkhai; 66. Kulpahad; 67. Goharaoli; 68. Mangarauth; 69. Belatal; 70. Kakurupura; 71. Vakaswaha; 72. Malahara; 73. Ranipura; 74. Garruli; 75. Balkura; 76. Naiwadi; 77. Oraccha; 78. Unnao; 79. Vaduni.

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

GITA LECTURES

Swami Sadanand, (of Sivanand Ashram, Rishikesh) who has new been appointed Head of the Bhavan's Gita Vidyalaya is delivering lectures in the Bhavan thrice a week—on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Swamiji is also delivering lectures every Sunday morning in the Bhavan's N. M. Institute of Science at Andheri. Swamiji's original treatment and rational interpretation are liked by his listeners. The subjects so far covered include "Buddhi Yoga", "What is Real Sacrifice", Mechanism of Mind", etc.

Regular evening classes for the Gita examinations of the Bhavan are being conducted by Prof. Nalin Bhatt, Lecturer in Sanskrit, Bhavan's College at the Bhavan at Chowpatty which are becoming increasingly popular.

AHMEDABAD TOUR

In response to requests from several friends in Ahmedabad, the Kala Kendra is presenting their spectacular ballet "Ram Shabari" at the Bharat Bhuvan Theatre, at Ahmedabad, from 27th August onwards.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMATIC COMPETITION

This is the 5th year of this competition. It has become immensely popular. We have a record number of 68 entries this year. The competition was so far confined to Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi and English languages. Kannada has been added this year.

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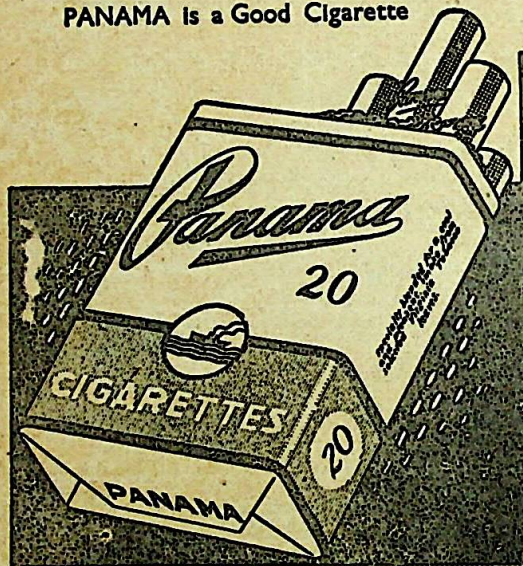
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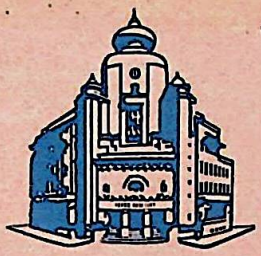
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. II Fortnightly No. 2

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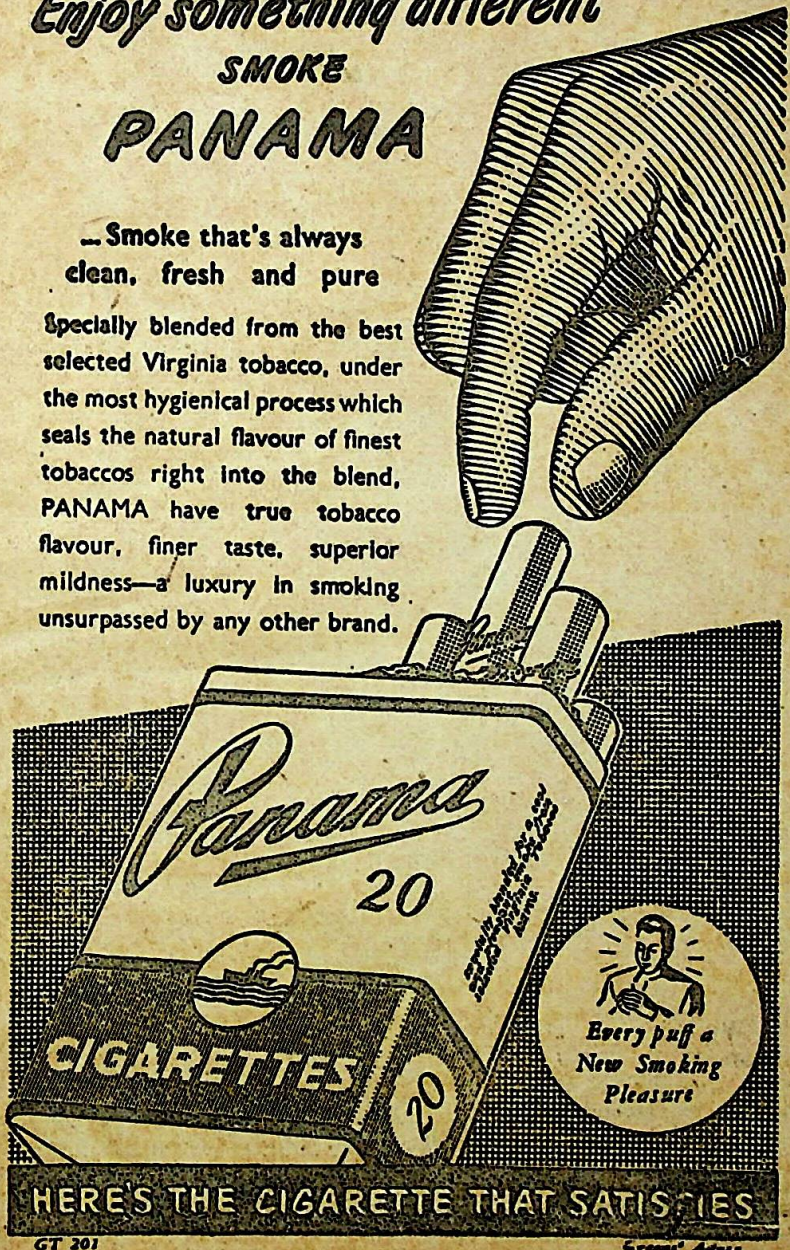
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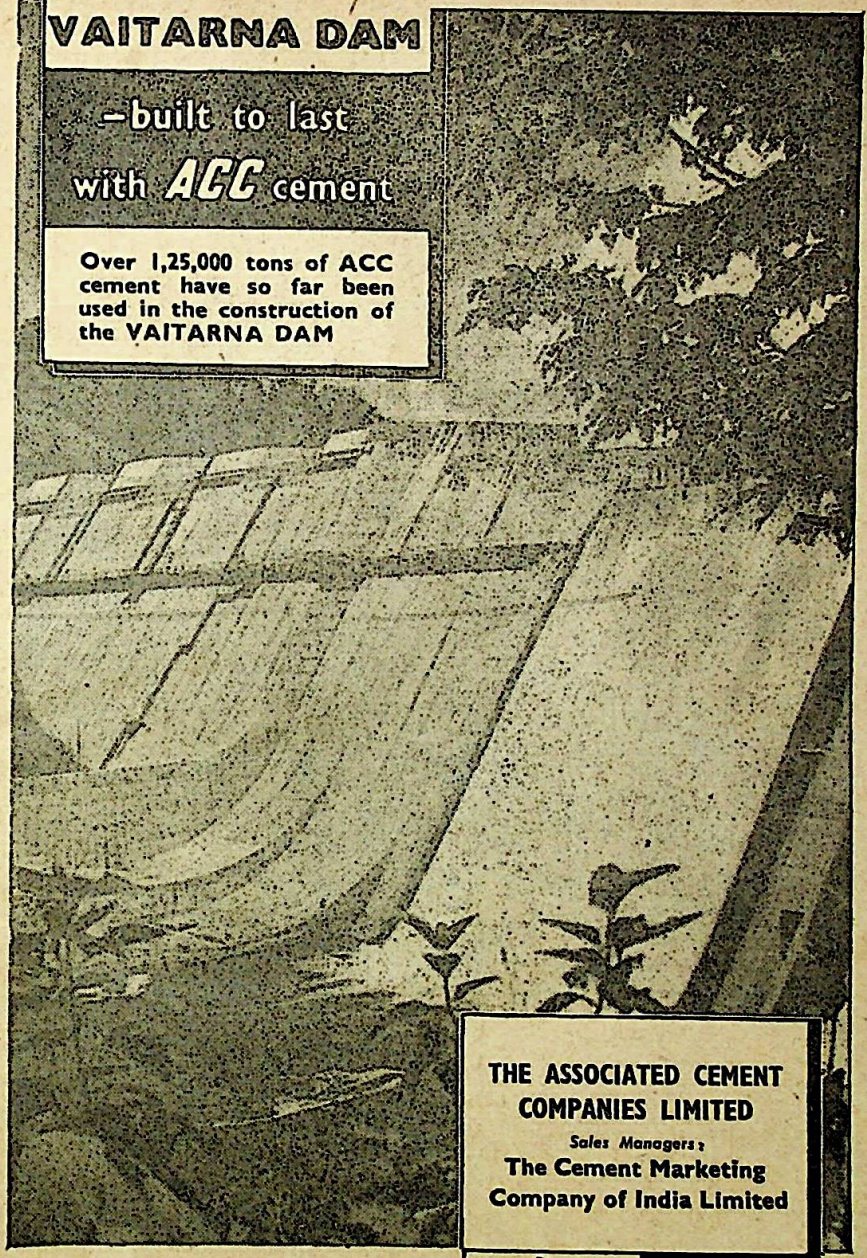
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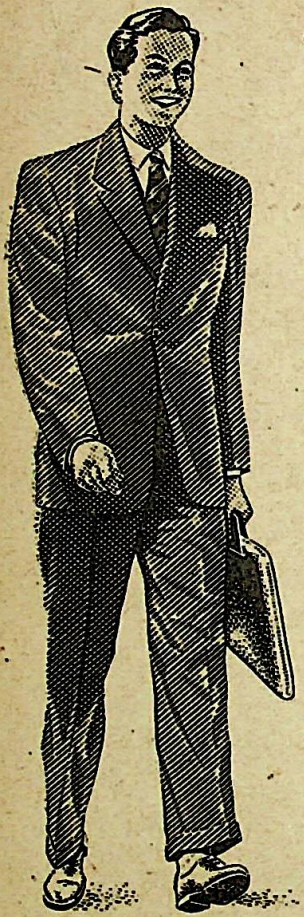
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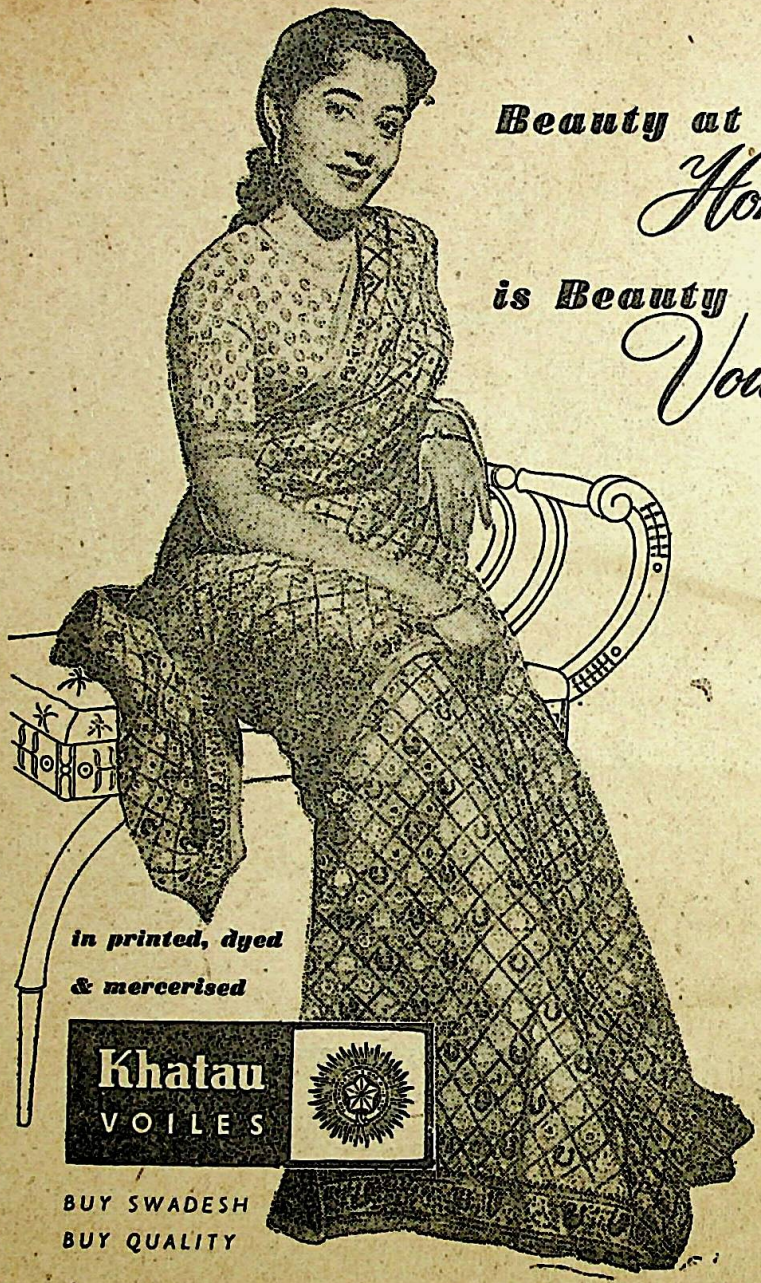
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 2] [AUGUST 28, 1955

CALL TO VICTORY

प्रेता जयता नर इन्द्रो वः शर्म यच्छतु।
उग्रा वः सन्तु बाहवोऽनाधृष्यायन्नासथ॥

इमा तुकं भुवना सीषधामे—
न्द्रश्च विश्वे च देवाः॥

Go forward and conquer, ye heroes!
May God give you protection.
Valiant be your arms, so that you
May remain unwounded.

We will bring these existing worlds into subjection,
With Indra and all Gods to aid us.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 82

★ The Modern Arrogance ★ The Scripture
★ The First Freedoms

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
August 28, 1955

My Young Friend,

THE other day a gentleman whom I knew casually came to me, and after the usual siesta went straight to the object of his visit. "I have liked your writings very much," he said, "but I do not like your believing in God".

"Why?" I asked.

"I never found Him anywhere," he asserted.

Like most men steeped in Westernism he appeared to feel that it was the business of God so to behave that he, the man, might be pleased to take notice of Him, the Creator.

Not to believe in God or to be indifferent to His existence is accepted as a badge of superiority in these days. This arrogance is the heritage of the dogmas which the nineteenth century Western scientists accepted for themselves till Einstein came and blew them up.

"I assert," he once said, "that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and the noblest drawing force....My religion consists of a humble admiration for illimitable superior spirit who reveals Himself in the slightest details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds."

I began my intellectual life the same way. When in the college I studied the French Encyclopaedists, I drew up a number of reasons why God cannot exist. A little later, I began to entertain doubts about my dogmatic denial. But I was most arrogant where I should have been most humble. I thought that the search for God requires less effort than learning how to play cards.

I took twelve years of education to get a degree; I spent fifteen more years to be a good lawyer.

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But in matters of God I wanted the results now and here. I wanted miracles to convince me and no trouble on my part.

Slowly and humbly as I proceeded in my little efforts, I learnt that God has no mercy for the arrogant, the vain and the self-complacent. This arrogance is encouraged in India by the perverted sense in which Yoga is understood. Most people believe that anyone who dresses in saffron robes and can talk rapidly of the other world is a Yogi.

Yoga is often taken to be *Hatha-yoga,* but that physical aspect of Yoga is no more than a training for the great mental and spiritual effort of the Yoga, and not even indispensable for it.



Then I was introduced to Patanjali's *Yoga Sutra* and understood its significance through the *Gita.* Yoga is what brings a living contact with God. At the same time, it does not imply a remote, silent or uplifted life. It is life as it is, a struggle, a battlefield.

The central purpose of Yoga, as I found, was to transform our superficial way of living, into a deep and wide consciousness; to convert our fragmentary experiences into an inner and outer experience harmoniously integrated; to transform our Hitlerite ego into the universal spirit of Buddha and Ramakrishna; to transmute ordinary life into a life *in* God.

As experience grew, I found that if Yoga means anything at all, my ordinary life has to be transformed by conscious effort into a life which can ultimately lead me to discover God in me.

What is the purpose of life? Sri Krishna says, the only purpose of life is to live in God while discharging whatever tasks come before you: *Mam aveshyasi Kaunteya.* It is true; it is the only purpose of life. It is for this purpose only that the physical body has been endowed with the mind, the conscience and the fundamental aspirations.

The purpose can only be achieved by the progressive unfolding of God in us. Ordinarily, the natural evolution of man proceeds through the pressure of environment; by groping educational methods; by clumsy unpurposive efforts and a haphazard use of opportunities. Naturally, in this process, all effort is subject to blunders, lapses and relapses; there are apparent accidents, failures and obstacles. All these keep back the help of God and make progress difficult.

Yoga provides a rapid conscious, self-directed evolution. It is through it that, if I am a true aspirant, I can bypass this slow and confused growth, liberate the spirit and arm it with a super-personal force.

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But Yoga does not stop there. Once the purposive evolution of Yoga begins, it grows into an all-embracing effort to realise God not only in one life but in order that a higher race of men is developed on earth.

Either life is an aimless, fruitless joke perpetrated by wicked demi-gods or it is moving towards the consummation of building up this race of men who would live in God.



As a first step I realise that no one can become God-minded (*man-mana*) without awakening the spirit in him. Mere thought or conduct will not suffice. If the spirit is once awakened I can draw sustenance not from desire but from the Joy which is the very substance of our existence. Then only will my egoistic nature become so transformed.

It is not easy to transform our egoistic nature. Even to begin an effort preparation is essential. It has to consist of arming ourselves with certain essential equipments. The essential equipments are four: scripture, the resolute will, the presence and faith.

The first equipment is a *shastra* or a scripture. Without its constant recital no step forward could be taken. The scripture may be any: the *Gita*, the *Bible*, the *Qoran*, the *Talmud*, the *Yoga Sutra*, so long as it is a source of unfailing strength. The *Gita* and the *Yoga Sutra* have been my scriptures.

Constant recital of the scripture —*svadhyaya*—is the preliminary lesson in Yoga.

All scriptures are the outcome of past experience expressed through the living Word. The final attainment—*siddhi*—depends, however, upon individual effort, guided by the real scripture, which is the eternal Truth residing in the aspirant's heart.

A scripture is only a signpost leading the aspirant to the goal. As with the aid of this signpost he travels on the path of Yoga, limitations, particularly those of attachment, repulsion, fear, the ego sense fall off. He then becomes God-minded, *Brahmabhuta*.



Teaching of a scripture by a teacher, however competent, is of comparatively little value. Nothing which is of real value in terms of one's evolution, can be taught. Truth exists in the spirit of man; it has to be unfolded. And the aspirant can always tell when the unfolding—Becoming—begins. For then he develops a sense of fulfilment.

This is the most difficult part of Yoga, which must be realised at the very beginning. Experience which leads to self-fulfilment is to be separated from a mere belief that I am gaining such experience.

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Whenever I have taken the belief for the fact—and this is often—the spirit has remained hidden.

Once an honest effort towards self-fulfilment, however small, is made, it is never lost. That is what the Lord has said in the *Gita*. Whether the final fulfilment is attained in this life or the next depends upon the efficacy of the four equipments, which I have referred to above, which lead to God.

This unfolding of eternal truth is rendered only possible with the help of the Word. It may come by the sacred recital of a scripture; it may also come from the *guru*, from a hostile critic, or from within. In rare cases, it may come by the touch of God, which we call Grace.

The sacred recital of the scripture is a necessity; it cannot be dispensed with. There is nothing else that would, like the morning mist, nourish the spirit to open out to God.

The man, under the influence of Westernism, has failed himself because he has books to read, but no scripture to recite and unfold the Truth in him. And having lost this great source of vigour, his mind has become dried up like a withered bud. We need not, therefore, wonder at the present epoch which he has built; which Churchill rightly called "hideous".

A scripture, however great, is only a symbolic expression of the Truth which is in us. The recital will be a sterile exercise if it is not associated with experience. The recital has therefore to be accompanied by prayer, which thaws the ego-encrusted emotions and lets flow the life-giving waters.

Ultimately, therefore, the aspirant has to rise above the spoken or the written word—"Above all that he has heard and has yet to hear", as Sri Krishna says—and live in experience, sincere, humble and aspiring.



A blind, literal obedience to the words of a scripture dries up the heart; then the Grace of God cannot touch it. It hinders the practice of Yoga.

That is why I cannot find any guidance when I read the commentaries on a scripture. Historically, as we know, the age of commentaries has never been a creative age. Experience in such ages is always replaced by learning which intellect places undue emphasis on and is always barren.

If taken literally, that is, without the help of prayers or unaccompanied by widening experience, a scripture might give an insight into the general truths; for they remain constant from scripture to scripture and age to age. But individuals differ one from another. The temperament—*swabhava*—of each of us is a thing by itself. Every aspirant can only seek fulfilment, therefore, on the lines of his dis-

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tinctive temperament. I must be prepared to find my own way for myself. This is the first freedom.

I find the way the truth that I gather from the scripture has to be worked out in actual life before I can go on to the next step. In the light of its teachings, I must try to approach every problem from my own starting-point; that is my own individual temperament and urges.

Every individual differs from another in receptivity. Each one of us should, therefore, be left free to find and follow his own path. That is the second freedom.

If this freedom were not there, constant recital of a scripture will be no more than "brain-washing", not a creative effort of the spirit.

Let me repeat: The goal of *Yoga* in all ages and for all individuals has been the same. It is to live in God through experience; but it must be freely invited, so that He may unfold Himself in human life. The pestilential breath of psychological regimentation has always closed the gates which lead us to Him.

Each man must, therefore, be free to follow his own religion and to adopt the form and ritual which he honestly believes to be the best for his development. Sri Krishna says: "Whatever the deity he worships, ultimately the worship comes to Me".

Following this path, every aspirant can go to Him in spite of his imperfect self. But he cannot proceed a step further if he is so vain as not to be conscious of his imperfections.

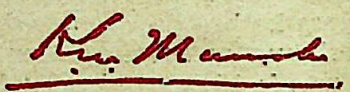
When he has shed his vanity, he comes to know his limitations. Then prayers well up from his heart. Aspirations to outgrow his imperfections, then carry him to self-fulfilment by the heart opening out to God.

Then every word of the scripture lights the path to a higher experience. Then Grace descends.

He who chooses God, in this way, is chosen by Him.

How can I explain all this to my visitor?

Yours sincerely,



The Gita has sung the praises of knowledge, but it is beyond the mere intellect; it is essentially addressed to the heart and capable of being understood by the heart. Therefore the Gita is not for those who have no faith.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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CHARACTERISTICS OF THE VIRTUOUS

Bhartrihari

Bhartrihari, according to tradition, was the brother of King Vikramaditya and becoming other-worldly, abdicated in favour of Vikramaditya. He is the reputed author of the three Satakas or Centuries of Verses called **Sringara, Niti** and **Vairagya Satakas** besides a grammar and a poem. The Satakas are characteristic for their scholarship and wisdom. Here a selection from him is given in its English rendering.

DESIRE for the companionship of the good, love for the virtues of others, reverence for spiritual teachers, diligence in acquiring wisdom, love for their own wives, fear of the world's blame, reverence for Siva, self-restraint, freedom from the acquaintance with evil men—wherever men dwell endowed with virtues like these, they are always reverenced.

Firmness in adversity, restraint in prosperity, eloquence in assembly, boldness in war, study in the Scriptures—these are the natural characteristics of the virtuous.

Secret generosity, cheerful hospitality to strangers, not trumpeting one's own good deeds, proclaiming the benefits received from others, freedom from pride in prosperity, due respect when speaking of others—this is the vow of exceeding difficulty, taught by the good.

Liberality is the fitting virtue for the hand, reverence towards spiritual teachers for the head, true speech for the mouth, surpassing power for the arms of a mighty man, content for the heart, the holy Veda rightly understood for the ears; the man of noble mind who is the possessor of these adornments has no need of outward pomp.

The heart of the wise is soft as a lotus flower in prosperity, but in adversity it is as firm as a mountain-rock.

Water will not remain on hot iron, but standing on a lotus leaf it shines with the beauty of a pearl; and if a drop of water fall under a favourable star into the middle of an oyster in the sea, it straightway becomes a pearl. So is the disposition of men, good, tolerable, or bad, according to the society in which they live.

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V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

What Sri Rama Stands For

What makes the personality of Sri Rama unique in the annals of Indian mythology? The late Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, scholar and statesman, explains in his inimitable manner how Sri Rama answers our ideal of a man, as a husband, as a friend, as an ally in peace and war, and as a king.

MAY I make a rapid survey of what Rama stands for today, and of how we hold him as unapproachable, as a man, as a husband, as a friend, as an ally in peace and war, as a king?

No greater testimony is required to prove this than the fact that while he was only still twenty-five or twenty-six according to Sita, but thirty-seven or thirty-eight by ordinary calculation, while he was only of that age, without any advantage of a kingdom to rule, of estates to distribute, of honours to give, of wealth to give away, without any of these advantages, he established himself, as I say at that young age, as the supreme crown and glory of his age.

All alike who came into contact with him, whether senior to him in age or junior, whether kings with crowned heads or ordinary persons, whether great warriors, saints or sages, all alike bowed to him in reverence. His own brothers, scarcely junior to him as we reckon ages amongst ourselves, even his brothers, considered that he was by head and shoulders above them, far away in reach of character and entitled to their utmost obeisance.



Late Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

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Whether in the Ayodhya-kanda where he moved among people comparatively his equals, kings, queens and sages, or in the next two *kandas* where he was practically alone with his own brother and his wife, or in the Kishkinda-kanda where again he had a few people who looked up to him as ordinary people look up to each other, or in the Yuddha-kanda where he did great deeds, commanded great armies, conducted significant campaigns, did doughty deeds of war, every one who came into contact with him put him in a class of his own and durst not compare himself or herself with him.

Of this the most striking proof is to be found in the concluding scene of the Yuddha-kanda—I call it concluding, excluding the Abhisheka part in Ayodhya itself—where just after the battle when he summoned to his great presence her who was the cause of the great war, her for whom he had incurred unparalleled sacrifices, whom he loved like his own life, and without whom he often threatened to take out his own life, summoning her to his great presence he gave expression to sentiments that shocked every single hearer, not her only, not Lakshmana only, not Vibhishana only, but the whole host of monkeys and any surviving Rakshasas there might have been. They all listened to him, they all saw him when he sat apparently in state, all by himself, lost in serious awe, may I say, in gloomy thought, giving expression to sentiments of harsh, unfeeling, cruel import. All stood or sat in their places.

What was Sri Rama after all? He was not the Emperor of India at that time; he was no great sage as we count sages. Why, why did no one, monkey or man, murmur a word of protest? Perfectly clear, not one approved. Everybody thought that he was doing something that they could not explain, that they could not justify to themselves. But not a voice was heard, not a hand raised in disapprobation. The man had imposed himself so irrevocably on all that came near him that what he said was law unto every one, what he decreed was to be obeyed in every particular without question and without demur.

If he said something they could not approve, it was the doom of Fate that descended on them all. To it they must submit. They durst not protest. Now I want you to realise how great must have been the man who could become so unquestionably supreme in his kind. That Sri Rama was and he could not be that unless he were what he professed often to be, *the guardian and the embodiment in himself of Dharma.*

Time after time, under the most difficult circumstances, when all about him pulled him down, gave him advice which was of a worldly

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nature, when everything pointed to what we might call ordinary conduct, he adopted courses of action which astonished people by their complete rectitude, by the high altitude of moral excellence that they rose to. Not to mention the ordinary things like renunciation of power and the abandonment of kingdom, which must occur to all, let us come to the crowning episodes in the Yuddha-kanda itself.

Take the occasion when Vibhishana sought asylum with him. He held, as you know, a great council of war, he had eminent counsellors. But excepting Hanuman who seemed rather weak in the advice that he gave, excepting him, every one including his own brother, Lakshmana, would have had him reject Vibhishana, while one or two would have him order his killing; almost alone therefore, alone, in spite of the advice of everybody, rejecting it all as beneath him, he rose to his own topmost level and said the famous words: *"No man shall seek my protection in vain. He may be wicked, he may be undeserving, he may even be my bitter enemy, Ravana himself. But if he comes to me in a friendly and submissive spirit, I will not turn him back".* Fancy what tremendous consciousness of his own moral power he must have had when he announced these great sentiments and carried them out without any qualification or reservation.

Take again the moment when, locked in mortal battle with Ravana himself, he gained some advantage and Ravana was driven to come down from his chariot—it was destroyed and he lost his great bow—Sri Rama drew himself up to full dignity and told his enemy whom he had made so many arrangements not only to vanquish but to kill, instead of seizing that moment to press his advantage and remove him altogether, he tells him, *"Now, Ravana, you are at a great disadvantage. Today I have seen you at your best. You have fought bravely; you have fought nobly; you have accounted for many a warrior on my side. Still you are tired. You are obliged to come down and stand like me on your feet, you've lost your great bow, I give you time. Go home now. Come to-morrow, refreshed and strong in your chariot and with a new bow and new arrows. You shall then see how I can give you battle."* Whoever heard of such a thing? Whichever hero did such a thing?

Yet again, when having killed Ravana, he listened to Vibhishana who was struggling between two sentiments and finally Vibhishana came to him with tears and said, "True he was my elder brother; true he was my king; true he protected me often; but he was bad. He ruined many women. He made light of life. He made unjust wars. Altogether I do not think I shall

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perform his obsequies. It may not be right of me to do so."

I say it was quite easy for an ordinary man to say, "Yes, throw his body into the sea and be done with him". But we are dealing with Sri Rama. He said to Vibhishana at that supreme moment—you have heard of people who exhumed bodies that have been buried under the ground and threw them subsequently into the water or into the fire—what did Sri Rama do at that moment when even Vibhishana would not do the last rites of his brother? He said, *"No Vibhishana, you are wrong. I did not kill an ignoble man in battle. Ravana was a great warrior; he was a great man; he was a great king and greatly he died. Perform his obsequies according to the prescribed Sastra."* And, *"You will attain merit,"* he added.

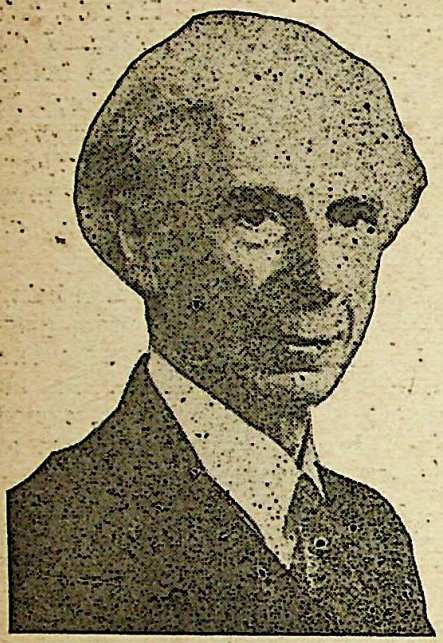
Well, if there was a human being who could reach those unimaginable heights of moral purity and grandeur, is it any wonder that all the world bowed to him, accepted his smallest wish as the decree of Heaven? That He was.

[From: *Lectures on the Ramayana*]

Hinduism is not a fanatic faith; it has a charity that is comprehensive. It acknowledges the validity of the gods of the most superstitious as well as the highest conception of the unity of God.... It sees in each man a divine potential. It is the role of great souls to awaken in common folks this spark of divinity. "They who worship Me with devotion are in Me, and so I am in them," says the Bhagavad Gita. By devotion, discipline, and rectitude in conduct, man can himself become like God.... The fulfilment of the spirit is the aim of life. Spiritual realization is self-emancipation, freedom; perfection of every type of activity is an expression of divinity.

—Justice Wm. O Douglas, Supreme Court of America

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Overcome Collective Hatred

Bertrand Russell

IT is beginning to be agreed that a great war has become impossible, but as yet that agreement is ineffective and insecure. It is the purpose of this Congress to show, by the weight of scientific authority, the conviction that a great war has become impossible and to promote the movement which, it is hoped, will grow wider and deeper until it becomes a controlling factor for good in public opinion and in the decision of governments.

It is the duty of men of science to find ways of enlightening the unscientific world about the effects to be expected in a nuclear war. Most of the facts can already be found by those willing to take trouble in collecting information, but that knowledge should then be as simply stated as possible, easily accessible and widely publicized. As soon as the technical reports are in existence, an international congress of scientists should be summoned to endorse them and should appoint a small committee of men of the highest scientific repute to condense those findings into a single report.

This report would undoubtedly make clear that a nuclear war would not bring victory to either side and would not create the sort of world desired by Communists or the sort of world desired by their

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opponents or the sort of world which uncommitted nations desire. The probability is that it will create a planet destitute of life except for a few mosses and fungi.

If the sole purpose of nuclear weapons is as deterrents, it will seem simpler and more economical to have the deadlock admitted and the impossibility of war acknowledged. This step should become possible if the work of the scientists are adequately performed. The technical report should have such a weight of scientific authority behind it that it will be scarcely possible for any government to combat its findings.

The governments on either side could, without loss of face, simultaneously admit that war can no longer serve as a continuation of policy. It must not be thought that the defeat of Communism or the defeat of Capitalism is of such importance as to justify the extermination of the human race in the process. It is not worth while for either side to aim at world dominion. There is no need to live with horror as mankind had lived since 1914. We live with horror because we choose to do so or, rather, because we have prejudices so deep-seated that we cannot face the fact that they must be eradicated if human life is to continue.

Collective hatreds have darkened history since the dawn of organized society. They are about to cease either because no one will be left to feel them or because men will have learnt the elementary wisdom that only by overcoming collective hatred can the human race survive.

[Condensed from Lord Russell's speech before the Congress of Scientists on Aug. 3, 1955.]

Clear and more clear, out of the dimness of coming time, emerge to the vision of faith, the myriad hosts of the generations that shall succeed us. Shall they look back upon us with veneration for our wisdom and beneficent forecast or with shame at our selfishness and degeneracy? Our ancestors were noble examples to us; shall we be ignoble examples to posterity? Let us not dishonour our lineage.

—Horace Mann

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N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

WHEN DURVASA CAUGHT A TARTAR

THE name of Durvasa must be familiar even to those with a slender acquaintance with ancient Sanskrit literature. Whether he was born of Lord Siva, or was the son of Atri and Anasuya, does not matter much. He was one of the foremost sages of India. He was a *kulapati* i.e a sage who feeds, protects and teaches ten thousand disciples.

It was he who taught some *mantras* to Kunti by means of which she propitiated the presiding deities and begot the five Pandava brothers.

He was of an irascible temper. Even slight offences, due to ignorance or preoccupation, drew forth his wrath. People trembled at his approach. His visits caused tension, nervousness and fear. If he came and went away without any trouble, it was a matter of hearty congratulation. It was his curse that brought Sakuntala any amount of distress. He cursed Indra for his haughtiness and made him lose his sovereignty over the Devas. Even Lord Krishna fell within his minatory jurisdiction!

On two occasions, however, Durvasa caught a Tartar. Once, he went to Hastinapur to see king Duryodhana. The king received the sage with every mark of attention and honour and took particular care to see that nothing was done or omitted which would displease the guest.

Durvasa was thoroughly satisfied with the hospitality and asked Duryodhana if he wanted any boon. Duryodhana, who was eager to bring ruin on the heads of his cousins, the Pandavas, who were then in exile in the forest, requested the sage to pay a visit to them. His idea was that they would not be able, in their wretched condition, to entertain him properly and were sure to be cursed. Durvasa agreed.

He and his disciples went to the forest where the Pandavas were living and reached there after the mid-day meal time. Yudhishthira worshipped Durvasa, expressed how glad he was to receive such a distinguished visitor, and asked him and his disciples to stay for *bhiksha*. Durvasa agreed but wanted time to go to the neighbouring river for the mid-day bath and ablutions. So saying, the party departed.

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When Draupadi heard of Yudhishthira's invitation and its acceptance, she cursed herself and flew into a rage against Yudhishthira for his thoughtlessness. Such things happen now and then in every Hindu household.

The food that had been prepared for the day by her had all been finished and the *akshaya-patra* or the magic vessel which Surya gave her could not cook any more food as its power was gone for that day. She felt that they were in a desperate situation and that a curse from Durvasa was inevitable.

In this helpless state, she prayed and prayed to her benefactor Sri Krishna. He did not respond readily, as he did on another occasion when she was humiliated by Duryodhana and his gang in the assembly hall.

Every minute the return of Durvasa from the river was expected. She grew terribly anxious and appealed to Krishna more fervently than ever before. Ultimately, he arrived and was chided roundly by her for the delay. Krishna however did not mind the chiding. He said he was hungry and wanted something to eat. This was a further test to which she was subjected. There was no food to give. Krishna asserted he was desparately hungry and she told him her predicament, but Krishna insisted and persisted. He asked her at least for a particle of rice and suggested that she might search for it in the *akshaya-patra* which she had put aside for being washed and cleaned.

Unable to endure the importunity, she went to the backyard and scraped the vessel carefully. There was one particle of rice sticking to it! She brought it to Krishna and showed it to him. He asked her to place it in the hollow of his right palm and pour a spoonful of water. Draupadi obeyed. Krishna swallowed this particle and the few drops of water exclaiming "May the Lord who sustains and protects this universe become fully satisfied".

Draupadi asked Krishna what was to happen when Durvasa came back for the promised *bhiksha* and how she was going to feed him and his disciples. Krishna smiled and asked her to send Bhima to the river to request Durvasa to hasten back as the lunch was ready. Draupadi was astonished. Krishna asked her to do his bidding.

Accordingly Bhima went to the river but found there Durvasa and his *sishyas,* with overloaded stomachs, completely helpless and rolling on the ground without the slightest inclination for food. Durvasa begged Bhima's pardon and asked to be excused from lunch. But Bhima pressed him.

On coming to the *asrama,* Durvasa saw Krishna there and realised that it was He who was responsible for creating the feeling of fulness in all of them. He pros-

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trated before Krishna and Yudhishtira and bade them farewell.

★

On an occasion Durvasa paid a visit to king Ambarisha who was of the Ikshvaku line. The king was the foremost of Vishnu's devotees. When he did not attend to his royal duties, he employed his time in worshipping Him. Not a single moment was wasted.

Ambarisha went through the *Dwadashi* ritual on that occasion and in the month of Kartika when the ritual was about to end he fasted for three successive nights. On the fourth morning, he had his early bath in the Yamuna and performed the *puja* on its banks. Numerous gifts of cash and cows were given to the guests and there was feeding on a large scale.

Getting the permission of those assembled, Ambarisha sat down for his meal which had to be taken at a particular hour if the ritual was to be complete. As he was about to commence eating, sage Durvasa arrived. He was welcomed with open arms. The king pressed him to take his food. Durvasa consented and went to Yamuna to do his mid-day ablutions.

He got into the waters and became lost in meditation. There were only a few minutes for Dwadashi to conclude and before it was over the king had to finish his meal out of the offerings to God.

Placed in this dilemma, the king thought that the best thing for him was to take a spoonful of water before the expiry of the time and await the sage's return and did so.

When the sage came back he knew what had happened in his absence. He flew into a rage at Ambarisha's sipping even water before his guest arrived and he wanted to teach the king a lesson for this impropriety.

He pulled out a hair from his matted lock and converting it with his spiritual powers into a fierce fiend threw it against Ambarisha. The creature charged Ambarisha with sword but the king stood like a rock—immovable, calm and composed.

Before the fiend fell on the king, Lord Vishnu's Disc which lay hidden in Ambarisha's *puja* room roused itself into activity, destroyed the monster and rushed against Durvasa.

The sage got into a terrible fright and fled. The Disc gave him relentless chase into the sky, the earth, caves, mountains and rivers. Durvasa rushed to Brahma and appealed for protection but the latter pleaded helplessness against Lord Vishnu. To seek Vishnu's refuge was the only course left open.

The sage rushed to Lord Vishnu, fell at his feet and sought refuge. But Vishnu referred him to Ambarisha himself in these words "I

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am an humble servant of my devotees. When they capture me by their devotion, I become theirs altogether. So you had better go to him whom you have wronged; he is the only person who can save you. Spiritual strength used for harming the good and godly will really injure them who abuse it for evil purposes."

Durvasa had no other go but to flee to king Ambarisha to beg his pardon.

The King prayed to Lord Vishnu's Disc to desist from pursuing the sage and his request was granted.

The chase of Durvasa by the Disc of Vishnu lasted a year and during the whole of this period king Ambarisha was fasting.

When the Disc went back to its place, sage Durvasa had his meal without fear, and after the guest was satisfied, King Ambarisha broke his fast.

A foolish man learning that the Buddha observed the principle of great love which commends the return of good for evil, came and abused him. The Buddha was silent, pitying his folly.

When the man had finished his abuse, the Buddha asked him, saying "Son, if a man declined to accept a present made to him, to whom would it belong?" And he answered: "In that case it would belong to the man who offered it."

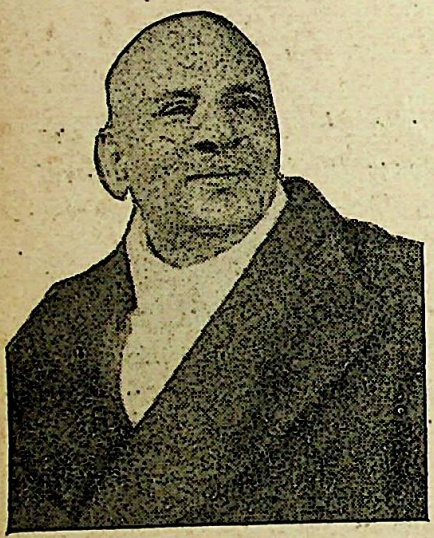
THE SIGN OF SECURITY
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Life is a sweet flower of which love is the honey....
Love is the living essence of the divine nature....

LOVE LEADS TO LIBERATION

Swami Sivananda



LOVE of body or skin is passion. Love of God is Prem or devotion. It is pure love. It is love for love's sake. To love any one for attaining some selfish gain is selfish love. It binds you to this earth. To love all beings with the feeling that they are all manifestations of the Lord Himself is pure love. It is divine love. It leads to liberation. Pure love redeems, purifies the heart and transmutes you into divinity. God is an embodiment of love. He is an ocean of love. If you wish to attain God-realisation, you must also become an embodiment of love.

Pure love is bliss. Pure love is sweet. Speak lovingly. Act lovingly. Serve lovingly. You will soon enter the Kingdom of Heaven or Supreme Peace. Hatred ceases not by hatred but by love. Return love for hatred. Love little, but love long. Love must be of an enduring nature. Love inspires, illumines and leads the way. Love is not really getting or bargaining, but giving. Love is absolute goodness, honour, peace and pure living. Love is the best thing in this world. It cements the broken hearts. Love is the master-key to open the door of Moksha or Eternal Bliss. Love inspires love. Love is a saviour of life unto life. Love is a divine elixir. It bestows im-

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mortality, supreme peace and everlasting joy.

The only greatness lies in unselfish, pure love. There is not even a tinge of selfishness in pure love. The love of a mother is never exhausted. It never changes. It never tires. The mother's love endures for ever. Love all. Embrace all. Include all in the warm embrace of your love. Cultivate cosmic love or unreserved love. Love your enemies, love your inferiors. Love all animals. Love your Guru. Love all saints and sages. Love makes great sacrifices. Love is anxious to help and serve others and makes others happy. Love forgives. True, pure love or divine Prem is eternal, unchanging, infinite. It takes unselfish interest in other people's welfare, and interest in other lives than its own. Love not the perishable, mundane objects. You will come to grief and destruction if you love them. Love God. Love your own immortal Self or Atman. You will be blissful for ever. You will become immortal.

Eat in love. Drink in love. Bathe in love. Talk in love. Sleep in love. Write in love. Think in love. Serve in love. Walk in love. Become an embodiment of love. This world has come out of love. It exists in love. It finally dissolves in love. Love is God. God is Love. Cultivate slowly this pure love in the garden of your heart through Japa, prayer, Kirtan, faith, devotion, service of saints, humanity and all beings, meditation and company of saints, etc. Life is a sweet flower, of which love is the honey. The greatest pleasure of life is love. Love is the whole, the very life-breath of your heart.

Love is the living essence of the divine nature which beams full of all goodness. Love is the golden link or tie which binds the heart to heart, mind to mind, soul to soul. Love never reasons, but ever profusely gives. It is not affected by offence or insult. It looks not with the eyes, but with the heart. Love is the crowning grace of humanity. It is the holiest right of the soul. Love is indeed Heaven upon earth. It casts out all sorts of fears. Love your neighbour as your own Self. Love God with all your heart, mind and soul.

Money does not pay, nor name; fame does not pay, nor bearing. It is love that pays; it is character that clears its way through adamantine walls of difficulties. The power of love is infinitely greater than the power of hatred.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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Immortal India—26 **J. H. Dave**

BHUVANESVAR

तथा चैवोत्कलदेशे कृत्तिवासा महेश्वरः ।
सर्वपापहरं तस्य क्षेत्रं परमदुर्लभम् ॥
लिङ्गकोटीसमायुक्तं वाराणस्याः समं शुभम् ।
एकाम्रकेति विख्यातं तीर्थाष्टकसमन्वितम् ॥

—*Brahma Purana*

"In Utkala or Orissa there is the Kshetra of Lord Siva Krittivasas. It removes all sins and such places are difficult to come across. It has a crore of Siva lingas and is equal in merit to Banaras. It is known as Ekamra and has eight principal tirthas".

BHUVANESVAR is situated in the Khurda sub-division of the Puri District, 20° 15′ N. and 85° 50′ E. Its old name is "Ekamra Tirtha". This place was a great centre of Saivism in Orissa and was considered as a rival of the famous Banaras. In the records of the temple of Jagannath, the first mention of Bhuvanesvar dates back to the reign of Yayati Kesari, the great Kesari king of Orissa. In his days the place was mainly occupied by Buddhists in the east particularly on the Dhauli Hill and in the west on the hills of Khandagiri and Udayagiri. The caves and the various inscriptions of this locality testify to this fact.

It is said that this Saiva king Yayati Kesari changed his capital from Jajpur to Bhuvanesvar and started constructing the great temple of Bhuvanesvar—that of Krittivasas or Lingaraja and tradition says that his grandson Lalatendu Kesari completed this temple of Lord Siva in 588 Sakabda i.e. 666 A.D. Bhuvanesvar remained the capital of the Kesari kings till Nripati Kesari founded Cuttack in the 10th century and made it his capital.

Bhuvanesvar is known as the city of temples and shrines. Tradition says that around the lake there were 7,000 shrines of which about a hundred alone are now in existence. But what remains reveals the wonderful art of Orissa.

Tradition says that those who intend to have the Yatra of Lord Jagannath should first visit this Ekamra Tirtha and then alone proceed to Jagannath Puri. It is said that even Shri Chaitanya first had the Darsana of Lord Lingaraja before he went to Puri and that without this prior Darsana the Yatra of Puri is futile.

Pauranic legend says this Ekamra Kanana was a more favour-

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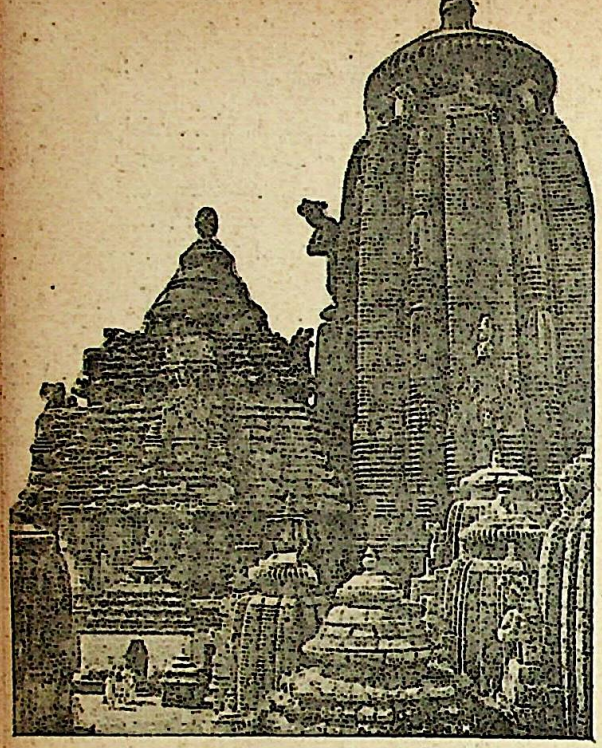
ite resort of Siva than Kasi and this fact was once revealed by Siva to Parvati. The latter then came to this spot out of curiosity in the form of Gopalini or a cowherd woman. Two demons named Kritti and Vasa came up to her and desired to marry her. She asked them to first carry her on their shoulders. When they did that, these two demons got crushed under the superhuman weight of the Goddess. After destroying them, the Goddess felt thirsty and Lord Siva dug for her the Lake called Bindu Saras or Bindu Sagar. Siva invited all the sacred rivers, lakes etc. to lend to this lake one drop of water each—which all of them did except the river Godavari. She was cursed but she subsequently propitiated Siva and got her curse modified.

The Bindu Sagar also called the Gosagar is 1400' x 1100'. A Pilgrimage to Bhuvanesvar starts with a bath in this lake. A ceremonial bath with Sraddha and Tarpana is considered highly meritorious. A bath on days of an eclipse, Sankranti and other auspicious occasions yields abundant merit. After a bath at this place one is recommended to have a Darsana of Ananta Vasudeva who is considered the Kshetrapati of this place. After worshipping Ganapati, the Gopalini Devi, Skanda, the Bull of the Lord, etc. one should enter the great Shrine of Lingaraja—the Lord of the 3 worlds — Tribhuvana — shortly known as Bhuvanesvar. Worship is performed as detailed in the *Brahma purana*. The worship can be performed both by Agama and Vaidika mantras. The reward is stated to be a place in heaven followed by a birth in the next life as a Yogin and one is promised then the realisation of the Pasupata Yoga and final liberation.

The *prasada* of Bhuvanesvar cannot be refused by anyone and like that of Jagannath this Prasada also does not get polluted by the touch of anyone whether a brahmin or a *chandala*. It is accepted by all with great devotion ignoring all distinctions of castes and creeds. Usually what is dedicated to a Sivalinga is not accepted for one's enjoyment, but an exception is made in the case of the Jyotirlingas and also in the case of the Lingaraja here. It is further said that Lingaraja in Bhuvanesvar is not only Siva but is a combination of Hari and Hara and therefore acceptance of His Prasada is highly meritorious.

The great temple of Lingaraja or Krittivasas contains three inscriptions of Anangabhima III. One of them is dated 1224 A.D. It is surmised that the Vimana and the Jagamohana of the temple were built at the same time but the Natyamandira was added at a much later date. The temple of Lingaraja is ascribed to a mythical king Yayati Kesari and Sri R. D. Bannerji thinks that he was probably the same as Mahabhava Gup-

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Temple of Lingaraja

ta Janamejaya. According to Sri Bannerji, the Parasuramesvara temple at Bhuvanesvar was built about the middle of the 8th century and the Lingaraja about two centuries later.

At present the Lingaraja, the Ananta-Vasudeva and a few other temples consist of Vimana, Jagamohana, Nata-mandira and the Bhoga-mandapa; in other words, of one sanctum and three Mandapas.

The Bhuvanesvar temples are classified in three groups by Sri Bannerji—the first group consists of Parasuramesvara and Muktesvara. A few other temples at Bhuvanesvar and those at Baudh and Khiching form the second group; while temples of Lingaraja and Ananta Vasudeva form the third group. The Orissa style of architecture was originally described as that belonging to the Nagari or Indo-Aryan class out of the three —(1) Nagara (2) Dravida (3) Vesara classified by Fergusson as the Indo-Aryan, Dravidian and Chalukyan. Sri Bannerji states that the Orissan temple-type is not Nagari at all and that it is a separate Kalinga style altogether.

Among the mediaeval temples of Orissa, the temple of Parasuramesvara at Bhuvanesvar is the oldest. From its style of ornamentation and the inscription on the Navagraha slab there, it is assigned to the 8th century.

The Lingaraja is the biggest temple in a spacious compound of 520' x 465'. The temple of Bhagavati is situated at the north-west corner of the compound of Lingaraja. The linga of Lingaraja or Krittivasas is a huge uncarved block of granite 8 feet in diameter and rising 8 inches above the level of the floor. It is surrounded by a rim of black chlorite, the rim or the *yoni* ending in a point in the north direction. This temple is considered as the finest example of a purely Hindu temple in India. Lord Siva is offered 22 daily services of rituals and bathed with water, milk and Bhang. From rousing the Lord in the morning upto Sayana, these rituals are daily performed with elaboration.

The great tower is 180 feet high and is considered finer in design than that at Tanjore. Every part of it is most elaborately carved.

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Every stone in the tower has some pattern carved on it. The sculpture is valued to be of a very high order and of great beauty of design. The Vimana and the Jagamohana of this shrine are the most stupendous structures at present existing in Orissa. Twelve *Sardulas* support the dome. On the ribbed dome is placed the Kalasa.

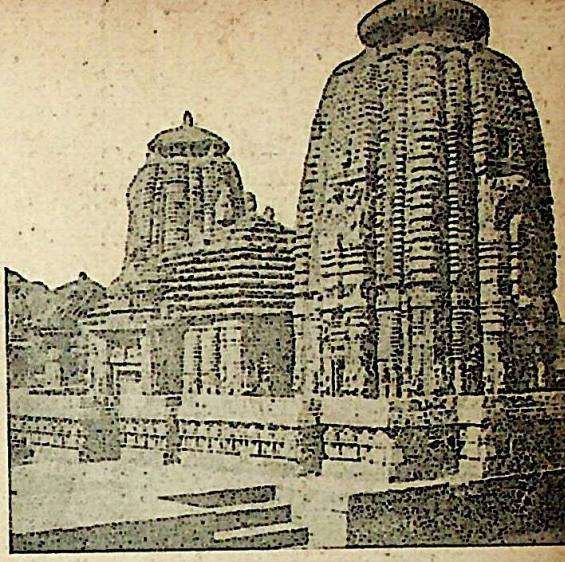
The Bindu Sagar is situated to the north of this temple. In the centre is the Jalamandir where the Lord is brought once a year to bathe.

On the eastern bank of Bindu Sagar is the Shrine of Ananta Vasudeva. One of the inscriptions there says that Bhavadeva Bhatta of Bengal repaired the Shrine. The temple is sacred to Krishna and Balarama.

Further east is the temple of Brahmesvara and to the north east is the old ruined temple of Bhaskareswara.

The temple of Raja Rani has been very highly spoken of by Fergusson. "It is one of the gems of Orissa art". The figures in the niches are executed with great vigour and elegance. To the west of the Raja-Rani temple is the Siddharanya with a big group of temples. Important temples there are those of Mukteswara, Kedaresvara, Siddhesvara and Parasuramesvara.

Muktesvara is considered as the most handsome though a small temple. The torana here has elaborate carvings. The bas-reliefs, the statues and the floral designs in this temple are considered very



Mukteshwara Temple

exquisite. The Kedaresvara and Siddhesvara temples are considered as earlier in dates than that of Lingaraja. The Parasuramesvara is the oldest.

It is believed that from the time of Kapilendra the importance of the Ekamra Tirtha of Bhuvanesvar declined and the kings became the representatives of Lord Jagannath alone in exclusion to Krittivasas of Bhuvanesvar or Vimala of Jajpur or Kinchikesvari of Kiching.

The magnificent shrines of Bhuvanesvar have strangely escaped destruction from the Mughals and other Muslim Rulers.

Apart from Bindu Sagar, there are other lakes like Sahasralinga and Papanasini also.

Almost six miles to the south-west of Bhuvanesvar is the village of Dhauli. On the hill there are rock edicts of Asoka and an ele-

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phant originally designed as an emblem of Buddha. These edicts are the best preserved in spite of their having been exposed to the sun and storms for more than 2000 years.

About three miles from Bhuvanesvar is the Khandagiri Hill with its three peaks of Udayagiri, Khandagiri and Nilgiri. There are 44 caves in Udayagiri, 19 in Khandagiri and 3 in Nilgiri. On Udayagiri there is Rani ka Nahar or the Queen's palace (traditionally supposed to be that of the wife of Lalatendu Kesari) which is very richly carved. The Swargapuri cave, the Ganesa Gumpha, the Jaya Vijaya Cave, the Vaikuntha Cave, the Hathi Gumpha, the Pavana Gumpha and the Bagh Gumpha are all of them having ancient figures and carvings. In the Udayagiri Caves there are many Buddhist designs. On the Khandagiri there is a range of Jaina caves.

"The age of temple building was particularly over in Orissa in the beginning of the 11th century" says Sri R. D. Bannerji and adds that "the art of the decorator reached the highest standard of excellence between the dates of the construction of the Vimana and Jagamohana of the Muktesvara; comparatively speaking the decorative art of the Jagamohana is higher in standard of excellence than the Vimana. At the same time the decorator of the Jagamohana of the Muktesvara had reached a much higher level in his own art than that of the Vimana and the Jagamohana of the Lingaraja or Krittivasa. Here perhaps for the first time we find human figures as decorative motifs placed in alto-relievo against the walls of the Jagamohana.... The Vimana and the Sikhara of the Krittivasa and Ananta Vasudeva curve suddenly towards the end near the Amalaka and the *Jagamohana* is a rectangular chamber with a stepped pyramid as a roof."

यस्तत्र तीर्थं विधिवत् करोति नियतेन्द्रियः ।
कुलैकविंशमुद्धृत्य शिवलोकं स गच्छति ॥
यस्मिंस्तस्मिंस्तिथौ विप्राः स्नात्वा
विन्दुसरोऽम्भसि ।
पश्येद्देवं विरूपाक्षं देवीं च वरदां शिवाम् ॥
गणं चण्डं कार्तिकेयं गणेशं वृषभं तथा ।
कल्पद्रुमं च सावित्रीं शिवलोकं स गच्छति ॥
एकाम्रके शिवक्षेत्रे वाराणसीसमे शुभे ।
स्नानं करोति यस्तत्र मोक्षं स लभते शुभम् ॥
—*Brahmapurana.*

"One who performs the yatra here with due ceremonies and with his senses controlled liberates his 21 generations and goes to the abode of Siva. On any day one may take a bath in the Bindusaras and have the Darsana of (1) Siva (2) Parvati (3) Chanda (4) Kartikeya (5) Ganesa (6) the Bull of Siva (7) Kalpavriksha and (8) Savitri. On having the Darsana of these eight one goes to Sivaloka. This Ekamra is the Siva Kshetra as sacred as Kashi and one taking a bath here is assured of liberation."

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...Life is one damned frustration—only if you allow yourself to be frustrated...but it is also one satisfaction if you are determined to be satisfied. But how?....

RECIPES FOR RICHER LIFE

J. A. Schindler

1. Cultivate the ability to find your major and constant enjoyments in the common things which are always at hand.

2. There are a number of people, physiologically sound but emotionally unsound, who have developed the idea that they are unwell. In the development of this idea they have often been ably abetted by some lazy physician who offered them an easy organic explanation for feeling the way they do. But be sure you are organically sound.

3. The chances are that you have to work for a living. As with every other necessary factor in your life, you might just as well like it and avoid making trouble for yourself by not liking it.

4. A fascinating and creative interest apart from your work is an absolute essential for happy living. Two of our basic needs are the need for new experiences and for creative effort. A good hobby supplies them both.

5. Some people become habitually dissatisfied because a series of misfortunes has soured them on everything, and they weren't originally equipped with the fortitude to rise above it. It is not hard to feel good. In regard to satisfaction and dissatisfaction, remember two things: First, it is as easy, and much pleasanter, to find elements of satisfaction instead of dissatisfaction in the daily run of events. All that is required is *the will* to feel satisfied. The wise individual knows that life is one damned frustration after another if you allow yourself to be frustrated, but it is also one satisfaction after another if you are determined to be satisfied. Trouble is where you make it.

Secondly, another trick for dispelling dissatisfaction is to quit wanting, wanting this, wanting that and cultivate the simple and the things at hand. Learning the trick of being satisfied goes a long way toward making us well-adjusted, efficient, happy, and the possessors of a rich and rewarding life.

6. It is surprising how many people there are in the world who dislike practically everyone else.

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They have nothing complimentary to say about a single soul, and are very derogatory toward everyone. Their immaturity has isolated them in a shell. Yet they have to live in the world of people. The extent of their cooperation in the affairs of people consists in getting what they require out of society.

7. Hardly a moment arises during an entire lifetime that wouldn't benefit more by a sally of humour or a cheerful lift than by a mean barb or a sharp gripe. The more adept you become in pleasantries, cheerios, and humour, the easier it is to stay out of despondency and frustration. Incidentally, good humour is a quality which endears you to other people. Everyone likes to have someone around who has a sense of pleasantness and humour.

8. The underlying crack in most of the people who give way beneath adversity is the immaturity of selfishness and egocentricity. The death of a person near to them is calculated in terms of what it means to them, personally, in the way of services lost. When you can't change something — you'd better accept it, and figure out how you can keep living the best possible way.

9. In the multitude of practical problems you are obliged to meet in the course of living, you cannot possibly always be right, or make precisely the move that would be to your greatest advantage. Of the total number of decisions we have to make, only a very small percentage will be improved as the result of long continued study and consideration. The best rule to follow, therefore, is to make your decisions without a long huffing, puffing, rumpus, and fuss. Decide what you are going to do about a problem, then quit thinking about it.

10. Naturally we have to plan for the future, but it is utterly silly to be constantly worrying about what the future may do to our affairs, cattle, health, children, and even our life after death. Being upset over the future isn't going to alter it. The best insurance for a satisfactory future is to do a good job of living RIGHT NOW. Keep on handling THE PRESENT MOMENT correctly. That's an important trick.

11. A basic psychological need in every person is the need for new experiences. Without new experience, life sags down into a rut of interminable drudgery.

12. Whenever you are confronted with an irritation that is knocking and trying to get in, try the trick of forming the "magic circle" with your forefinger and thumb, holding it out before you, say, "Nuts to that. I'm not going to let it get under my skin." A little practice with this magic circle and you will soon be able to say "Nuts" to most of the potential irritations that come along.

[Condensed from *How to Live 365 Days a Year*].

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S. S. Murdeshwar

ATISHA OF VIKRAMASHILA

"A University should enable its alumni to scale the heights of moral grandeur and refine its patriotism so as to make it a pathway from man to mankind."

—Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

OUR ancient Universities, Texila, Nalanda, Vikramashila, Kanchi—fulfilled all these ideals.

Great teachers like Panini, Chakaya, Dhoumya, Atisha offered their services free, placed before their students noble ideals and themselves led a life of plain living and high thinking.

These Universities and their great teachers had so moulded and shaped the spiritual, ethical, moral and political life of the society that it became the wonder of the foreign travellers. Megasthenes says: "No Indian has ever been convicted of lying." Fa Hien says: "The standard of public morality was high." Hiuen Tsang says: "They (the people) are upright and honourable. They are not deceitful or treacherous in their conduct, and are faithful to their oaths and promises." Abul Fazl says: "The Hindus are religious, affable, cheerful, lovers of justice, given to retirement, able in business, admirers of truth, grateful and of unbounded fidelity."

All foreign travellers were "struck with the honesty of the Indians, the fewness of the lawsuits and the effective working of the popular courts of arbitration and conciliation, the sturdy independence and straightforwardness of the rustic, the sweetness of the home and the purity of family life."

All this glory was due to the great Universities and their teachers.

Dipankar Sri Jnana, better known as Atisha, was such a great teacher.

He came from the royal family of Gaur, and was born at Vikramanipur in Bengal in 980 A.D. He studied under Acharya Jetari, one of the greatest teachers of Bengal; mastered five kinds of sciences, philosophy and religion, the three Pitakas of the Mahayana, Madhyamika metaphysics, four classes of Tantras, and Logic etc. when he

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was only 25 years old. At such a young age that he would master all those difficult subjects and at a time when everything had to be committed to memory go to show Dipankar's unique memory and towering intelligence. His thirst for knowledge could not be quenched, and he went in search of it.

At the age of 31, he was ordained in the highest order of Bhikshus by Dharma Rakshita. After this initiation his wandering life commenced.

He wandered all over India, and visited Sumatra. He became very famous for his learning and saintly life and was unanimously elected as the chief of the Buddhists in India. The title of Dharmapal was conferred upon him. He accepted the High Priestship of the Vikramashila University and from this time onward a noble and life-long association with the University commenced.

His influence and fame spread far and wide. The king of Tibet sent him invitations to visit Tibet. At first he refused to accept them, but was ultimately prevailed upon to do so. In 1038 A.D. he visited Tibet and was received with the highest honour and great joy.

Religious tours were undertaken to preach Mahayana Buddhism. He wrote many books on Mahayana Buddhism. Atisha died in 1053 A.D., at Nethang near Lhasa, when he was 73 years old.

Wherever Tibetan Buddhism prevails, Atisha is remembered with great veneration and deep devotion. Even today Atisha is worshipped next to Buddha in Tibet.

In the intellectual sphere, Atisha was the sovereign master of his day. His saintly and ideal character, his ocean-like scholarship, his vast learning have all left a deep mark on the age in which he lived. He enriched the Buddhist sacred literature by his erudite and clear expositions of its philosophy. The Tibetan ambassador in India has left us a vivid and interesting picture of Atisha.

The study of Tantric philosophy was the order of the day. Atisha, along with the study of other philosophies like Vaishesika, had mastered it. Many books on Tantra philosophy, viz. *Arya-hayagriva-Sadhana-nama, Krishana Yamini-Sadhana nama* and others were written by him. They have gained the reputation of being the standard authorities on Tantra philosophy. These books reveal that by 1000 A.D. Buddhism had absorbed all the gods of the Hindu pantheon in its philosophical system. On Madhyamika philosophy, Atisha wrote an authoritative work called *Madhyamikopadesha Nama.*

All doubts regarding Atisha as an historical personality and his visit to Tibet and his preaching of Mahayana Buddhism there, are set at rest by the documents discovered by Mr. Fraucke.

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Our Vedic Seers—8 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE CHYAVANA

EQUALLY worthy of our veneration as other Vedic seers, is Sage Chyavana, well known in Hindu jurisprudence. In the *Rig Veda* the aspirated sound in his name is lengthened as Chyāvana. The *Sarvanukramani* of the *Rig Veda* merely hails him as Bhargava, while, according to other texts, he is the son of Brighu.

He was a staunch devotee of the Aswin brothers, the well-known Vedic physicians. Pleased with his steadfast devotion, they rewarded him with eternal youth and enabled him to win the hand of an exceptionally beautiful woman.

Chyavana's physical features were quite offensive to the eye. It often provoked mirth in children who, in innocent sport, pelted stones at him. His deformity is the subject-matter of many a tale in the Puranas and the Brahmanas. But in these tales he is referred to as Dadichin, son of Dadichi.

Puloma, the virtuous, was the beloved wife of the Sage Brighu. To them was vouchsafed a long, happy and blissful married life. The cup of their happiness was full to the brim when Puloma became pregnant.

One day Sage Brighu was far away from the hermitage having his bath in a lake. A demon, whom *Padmapurana* names Damana fell a victim to her incomparable beauty, and availing himself of her helpless state, entered the hermitage and forcibly carried her away. She became panicky. The shock was so sudden and great that the child slipped out of her womb instantaneously and fell on the rough track below. Hence the name Chyavana—one who had thus accidentally slipped down.

Scarcely had the child fallen on the ground when he stared at the demon straight in the face. This reduced the demon to a heap of ashes. This child in due course became very proficient in the Vedas and in other known arts supplementing the Vedas.

Once Chyavana was deeply engrossed in meditation quite oblivious of everything else around him. In course of time he got enshrouded into a huge ant-hill. It so happened that king Sharyati went on a hunting expedition to the self-same forest with a big retinue. His party included his daughter Sukanya, of matchless beauty and incomparable charm.

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A sheer accident brought this beautiful maid face to face with the ant-hill. Looking through a furrow on the ant-hill, she saw two shining objects. Impelled by curiosity she pricked those two shining things with a sharp thorn. Lo! They happened to be the eyes of Sage Chyavana! In utter rage the sage pronounced a terrible curse on her and the entire party that they should be deprived of the faculty of answering the calls of nature.

On coming to know of the quandary they were in, the king lay prostrate at the feet of the sage and begged of him his forgiveness. The sage agreed to forgive if he gave him the hand of Sukanya. The king readily gave his assent and the marriage was duly solemnised between young and beautiful Sukanya and the aged Chyavana.

The couple were on their way to the hermitage. On the way the Aswin brothers met her. They perceived the disparity in the physical forms of the husband and wife. To test her fidelity they deployed every art in their power to colour her mind with a dislike for her husband and to induce her to desert him. But the more they tried the more she shone forth in all her brilliance as a devoted wife. In the end, they gladly responded to her request for a boon and made Chyavana young and beautiful.

Shortly after their return home she assisted her husband in the performance of a special sacrifice. In this sacrifice the Aswins too were offered oblations. This act infuriated Lord Indra, whom they easily subdued, aided by a giant whom Chyavana himself created by his *mantric* skill. From that day started the practice of offering oblations to the Aswin brothers in Vedic sacrifices.

Once Chyavana was seated at the bottom of a deep river in meditation. Countless fish swarmed around him. Along with innumerable fish he too was caught in a net spread by fishermen and dragged ashore. The fishermen informed the king of their strange haul. The bewildered king was prepared to reward the fishermen suitably. The sage suggested a present of anything the king had equal to his (sage's) weight. Nothing the king owned could equal the sage's weight. On the advice of Sage Gavijatha, it was found that innumerable cows equalled his weight. These cows the king gave as a present to the fishermen. The sage explained to the king the immense value and greatness of cows.

Chyavana foresaw once, a severe affliction befalling the descendants of his race through the inadvertence of a Kusika king. He forthwith repaired to King Kusika and demanded of him his unstinted co-operation as well as of his wife in a penance he would perform. The king agreed. The sage asked him to bring some delicious food at once. The king placed the same

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before the sage. The latter converted the delicious food into a heap of ashes! Contrary to the sage's expectation, the king did not become cross with him, but began to pay still greater attention to him.

At another time the sage induced himself to sleep for twenty-one days at one stretch on the royal bed during which period the royal pair were obliged to massage his feet!

One morning, at the end of the term he woke up, came out of the palace and hurried to the forest. Close on him the remorseful king went in pursuit but lo! the sage suddenly disappeared! Giving up the chase as useless and full of sorrow, he returned home only to find the sage sleeping on the couch! Even this could not deter the royal pair from their devotion to the sage.

Again he slept on the royal couch for another twenty-one days with the king and queen in attendance on him. On waking up at the expiry of the term, he found outside the palace two horses yoked to a carriage. The sage soon freed those animals and put the king and queen instead to the yoke. Even this did not incite the king to a show of irreverence towards the sage.

The sage was all astonishment and wonder at the exemplary patience and great fortitude with which the royal pair bore his insults. In his extreme joy, the sage predicted that one of his descendants would be born a great and glorious brahmin.

The *Mahabharata* too throws some light on the life of Chyavana. His wife आरुषी daughter of Manu, bore him a son named और्व. Chyavana is said to have had his hermitage at the holy Gaya. He was claimed to be a great orator and one of the seven Rishis. He had another son named प्रमति who figures as one of the Pravara Rishis of Brighu Gothra.

Chyavana was the renowned author of a Dharmasastra. Both *Apararka* and *Mithakshara* refer to this book. Citations to this work are made in these books in discussions pertaining to the hymns to be chanted when cows are offered as gift, and in purificatory rites. He is the author of जीवदान तन्त्र of भास्करसंहिता.

The *Bhagavatha, Vishnupurana* and the *Vayupurana* would have us believe that Chyavana was the son of one सुहोत्र. But the *Matsyapurana's* version is that he was the son of one सुधन्वा. He is also spoken of as the disciple of one Gokarna, the incarnation of Lord Shiva.

There are other references which make him out to be an author of many books on Indian medicine A medicine with unique potency to tone up the weakening human body is believed to have been of his making and it is named Chyavanaprasana, after the Sage Chyavana.

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Major-General Iskander Mirza

KARACHI had been fickle as a female even as the Capital of a separate province under the British. This hoodoo seems to be dogging her relentlessly despite Pakistan, the Quaid-e-Azam and American aid. Judging from the circumstances of the latest clean-up in her ruling heirarchy, the last word in the change does not seem to have been said.

Pakistan today is no doubt self-governed and seemingly democratic, but by all standards, it is "controlled democracy" in operation. Not long ago, Iskander Mirza, her Acting Governor-General averred: "In a democracy there should be a person who could act as arbiter to step in, if the need arose, and save the people from destroying themselves. That would not be despotism but democracy". That is not all. "The President of the United States could take such a step if he felt the need for it. Pakistan's Government is like that". That is naivety *in excelsis*.

Born and bred in Kiplingesque tradition under the *burrah sahebs*, reports have it that Iskander is also tending to be a brown *saheb*, holding the army in his vest-pocket. In the recent lightning moves of Ghulam Mohammed, Iskander has been reportedly the hatchet man.

There is little doubt of Iskander's patriotism; much less of his courage or competence as head of a State. But his chief weakness appears to be his ill-concealed dislike of the politician, whom he would fain muzzle. Possibly he sees in himself the instrument of salvation of Pakistan which her politicians have made a mess of.

In one of his pontifical utterances as Minister for Interior, he avowed that "Government would

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evolve measures to scotch provincialism" and "unless religion and politics were separated there would be chaos in politics". This is indeed tilting at the windmill.

Iskander is no exception to the common jibe that strong men are rarely silent. He declared last year that he would not stand for election, but it is on record that he later got himself elected to the Constituent Assembly from the Punjab on the League ticket.

Perhaps one could get a right view of his personality if one remembers that he hails from a ruling family of Murshidabad in East Bengal. Curiously enough, his Bengali birth has become a matter of some controversy among his countrymen, because of his education and service outside his province. Whatever that may be, Bombay has the next claim on him because he is an Elphinstonian!

While he was studying for his B.A. in the Elphinstone College, he was selected as a cadet for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, which he joined. On his return, he was gazetted into the Indian Army which he served for a few years. He took part in the Hoodad and Waziristan operations. Joining the plush Indian Political Service in 1926, he became Assistant Commissioner, Deputy Commissioner, Political Agent etc. till in 1946 he became Joint Secretary to the Defence Department. He is an O.B.E. and C.I.E.

On the birth of Pakistan in 1947, Iskander naturally became Pakistan's first Defence Secretary. Early in 1954, he became Governor of East Bengal, and later in the same year, Minister for Interior, and this month, at 56, Pakistan's Acting Governor-General.

Although his square jaws and knitted brow reveal his toughness in handling men and matters, he can be jovial too when occasion demands. Bluff and burly, his speech reveals his rough-hewn personality. Profoundness of ideas has never been his strong point. He may be an excellent administrator, but is a doubtful oarsman in the rough seas of Pakistan's politics with its cargo of turn-coat politicians. It is perhaps too optimistic to expect him to turn out as well as Eisenhower whom he apparently holds out as a model for himself, for the environments are different.

Recently, Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan bitterly wailed against the irony of loyalists of the British Raj, who rule Pakistan today, questioning the loyalty of sterling patriots like himself. Like Iskander, his new Prime Minister, Chaudhuri Mohammed Ali also belonged to the steel frame of the former British Raj.

To have a good neighbour is a blessing of God; India's good wishes are, therefore, with all those devoted Pakistanis—Iskander is certainly one of them—who are toiling hard to promote her welfare.

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My Unforgettable Moments—4

ON THE EASEL

K. K. Hebbar

Vocabulary and grammar do not constitute literature. Although necessary, imagination and expression alone should decide it. Even so, technical skill and draftsmanship do not make creative art. Imagination and vision alone can yield it. Music starts where words end. A real artist composes music expressing his joys and sorrows through colours and forms. That is what Shri K. K. Hebbar, Bombay's leading artist discovered for himself one fine morning fourteen years ago.

ABOUT fourteen years ago, I was residing in a house in which there was a dancing class conducted by an exponent of Indian Dancing. Having little knowledge about this branch of art, a desire within me was pressing to take a few lessons from the master. But, I was afraid of losing interest in my own profession. Nevertheless, the constant beating of the drum and the jingling sound of the "gungur" attracted my young mind beyond control. So I became a disciple and started spending considerable amount of time in the dancing class.

After my lessons, I used to spend long hours in the class watching others practising. The pretty looking dancers and their graceful movements were a great treat to my eyes. The urge for painting in me was inducing me to paint all those charming belles, one after the other. One day, I succeeded in inducing one of them, the prettiest of the lot, to pose for me. She agreed to pose for me perhaps out of vanity. Who would not like to get oneself immortalised by an artist, and that too, when one is young and pretty?

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My urge to paint a charming beauty in a graceful pose was fulfilled. I named the painting, "Natya Mudra". Our Guru, the dance master, approved of the pose and the likeness of his favourite disciple. He even complimented me for my skill in catching the right expression true to the "mudra". Well, I was flattered. I was quite young both physically and mentally. So, naturally, I was more attracted by the physical beauty of my model than by the artistic side. It could hold my interest for quite a few days. The painting was further enriched with a nice golden frame.

But this initial impression of mine did not last long. I was wondering what had I achieved in my painting—the physical charm of an attractive dancer or the eternal charm of the Dance. The more I looked at the painting, the more I saw the superficial beauty of the dancer. The meaning of art appeared a great confusing issue to my perturbed mind. The problem facing me—to understand the meaning of Art—kept me engaged for the next few days.

One day, while I was still brooding over this burning problem, a foreigner friend of mine called in. My last work—"Natya Mudra"—was still on the easel. The visitor saw it and must have surely felt that some one in flesh and blood was standing in the studio with folded arms as if to greet the visitor. On learning that it was my latest work he could hardly believe his eyes. "A graceful figure," he said, "is emerging out of the gilded frame, and I feel, she is going to dance at any moment." "I could feel the head moving and the eyes gliding from corner to corner", he went on. "A real beauty in flesh and hue", he complimented. My friend was sincere and honest.

For a moment he could not even think that I would demand a heavy price if he decided to have the painting. Perhaps, he could not control himself at the presence of a piece of art which he admired from within. It was not difficult for me to sense that my friend had fallen in love with the painting. In the same breath, the visitor asked me whether I would like to part with it, and if so, for how much. This put me in a dilemma.

Selling a painting is not like cashing goods at a bargain price. I knew very well that my patron was a good paymaster and he would not higgle with artists. But my conscience would not permit me to strike the bargain. For already, I was doubting the quality of the painting in question. Once a painting is sold, the artist's name gets associated with it, and if that work happens to be the one which he himself disliked, the artist would suffer a lasting torture. I was not prepared to strike the bargain in haste and repent afterwards. At the same time I was not sure to return the compliments and say plainly what I felt about my painting. I wanted time

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to think over. I politely told the customer friend that I was not quite sure of parting with my "Natya Mudra", all so soon. The visitor left the studio with his claim on the painting, should I decide to sell the same.

Once the visitor was out, I was back in the studio, with a determination to solve the problem. I disliked to sell a painting for the sake of material gains, or to destroy the same, to avoid future temptation. Such an action, naturally, would put into test my faith in my ideals. I started analysing the issue, stage by stage. In the first place, there was no denying the fact, that I was more attracted by my dancer than her dance. All that I wanted, was to paint her physical beauty in a dancing pose. My whole approach was that of a camera. What result a camera would give mechanically I achieved by my acquired technical skill.

But technical skill or draftsmanship is not all that an artist needs to create a piece of art. Mere wealth of vocabulary and knowledge of grammar can't produce a good book. Though, these are the assets to a creative writer, his imaginative power and the strength of expression decide the quality of his writing. Similarly, an artist has to rely upon his imaginative power, and above all, on his vision. Then only can he penetrate under the surface.

It is a pity that most of us attribute apparent beauty in nature to art, whereas, an artist creates his own significant forms and colours to express his emotions and feelings. Instead of trying to reproduce nature, a creative artist tries to understand her secrets—the law of harmony. Instead of telling a story through recognisable objects, an artist composes music expressing his joys and sorrows through colours and forms. Such an artist would not admit the colour of the sky as blue. For him it could be anything from one end of the rainbow to the other. At times, he breaks the accepted aesthetic laws, or even, he makes fresh laws. Then, why was my vision blinded to the ideals in art?

As confessed earlier, I was attracted by the physical beauty of the dancer on one side, and I had the vanity to satisfy the model and her admirers on the other. For this purpose, I had the required skill. Beyond this I could not think. Many a time one succumbs to the exterior forces of Nature. One cannot have command over a bird that flies over the head. But one can certainly take care not to allow the bird to settle down on the head and build its nest. Naturalism in art never had a lasting victory in the History of Man's achievements. Perhaps, this cult gained a temporary success.

Van Gogh's SUN FLOWERS failed to bring him a morsel of rice during his life time, as they

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were not true to Nature. But, today, the burning passion with which he painted them is stirring the whole art-loving public all over the world. The majority of the visitors to a Picture Gallery want to see and recognise objects of nature, reproduced by the skill of artists. The picture-reading public refuse to go beyond the surface, beyond the naturalistic, the sentimental, and the literary content.

Dr. Tagore has expressed long ago, that, "Music starts where words end". It is quite true to painting as well. In these days of scientific progress and industrial advancement, merely story telling pictures have no place. They are considered as illustrations. When I say so, I hope not to be misunderstood. Our art at Ajanta and Ellora also illustrate certain themes. But, there is no attempt on the part of these artists to imitate nature. They are far from imitation. These works of art are infused with a life of their own by master-creators—artists of vision.

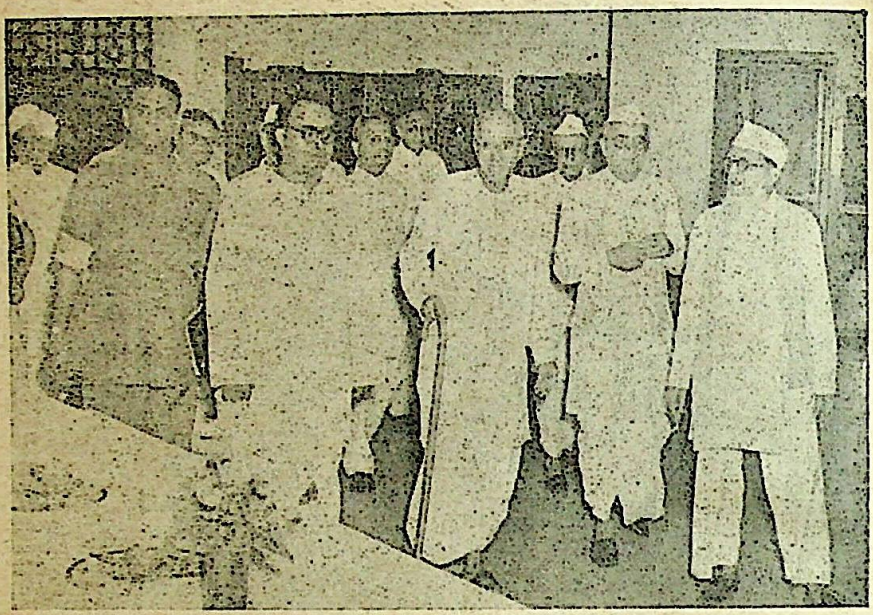
Take another example, a recent work by a living master—GUERNICA by Picasso. Stirred by the catastrophe that befell on Spain during the Spanish civil war of 1937, Picasso produced this great masterpiece. In this work we cannot find a single motif which is true to nature. But every object —the fragments of a warrior's figure, a hand clutching a broken sword, the dying horse pierced by a spear, the ferocious bull and so on—all the motifs are used symbolically to portray the spirit of the catastrophe. While writing on the vision of GUERNICA, M. Juan Larrea writes, "The concentrated simplification which confers upon the GUERNICA is its extraordinary vigour and universality, denounces in its turn all that is sickly in the most horrible photographs, including the so-called realistic paintings, devoid as they are of poetry and mystery".

My work on the easel started sinking low on earth—smelling real flesh. I had to make a decision and, a quick decision too, lest the devil of temptation within me might gain its upper hand. My excitement reached its climax. With trembling hands, I picked up the brush, and swept it across the canvas from one corner to another, destroying my own work to the great joy and satisfaction of my determined self—determined to look into rather than to look at the world.

[Courtesy: AIR, Bombay]

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BHAVAN'S NEWS



Sri Rajaji who paid a visit to the Bhavan on Aug. 15, 1955 going round the library.

SRI RAJAJI'S VISIT

"Culture does not consist in equipments, but consists in one's own self," observed Sri C. Rajagopalachari on the Independence Day addressing members and staff of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, in the Gita Mandir. He said that they should strive to capture the spirit of the people in the ancient days when they depended less on extraneous assistance and more on their own initiative and on their own capacity for organisation. "We cannot improve our culture if we do not recover that old strength again," declared Rajaji.

When Mahatma Gandhi started the Non-Co-operation Movement 40 years ago, said Rajaji, there was no loud-speakers at all. He did not address meetings in the hall. He broke open the halls so that meetings could be held in open air. He addressed innumerable meetings without any mechanical help. The result was something greater than what was hoped for.

By getting such extraneous assistance nowadays, people had lost their capacity to do hard work. In the old days people achieved many big things, depending entirely on one's own initiative and one's own capacity for organisation.

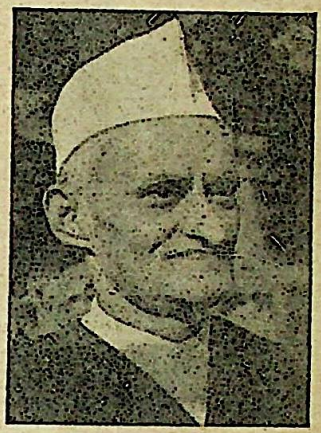
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"In the olden days", he added, "great books were written by people on palm leaves and their classical contents survived the test of time. But nowadays unless there was a big hall and a solid structure like the Bhavan made possible by some philanthropic donor, it was not possible to run schools."

Adverting to modern research scholars he said they were obsessed with this one trait, namely, to bring the world "within their reach". In their research works also they had leaned heavily on the Western tendency. *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata,* he said, were written long ago and they were classical books. These epics had survived to-date because of the wealth they contained. A study of them would reveal what progress the people had made in those days. They proceeded from one step to another very slowly and not as people did in modern times. These classical pieces were written by the people when there were no modern contrivances. The authors sat in the "oriental posture" on the ground because that style suited them for writing on the palmyra leaves with the help of the steel-pens.

Referring to the tributes paid to him for his book *Mahabharata,* the first of the Bhavan's Book University publications, Rajaji said, the epic was written by the great Veda Vyasa. "I have only reduced the matter that is in the original book just like a jeweller polishes the rough diamond and brings out the splendour of the diamond".

The late Professor Pathak



It is with great sorrow that we note the sudden demise due to heart attack of Sri Ramanarain V. Pathak, author, poet and critic of Gujarat, last Sunday, at the age of 69. Sri Pathak, a distinguished educationist, was closely associated with Gandhiji in the Gujarat Vidya Pith and the Satyagraha movement. Although his collection of poems *Shesh-nan Kavyo* and short stories *Dvireph-ni Vato* entitle him to a high place in Gujarati literature, Sri Pathak's name will go down to posterity for his magnum-opus PINGAL SHASTRA a monumental work on Gujarati prosody which is on the eve of publication by the Bhavan, where, he was Head of Department of Gujarati in the Post-graduate Section. We offer our sincere condolence to his devoted wife, Smt. Hirabehn Pathak and other members of the bereaved family.

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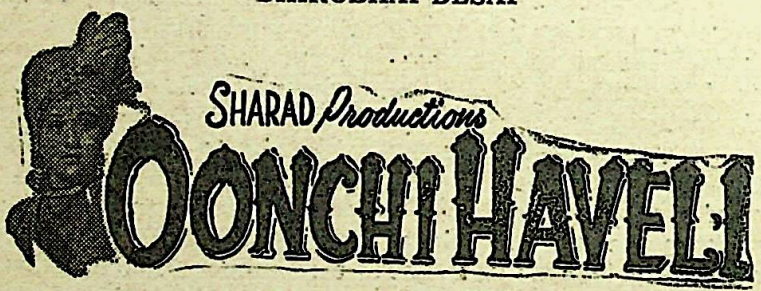
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Stories from the Vedas—I

The Cow and the Pitrus

ONCE the Angiras Rishis performed Satra Yaga. The sacrificial cow, which was white, gave the milk needed for the sacrifice.

At that time a great famine occurred. The cow had no fodder to eat. Consequently it had to be content with the Soma stalk out of which the juice had been squeezed.

On seeing its plight, the Rishis reflected: How can we perform the Satra Yaga when we cannot properly feed the cow which gives the milk needed for it.

Thinking thus, they, by their powers, caused rain to fall in abundance. As a result, the earth became a carpet of green verdure.

At those times the Pitru Devas had no share in the oblations offered to Agni. They seized upon this opportunity and injected poison into the green verdure which the cow would eat.

Not knowing this, the cow ate the poisoned grass. Immediately it became sick and when the Rishis saw its condition they became much worried.

When they were cogitating as to who could have done so, the Pitru Devas themselves appeared before the Rishis and confessed, "We poisoned the grass. We did so because we want a share in the sacrificial oblation."

Then the Rishis agreed to offer the Pitrus the remnants after the second oblation is made to Agni.

On securing the promise, the Pitrus cured the cow, and also removed the poison from the crops of the earth and made them more tasty to the cow.

Whosoever learns this truth will find the cereals and herbs very tasteful and healthy.

After this the Rishis sent the calf to the cow saying "Bring the milk from your mother for our sacrifice."

The calf asked in reply, "Please grant me a boon."

The Rishis said, "Ask your boon."

Said the calf, "For the first ten days after giving birth to a calf, the cow shall not be milked. Later, after milking the cow in the morning, the calf should be allowed to roam with the mother and should never be separated from the mother."

The Rishis granted it.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—I **Serial**

BHOJA DISCOVERS THE THRONE

Simhasana Dwatrimsika or The Thirty-two Statuettes and the Throne is a great story-treasury of India. It is known by different names in different parts of the country and current in different recensions. With slight variations, they all tell the story of King Vikramaditya—that Pillar of Flame, to whom so much is owed by India.

These stories or legends, to be more correct, are part and parcel of Indian life and culture, rich in imagery, vivid in imagination, blood-curdling in daring, unparalleled in interest.

DHARMAPURI was famous for its colossal temples, high buildings, large tanks, beautiful gardens and rich fields. King Bhoja who was learned in all the *shastras* ruled over it in the manner laid down in them. His fame as a just ruler spread far and wide.

One day King Bhoja sent word to his Chief Minister, Nitivakya, and expressed his desire to go for a hunt. Nitivakya, accordingly, made all preparations for the royal hunt. On an auspicious day Bhoja set out in full panoply accompanied by the fanfare of a royal retinue.

The party roamed over hills and dales and deep forests for several days and accounted for many lions, tigers, boars and what not.

Quite satisfied with the results of the hunt, the party made its way back to the capital. On the way it had to pass through the maize-fields belonging to a brahmin, Saravana Bhatta by name.

The latter had pitched a tent in the midst of his field high on a scaffold and was on watch. On seeing the King's party rather tired, he called out to them and said "Friends, you seem to be tired. Help yourselves to the tender maize-corns over here. There, on the other side, I have grown cucumber. Please help yourselves to them and allay your thirst and hunger."

When the King heard the entreaties of the brahmin, he was much pleased and permitted his followers to help themselves to the timely food so generously offered.

While the King's party was engaged in eating the luscious cucumber and green corn with great relish, the brahmin came down from his high perch and after walking a few yards towards them

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for driving birds away, raised a hue and cry and shouted "What rule is this for you to enter my field and do havoc to my corns and cucumber? Is there no one to check this depredation?"

King Bhoja was stunned by this accusation of the brahmin and immediately ordered his army to quit the field.

On this, the brahmin traced his way back to his howdah. But no sooner did he reach his seat than he started shouting "Raj, how is it that you do not eat my corns? Do you not like them?" and entreated the King's party to partake of them and wear away its tiredness.

On hearing this, King Bhoja turned round sharply and beckoned to his Chief Minister, and said "Nitivakya, did you notice the change in the brahmin's behaviour when he was on the perch and when he came down?"

"Yes, your Majesty" replied Nitivakya.

"And what do you think of it?" asked the King.

"Your Majesty, I guess there must be some mystery in the perch or the ground underneath it. Or else there appears to be no reason for his sudden change" replied the Minister.

"I suppose so. I agree with you" replied the King thoughtfully.

"If your Majesty permits me, I shall have them examined" said the Minister.

"Oh brahmin!" called the King and said, "We are extremely sorry for damaging your crops. But we have decided to offer compensation to you with larger and richer fields and presents, provided you agree to give this field to us in exchange".

The brahmin grinned ingratiatingly and clasping his hands in prayer, replied "Your Majesty, it will be my privilege to do so. How can I go against the wishes of your Majesty?" and fidgeted with his nails.

The King immediately signed orders granting the brahmin alternate fields and cash presents, and despatched workmen to examine his seat and excavate the brahmin's old field thoroughly.

★

The digging went on for several days.

One day deep down in the field, the workers struck against a metallic structure which was unearthed carefully and burnished. Ultimately it turned out to be a very precious throne made of gold and inlaid with silver and innumerable precious stones. It had thirty-two steps and each step was borne by a statuette of great beauty.

When the King heard of this precious find, he came posthaste to the spot in the company of his ministers and saw the precious

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throne. He was greatly pleased with its lustre and workmanship. He decided then and there to instal the same in his durbar and make it his official throne.

The King ordered elaborate arrangements to be made for its ceremonial carrying to his palace and its proper installation. The throne was purified with sacred waters drawn from the four seas, decorated with fragrant unguents and flowers and worshipped by famous priests with Vedic chants in the prescribed manner. After mass feeding and sixteen-fold gifts of gold, cows, etc., the King called the durbar on an auspicious day and in the presence of ministers, ambassadors, plenipotentiaries and his subjects, decided to ascend the throne.

He prayed to God and after receiving the blessings of brahmins and the good wishes of those assembled, he placed his right foot on the first step when, lo! as one man, all the thirty-two statuettes bearing the throne became animated and burst into a peal of laughter and clapped their hands in derision.

The king was dumbfounded as he stood back, even as the august assembly before him. It was a picture in stone for a brief moment.

The King, however, collected his senses immediately after the shock and addressed the statuettes "Oh statuettes, what made you laugh when I set foot on the throne? Will you explain?"

Said the statuette seated on the first step which bore the name Vinod Ranjita: "Listen, King Bhoja! You must be thankful to us for stopping you thus from ascending this throne, else your head would by now have been blown into smithereens, because it never occurred to you if you were fit enough to occupy this throne."

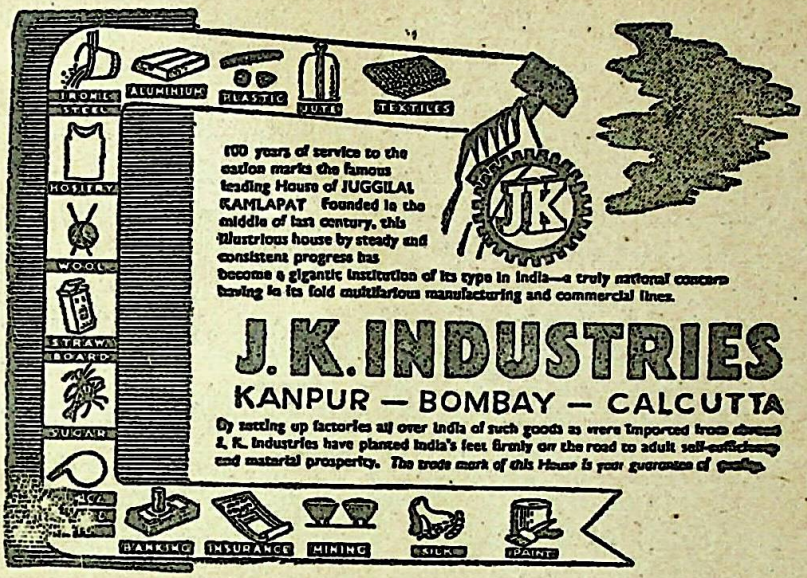
After a pause it added "This throne was occupied by a King who has no parallel. He was charitable, gentle, brave, knew even the eye-languages of all living beings, was learned in the Vedas, *shastras* and *puranas*, could leave one body and enter another, was a *siddha* and above all a great King, valorous and just. With Bhatti as his Minister, he lorded over 56 Kings for 2000 years earning the name of the Indra of the Earth. He was Emperor Vikramaditya. Do you think you are a thousandth part as wise or great as Vikramaditya? If you can say yes, you can ascend this throne; otherwise quit."

Replied King Bhoja, "O Statuette! I am much obliged to you for reminding me of the great Maharajadhiraja Vikramaditya. Can you tell me in detail all about him —his ancestry, capital, and the various great deeds he performed?"

Then Vinod Ranjita started telling King Vikramaditya's story from his very early ancestry.

[*To be continued.*]

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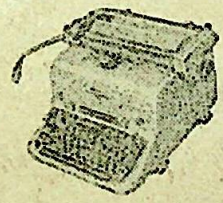
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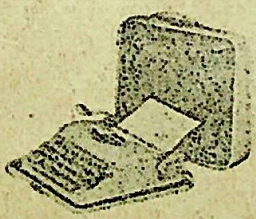
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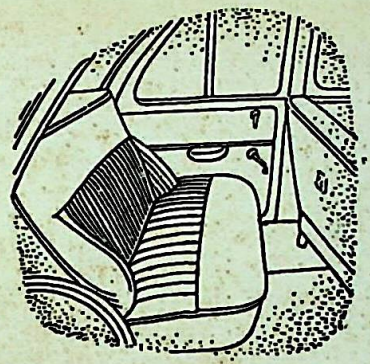
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SEPT. 11, 1955

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. II Fortnightly No. 3

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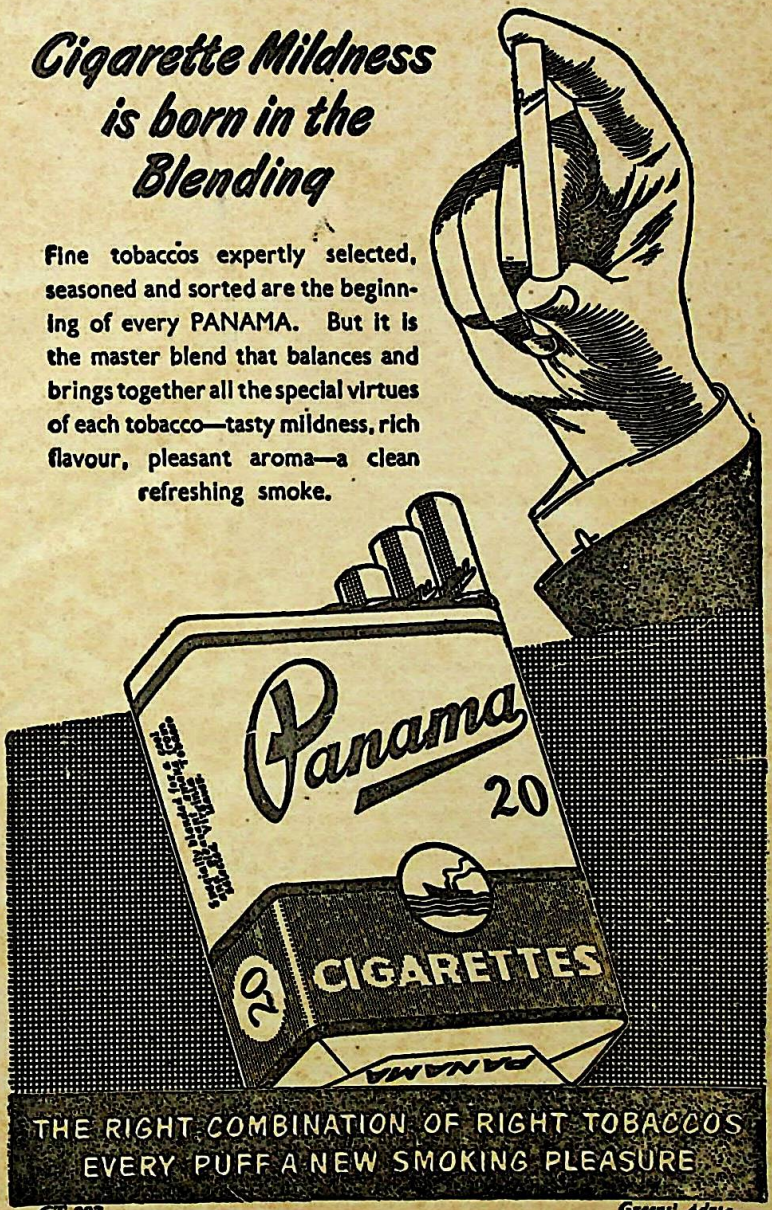
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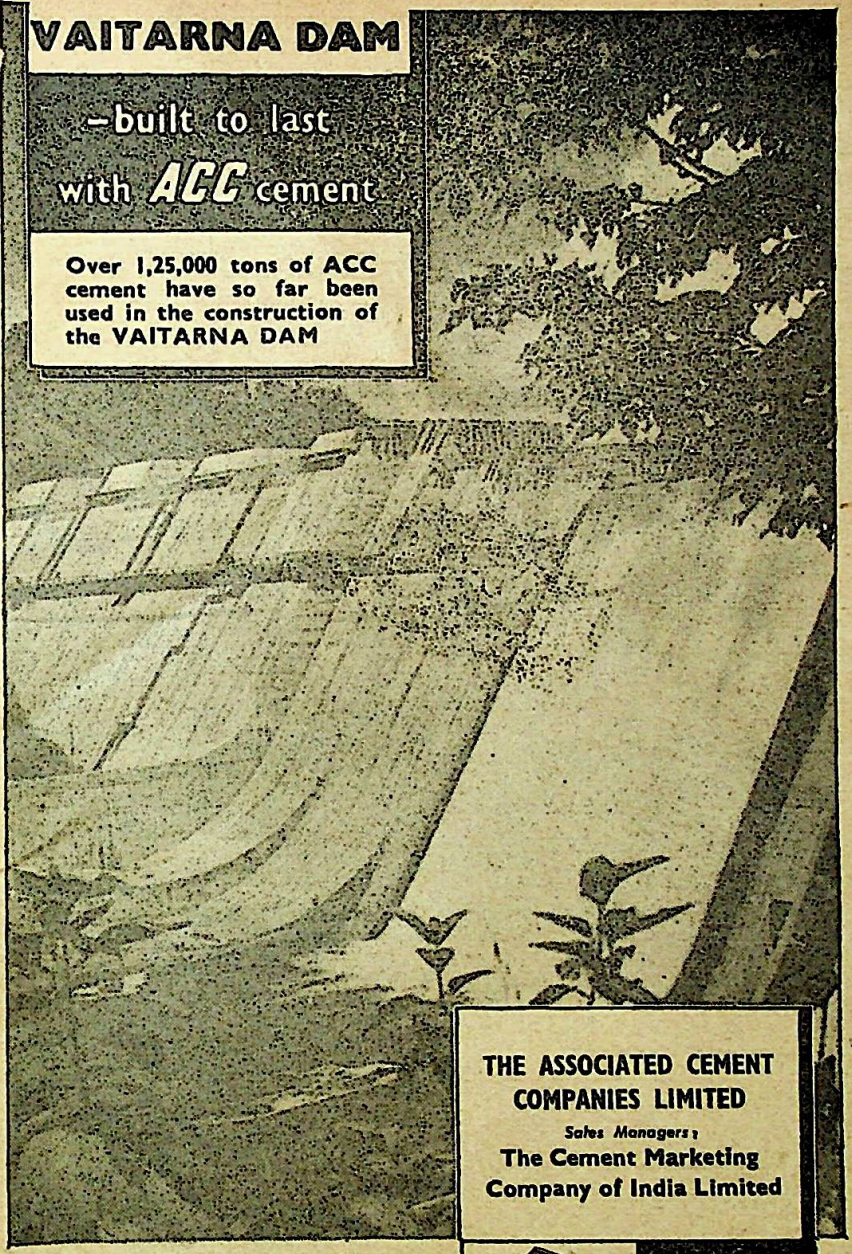
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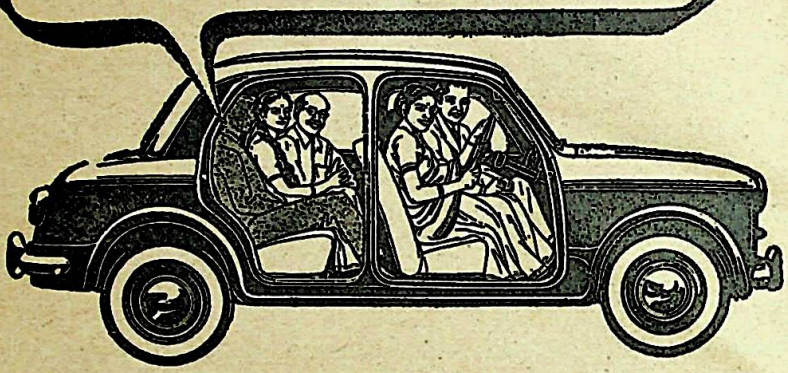
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 3] [SEPTEMBER 11, 1955

CALL TO PRAYER

हिरण्यगर्भः समवर्तताग्रे
भूतस्य जातः पतिरेक आसीत्।
स दाधार पृथिवीं द्याम् उतेमां
कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम॥

य आत्मदा बलदा यस्य विश्व
उपासते प्रशिषं यस्य देवाः।
यस्य छयामृतं यस्य मृत्युः
कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम॥

What God shall we adore with our oblation?
The Divine Being who existed in the beginning,
Who was the One Lord of Creation,
Who fixed and upholds this earth and sky.

What God shall we adore with our oblation?
Hari Who is the bestower of life and vigour,
Whose commandments all cosmic forces obey;
Him whose shadow is immortality as well as death.

—Rig, Yajur and Atharva Vedas

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 83

★ Baroda Revisited ★ An Egyptian Princess

★ Room No. 20

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
September 11, 1955

My Young Friend,

ON the morning of July 6, I heard a cheery, resonant, and affectionate voice shouting "Kanubhai"—a name the sound of which has almost reached vanishing-point in my ears. The burly frame of my cousin Pranlal Munshi —lame leg and all—heaved itself into the sitting room of the saloon at the Baroda Railway Station.

It was at this very railway station that the owner of this same voice accompanied by "Kanubhai"—a delicate, shrinking fourteen-year-old boy—landed on January 2, 1902, to join the College and conquer the world. We had then just passed our Matriculation examination.

Pranlalbhai was followed into the saloon by my niece, more my younger sister, her husband (again an old friend) and their family, including a chubby little grandson.

Baroda is no longer the attractive capital of a rich State, once the pride of Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwad. It is the headquarters of a Bombay district, shrunk in importance, also in attractiveness. Perhaps when the Baroda University has fully developed, it may become the Oxford of West India.

In my earlier years, Baroda was my second home. From 1902 to 1906 I was in its College; thereafter, up to 1910, when I settled in Bombay, I came here whenever I could find time.

An English poet revisited Yarrow, was disillusioned to find its glamour—cherished in memory—gone, and wrote the poem "Yarrow Revisited". But I had a different experience.

Some old College friends, now Baroda's leading citizens, received me at the station.

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Piloted by the Mayor, much my junior in our college days, I visited the imposing town-hall, now under construction; garlanded the statue of Gandhiji which stands in front; called on the family of one of our leading novelists who has recently died; saw an open-air theatre still in the making and paid a visit to the Wadi—dining hall—of Premanand's caste.

★

Baroda was the home of Premanand, the greatest Gujarati poet after Narsi Mehta. In the seventeenth century he was the prince of *gagaria* or *mana Bhatts*. For about four hundred years these *mana Bhatts* played a great part in the life and literature of Gujarat.

I remember how in my childhood I sat near a window looking out on the main road, listening avidly to the recitals of a *gagaria Bhatt*. He opened his session at night on the verandah of the temple across the road. With his nimble fingers loaded with brass rings, he started playing upon the *gagar* as on a hand-drum, and made the pot resound with his skilful raps. The neighbourhood flocked to hear the *katha*, as the Puranic recital was called; the road in front became an open-air theatre; the windows of the surrounding houses, opera boxes.

The *Bhatt* recited the *katha*, which was in verse; explained many parts of it; added a flourish here, a touch there, to move or tickle the audience; improvised new stories and introduced lively anecdotes. The audience sat, hour after hour, absorbed in the recital.

The description of a Puranic incident in the mouth of a competent *Bhatt* was not a story retold; it assumed a fresh form and contemporary colour. At an interesting point in the recital, he would stop and ask who among his listeners was willing to provide his next day's dinner! Normally he received invitations from more than one hospitable townsman. Having made sure of the morrow, he would proceed with the *katha* till after midnight, sometimes till the early hours of the morning.

The session continued for a month, sometimes longer. Its length depended, as a rule, upon the *Bhatt's* ability to attract a good audience and upon the hospitable nature of the locality. After the session was over, the *Bhatt* was feasted, carried in a procession through the town, and presented with a purse as a send-off.

Once I described the services of a *gagaria Bhatt* thus:

"He opened the floodgates of his soul; he sang of his hereditary culture. He inspired *pathashalas;* he offered prayers from village to village; he recited *kathas* from street to street; he made his songs popular in every home. He kept alive religion and a sense of historic continuity. He preserved language, literature, inspiration and ideals. And thanks to him, the immortal

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spirit of the culture, breaking the bonds of political subjection, triumphed in the land."

It is said that Premanand lived for as long as ninety-eight years and that he left a number of disciples. Fifty-seven works are attributed to him. A supreme master of the art of narrative poetry, the Puranic episodes became in his hands the literature of the people, woven with pictures of contemporary life. They were full, vivid, colourful, painted with the brush of a master.

It was, therefore, with deep feelings that I stepped into the Wadi, where I am sure Premanand will often have feasted his caste-men, for in one of his works of doubtful authenticity his son says: "He (Premanand) made rivers of ghee to flow and God himself built the banks of sugar".

*

On my way to the College, the events which had converted my college into a university came to my mind.

In 1925 Dr. K. G. Naik and myself founded an association for the sponsoring of a university in Gujarat. As Fellows of the University of Bombay, we fought for it in the Senate. I met Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwad and his then Prime Minister, Sir Manubhai Mehta, and enlisted their sympathy. As a result, His Highness appointed us members of the Baroda University Commission in 1926. But when the report was ready, it suffered an eclipse; Manubhai Mehta had left the service of Baroda.

In 1943, Maharaja Pratap Singh Rao Gaekwad revived the idea at my request and appointed another Commission. This body, of which I was the Chairman, duly made its report. When the State was integrated with the Province of Bombay, Dr. Jivraj Mehta, then the Prime Minister of the State, made appropriate financial arrangements. His wife, Shrimati Hansabehn, now its Vice-Chancellor, has been fulfilling our dream. Naturally, therefore, I was very anxious to see the University.

When we drove into the park—it was called Kamatibagh fifty years ago—old memories came back to me: how I had gazed with admiration at the noble statue of His Highness; how I had wandered over the Museum, leisurely examining the exhibits; how I had often come to the terrace to read, recite and dream; and how in its zoo I first made an acquaintance with the animal-world in all its variety.

The zoo is still well kept. I was introduced to its latest foreign arrivals—Mr. and Mrs. Orang Outang and Mr. and Mrs. Golden Monkey.

The old pavilion, to which Sir Sayaji Rao used to come for the week-end, is now a Health Museum. With the Museum itself is associated a University School of Museology, the science and art of running a museum, if you please.

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The Vice-Chancellor was good enough to meet me at the gate. When I saw this well-arranged and well-documented Museum, with its exhibits displayed in handsome cases, I could not help thinking of the Lucknow Museum, which though one of the best so far as exhibits go, is one of the worst in point of space, light and arrangement. But we shall shortly be having a new building.

As soon as I went into the Museum, I enquired after my old friend, the Egyptian Princess. I could not resist the temptation of meeting her after many years.

I have forgotten when she first came to Baroda; but when she did arrive, it was a great day for me. I happened to be in Baroda—I am not sure whether it was before or after I left College—and I immediately marched off to meet her. After that I called on her so often that I could see her dark leathery toe—the only part of her body exposed to view—in my dreams.

The Egyptian Princess has now been shifted to another room. There she lies, four thousand years old, the girlish darling of some far-off royal parents; now an exhibit for curious Barodites to see, if they care to. The mummy in which she is encased and her dark, shining, leathery toe emerging from it, were exactly the same as I had seen them years ago. I wish I had been living in Egypt when, in her glorious beauty she was borne on the shoulders of Nubian slaves on the banks of the Nile.

The archaeological department of the University has been doing some good work, recovering masterpieces of the Gupta and the post-Guptan Art. The bronze image of Adinatha was particularly beautiful. Gujarat and Saurashtra have many literary and archaeological treasures, but they have been the Cinderellas of the Archaeological Department.

*

Then we went to my old College, now the Faculty of Arts.

I placed a garland round the neck of Premanand's bust, which now stands in the place of a sun-dial, in the shadow of which I often lay with a book in my hand.

As the result of a suggestion which I had made at the Literary Conference of Gujarat years ago, monies had been collected and the bust had been duly installed. I had envisaged a giant Premanand sitting with a huge copper-pot in front of him; but this one was a diminutive bust, which looked absurdly insignificant, facing, as it did, the massive front of the College Hall. There was not even a plate on the pedestal to show whose bust it was.

Things have changed indeed. My old mess-room houses the department of sociology. My own old room, No. 20, together with the

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one adjoining it, now echoes discourses on Statistics.

Room No. 20! What dear memories does it not hold!

Here in front was the broken-up tennis court on which I learnt to handle the racquet. It is now covered by a vast plinth on which there will soon arise a magnificent library. The old cricket ground, a little further off, is now covered with the Science Institute.

On the wall in the gallery, however, there were the familiar initials 'K.M.M.' carved by me. I stood there for a moment thinking of the old, old days. I recaptured for a fleeting moment the forgotten joys, emotions and hopes, which once were mine. It was like a peep into the life in a previous birth.

Many of the old friends, now no more, materialised before my humid eyes in living shape. I could see the cot on which I slept; the little *sigdi* on which we prepared our fortnightly tea; the table on which I read Shakespeare, Kalidas, Plato, Aristotle, and Kant; the stool in the corner where the solitary boy sat and dreamt of the future, crying his heart out in sheer loneliness.

There was a dull ache in my heart as I woke up to reality. The fresh world which stood before me then is gone, never to return, leaving only a memory like a path of living light behind.

★

From there the Vice-Chancellor took me to some of the new institutions, including the University schools of painting, sculpture and dramatics. In the College of Home Economics—a very well-run institution—I saw some would-be lady graduates looking after other people's children, trying to play with them and to learn the art of being good mothers, a rare thing in these days for college girls. I hope they will look after their own children with the same solicitude.

Fine new buildings were springing up on all sides. I met professors and students, from all parts of the country. English has not been abandoned, nor has Hindi been ignored. Evidently they have not yet disregarded the advice in that behalf which was tendered to them by the Chairman of the Organising Committee of the University.

The programme, as usual, was endless. Back to the saloon for a little rest; then off to Pranlal Munshi's, to meet his family; then to my niece's; thereafter to the Congress House to meet old friends. At last came the function of the day, for which I had come to Baroda, the sixtieth birthday celebrations of my friend, Ambubhai Purani, over which I was to preside.

The Puranis and the Munshis, both from Broach, had been intimate friends for countless genera-

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tions. Chotubhai Purani, Ambubhai's elder brother, was my friend in the College.

In 1904, under the inspiration of Sri Aurobindo, a small group of students pledged themselves to militant nationalism and independence. Chotubhai among them pledged himself to restore the physical vitality of Gujarati youth, which had fallen somewhat low in past decades.

Ambubhai soon joined his elder brother. Both the brothers, in the face of heavy odds, founded the *akhadas,* physical culture institutes, all over Gujarat. Ambubhai left the work when he joined the Aurobindo Ashram in 1923. Chotubhai continued the work till his death.

Chotubhai joined the Congress, but was too deeply imbued with Sri Aurobindo's political philosophy to be a pucca Gandhian. When the satyagraha movement came, he went underground, organised a band of workers, captured arms from police *chaukis,* took risks of which we who were safely housed in jails never even dreamt. For a time, he practically established an enclave of independence in the districts of Broach and Baroda. He was a patriot.

Ambubhai is now one of the leading disciples of Sri Aurobindo. He preaches Integral Yoga with challenging bellicosity and is a curious blend of pugnacious bull-doggishness and child-like simplicity.

*

I went to dinner with His Highness. I had known his father, his grandfather and his great-grand father, Sir Sayaji Rao.

In the first decade of this century, we worshipped Sayaji Rao as a great patriot. In our childish way we thought he would be the Victor Emmanuel of free India. The Maharaja was very kind to me; he looked upon me as one of the students of his College who had made good. The first time I had been inside the Lakshmi Vilas Palace was when we had celebrated his Golden Jubilee with a torchlight procession. And when the procession ended in the Palace grounds, we were permitted to roam about in the different rooms for a little while.

Then came the last function, an address to the students in the Jivraj Mehta Hostel. Fifty odd years slipped from my shoulders. I talked and laughed as if I was one of them, and so bade good-bye to Baroda.

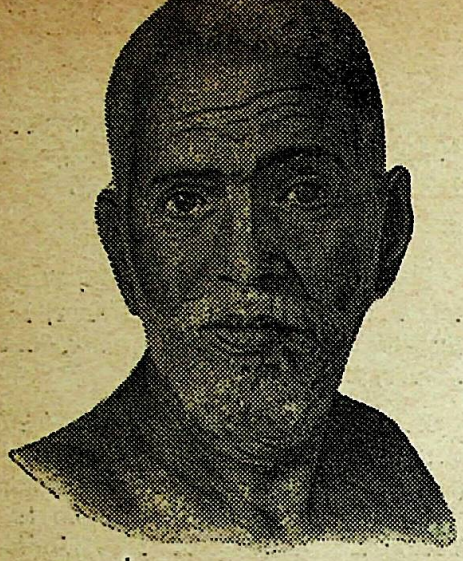
Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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TRUE SILENCE

Ramana Maharishi



Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharishi who cast off his mortal coil in 1950 was the Lamp of Knowledge on the sacred hills of Arunachala, beckoning to humanity at large to look inward with the question "Who am I?" as the sure way of self-realization.

Devotee: Can a man who has attained the *Siddhi* move about, act, and speak?

Maharishi: Why not? Do you mean to say that realisation of Self means to be like a stone or to become nothing?

D: I do not know, but they say, to withdraw from all sense-activity, from all thoughts, all life-experiences, i.e., to cease to be active, is the highest state!

M: If so, what is the difference between this state and deep sleep? Besides, if it is a state, however exalted it be, that appears and disappears and is, therefore, not natural and normal to the self, how then can that represent the eternal preence of the Supreme Self, which persists in all states and indeed survives them?

It is true that such a state is indispensable in the case of some. It is a temporary phase of the *Sadhana* or a state that persists to the end of the life if that be the Divine will or the *Prarabdha*. In any case you cannot call it the highest state.

D: But you have always laid great stress on *mouna,* silence!

M: Yes, I have. But silence does not mean negation of activity or stagnant inertness. It is not a mere negation of thoughts but something more positive than you imagine.

D: Is it unthinkable?

M: Yes. As long as you run with the running mind, you cannot have it. The Silence of the Self is ever there. It is a Supreme Peace, *mouna,* immutable like a rock that supports all your activities, in fact, all movements. It is in this *mouna* that God and the *Mukta-purushas* are rooted!

[From *Sat-Darsana Bashya*]

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Why Non-Violence?

Vinoba Bhave

THE criterion which is employed in the science of Ethics for determining whether from the point of view of morals, a principle is right or wrong, and whether from a practical point of view it is advantageous or disadvantageous, is to extend it to apply to all men and see what the result is. A principle which thus extended tends to vanish, or not to hold good, or to destroy itself, should undoubtedly be regarded as invalid, both from the moral and practical points of view.

If for instance we have to decide whether begging is good or bad, we must see what happens if everybody begs, and then it will be seen that such begging is impossible, it destroys itself. So begging is not good.

But who will experiment in this way with violence, merely for the purposes of theoretical determination? The nations of Europe, however, who are steadily increasing in violence on the principle of returning more evil for less, are without intending it, doing the valorous task of proving in the light of criterion of Ethics, whether violence is good or bad.

There is indeed no need now to try individual or group fights, or miscellaneous minor wars. Today if there is to be fighting at all it has to be a total war or nothing. The brave, ever experimenting people of Europe who are devoted to carrying on experiments have left no third course open.

Perhaps only this course now remains, that a nation which has been defeated in a total war, will take the help of several other nations and instead of by itself engaging in total war, will involve whole continents or combination of nations in it. But however much this process may be extended, there is no scope now for its going much further.

After violence has been experimented with to the widest extent and to the highest degree, the only course left is for violence to destroy itself and to give place to non-violence. Not only popular opinion amongst the discriminating, but also amongst the masses has arrived at or is moving towards this conclusion.

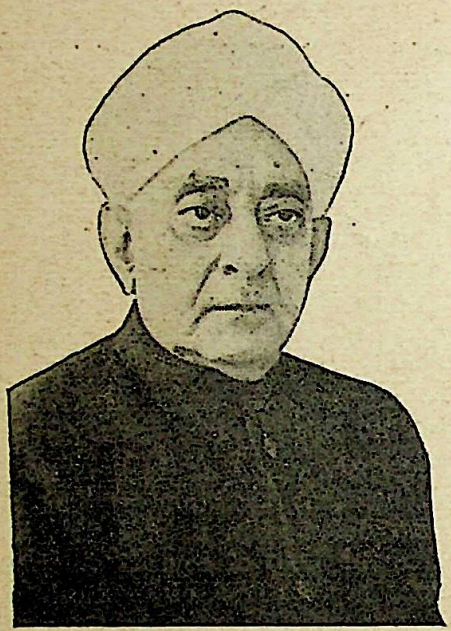
[From *Swaraj Shastra*]

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"Shankara attempted in many ways to tread the path trodden by several philosophers and prophets, but his glory is characteristic in that. . . ."

Shankaracharya and World Thought

C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar



Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

SHANKARA presents to my mind a unique combination and the union, in the same person, of two qualities generally found separated.

There are some who ascend to the heights of physical discipline and intellectual analysis; there are some who take a difficult path and attain the high peaks where, in a rarefied air of abstract thought, they commune with the Infinite. Others ascend the summits by boundless love and compassion and faith.

Tukaram, Kabir, Ramdas, were examples of persons whose affection, intense longing and personal devotion to some ideal of theirs (as in the case of St. Francis) led them to dedicate their lives and everything that they cherished to their particular ideal or *Ishta Devata*, That is the difference between what is called *jnana* and *bhakti*.

It is not given to everybody to unite those qualities in the same existence or body. Shankara was able to do that. He was one of the rare examples of the union of the abstract and the concrete.

When we think of Shankara, with what do we mainly associate him? We associate him with the great *bhashyas* on

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the *Brahma-Sutras* and Upanishads and *Bhagavad-Gita* and various other commentaries which contain the most abstract analysis, the most meticulous and microscopic examination of the phenomena of matter and spirit, evil and good, duality and oneness, with a power of analysis and introspection, utilising dry and passionless thought. And yet the same person was responsible for the *Dakshinamurti Stotra,* the *Soundarya Lahiri,* the *Ananda Lahiri* and the other clinging, fervid, passionate *stotras* and for all those manifestations of the Divine in language as impassioned, as lyrical, as full of rapture and personal devotion as the outpourings of the mystics of the Christian and Muhammadan religions, and of our great men like Tukaram, Kabir and those wandering generations of singers who even today are one of the glories and accompaniments of Northern India life.

That by itself is a miracle, but there is another aspect which is not always realised and recognised even by people who know the life of Shankara. Shankara is reported to have passed away when he was about thirty-two years old. We in this scientific age with aeroplanes, motor-cars and all conveniences find it very difficult to undertake a journey from Madras to Kashmir, but several centuries ago, the great sage Shankara started on an expedition when he was sixteen to twenty years of age according to tradition, went to Badrinath and founded one of his monasteries there, to Shrinagar where he worshipped at the shrine and left his Chakra, to Dwaraka on the borders of Kathiawar where he founded another monastery, to Puri and to another place amongst those forest tracts in Mysore which then was the Rishyashringa Ashrama, the present Sringeri. He then came to Kanchi and various other places.

Not only did he do all that, but throughout his journey he controverted, disputed, he triumphed and he carried his particular gospel with him. Yet, with all this tireless work, he was able to find time to write some of the most exquisite poems in the Sanskrit language, exquisite alike in diction, in imagery and in outlook, was able to produce some of the most wonderful and subtle analyses of the manifestations of the human mind and mental processes.

In addition, he was able to bring into actuality the *Advaita* doctrine which is one of the greatest solutions of the problems of human life. Whether that doctrine is held by others or not, there is no doubt that the intellectual and spiritual achievement of Shankara has made a deep impression on the history of world-thought. It has made an impress on many religions and cults, which has not been openly acknowledged.

Hinduism, as so many people have said in terms of criticism, and

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as I repeat in terms of justification and praise, is a great golden umbrella which shelters many forms of thought, many practices and many approaches to the Divine. Its stability is, in no small sense, due to the work of Shankara, because it was given to him to reconcile all the aspects, and, in his *bhashyas* and in his poems, what he has sought to do is to give explanations which comprehend the actualities of life, at the same time that they reach above and beyond them to a synthesis typified in the four *mahavakhyas* of the Upanishads, identifying the Universe with the self that is both within and beyond it and explaining existence and death and action by the theory of Maya.

We know very little of the great personage, but one may try to collect, not from any biographical works, but from his minor poems and fragments, a kind of picture of the man as he was. It is very difficult in the case of Hindu savants and philosophers to get the real picture because neither our great authors nor our great artists sought to obtain personal glory or immortality of fame.

In a certain poem he prays to be released from four kinds of Fate. The things that he expostulated against, the things he wanted to be guarded against and which he regarded as dangers to healthy spiritual life were (1) the act of being a Purohita—the act of being the outer intermediary between the Divine and man, a position that too often leads to arrogance and obscurantism and exploitation; (2) carnal lust as a darkener of the mind; (3) political leadership as the headman of the community—a status that is too often accompanied by self-seeking and corruption and the process of cheapening oneself by doing everything that is necessary to make oneself a leader; (4) election as Pontiff.

Speaking of the principles of *Advaita,* Shankara has stated in the *Manisha Panchaka* that one was secure so long as one realised that one was Brahman and that the world was *maya-kalpita*—the creation of the mind—and had no separate existence. Eddington,

"Whenever dharma decays, and when that which is not dharma prevails, then I manifest myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evil, for the firm establishment of the national righteousness, I am born again and again". So says 'Bhagavad-Gita'—and never was any prophesy conclusively vindicated than this, by the appearance of Shankaracharya.

—Sister Nivedita

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the modern scientist, says the same thing in a different language and with a different emphasis.

Shankara was, however, infinitely tolerant. To those whose temperament leads them to devotion to particular divinities or manifestations, let there be no hindrance or obstruction because, out of the very boundless nature of love, will come the realisation of something beyond that love.

He regards Love and *bhakti* as a milestone in the path, as steps leading to the citadel on high, wherein sits enthroned the ultimate truth of Vedanta that nothing exists apart from the great entity, call it Brahman or Over-Soul, that Over-Soul is yourself and myself and that all our conflicts and difficulties are due to an illusion which makes for separateness where no separateness exists. The vision that comes both to the *bhakta* and the *jnani* is the vision, not of anything outside one's self, but something within one's self—that vision may be obtained partly by physical means, because the conquest of the body is necessary for the conquest of the mind, but, after the body has been conquered, the mind has to be canalised and then the spirit is merged in the Supreme.

Shankara attempted in many ways to tread the path which has been trodden by several philosophers and prophets, but his glory is characteristic in that he effected a synthesis, a harmonious adaptation of these various ideals and made it possible for people with



different equipments, with different heredities and different life-histories to follow their own bent of mind, their own philosophy, but, at the same time, to aspire beyond that individual philosophy to that supreme revelation in which the individual soul merges into the Infinite and is not differentiated from that by interposed obstructions and which, however it may be termed, is the one thing which exists and which has created everything, is immanent in everything and is yet transcendental.

[*Condensed from his Collected Speeches.*]

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Approach To Ideal Freedom

Jayaprakash Narayan

WHY should people gather in a parliament or in an assembly and take upon themselves the task of providing welfare for every individual in society? Why should not we the human people try to fulfil this task ourselves? This seems to be difficult.

We are told that we live in an age of science and mechanization, and human life has become so complicated that we have to work like machine. We have to run this race for a higher and higher standard of living.

Science must be a means to an end. Science cannot become our master, nor technology. A higher standard of living cannot become a new God for us. Every human being and all of us must ask ourselves what, after all, is this for? Every one of us must answer this question.

The Indian concept of life is that, we are living in order to achieve our deliverance from the limitations of life and death, from bondage. This deliverance was regarded as the noblest effort, the noblest ideal for mankind to follow. Every individual was expected to fight his own battle, not the State for him. Every individual has to struggle in order to free himself from the limitations of his *karma*. Unless mankind has some ideal of that nature, they would be caught in a vicious circle from which it will be difficult to get out.

Today, human life all over the world seems to have lost its integrity. It has been split into various compartments and this compartmentalization or division is at the root of the problem that is facing us, cultural freedom, the freedom of man. By the application of the ideals of the great religions of the world, we could solve the problem with which we are faced today.

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While we hold all our spiritual, religious, physical and moral aspects of life dear, we do not try to relate all our activities to these values, to these ideals. The Buddhist does not act as a Buddhist, the Christian not as a Christian, Moslem not as a Moslem, while he is carrying on his trade, profession, multifarious activities as a member of the human family. It is on account of this that you have the insincere, false civilization that we have today.

The people of Asia are faced mainly with economic problems, at least they think so. No doubt the crying, material needs of the people have to be satisfied and this all-pervasive poverty has to be fought and combated. In doing this, are we going to act as Buddhists, Christians or Moslems or Hindus? Are we going to look upon every human being as our brother?

We are born with different capabilities. Nevertheless we are equal in the sense that we are human beings. We are not animals. We are not birds. In essence we are all the same, and therefore there is only one human family. But today we are divided into all kinds of families. All these partitions have to be removed.

Unity of human life set forth in our holy scriptures has to be realised in our daily lives and as we do so, I believe, we will approach this ideal of freedom.

The master said, "My child, if you desire after God, God shall come to you."

The disciple did not understand his master fully. One day both went to bathe in a river, and the master said, "Plunge in," and the boy did so.

In a moment the master was upon him, holding him down. He would not let the boy come up. When the boy struggled and was exhausted, he let him go.

"Yes, my child, how did you feel there?"

"Oh, the desire for a breath of air."

"Do you have that kind of desire for God?"

"No, Sir."

"Have that kind of desire for God, and you shall have God."

—Vivekananda.

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CULTURE:

a symposium

AS we grow older we take delight in the joys of the younger generation and it is always a matter of satisfaction to me that the Indian youth is at bottom sound and upright. I am nothing, if I am not a preacher and I must preach a word in season that the quintessence of culture—genuine verile culture—as opposed to sickly and decadent culture consists in courage, patriotism, discipline and organisation. No culture can be truly Indian or for the matter of that truly helpful whether Indian or not, if it does not organise will, emotion and intellect,—to the increasing purpose of freedom and voluntary discipline. But much of the so called culture amongst us is false and artificial and purposeless. Let us not in striving to be gentlemen cease to be men. Let us not in striving to appreciate the beauties of Western culture kill the creative spirit in us and substitute crutches for legs of flesh and blood and honest muscle. Let us not in striving to be intellectual cease to be emotional and dynamic. Let us not in striving to be generous to others cease to be just to them and to ourselves. Let us not mix things which are not mixable and be ashamed to be led by our own people while being ready to be led by the foreigner. Recapture the fundamental unity of the Indian peoples, their genius and culture, their ideals and feelings, before getting fascinated by the mirage of internationalism, of an abstract humanity which makes you the plaything and puppet of every foreign invader, political or cultural.

Sri S. Srinivasa Iyengar

I am of the opinion that the revival of the great traditions of our country is only possible if we realise the great ideals which animated our people in the past. It is also necessary to realise the community of intellectual efforts throughout the whole of India.

Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose

Culture, in the widest sense of the term, unites men and women of all faiths and creeds. Each nation is greatly served by knowing something of the culture of its sister nations.

Sri C. Jinarajadasa

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Immortal India—27 *J. H. Dave*

AMARNATH OF KASHMIR

दुग्धाब्धिधवलं तेन सरो दूरगिरौ कृतम्।
अमरेश्वरयात्रामां जनैरद्यापि दृश्यते॥
—Kalhana's *Rajatarangini* 1-267.

"The Susravasa Naga then constructed in the distant mountain a lake as white as the ocean of milk. Even now that lake is seen by people who go out for a pilgrimage of Amarnath."

POET Kalhana was a contemporary of king Jayasimha of Kashmir who reigned from 1129 to 1150 A.D. He is the author of the well-known *Raja-Tarangini* which is the chronicle of the kings of Kashmir. In the above-mentioned verse he refers to the Yatra of Amarnath which was famous even in his time as also to the lake constructed by the Susravasa Naga.

The story of this Naga as stated by Kalhana in the first Taranga (Verses 197 to 270) is as follows:

King Vibhishana II of Kashmir was succeeded by his son Nara. This Nara ruled in the city of Kinnaragrama and though virtuous otherwise, was lax in morals and he subsequently started behaving very badly. One Sramana with the help of his Yogic powers abducted his Queen and the angry king in turn took his revenge. In one of the Gardens near river Vitasta there was a lake in which one Naga Susravasa by name was residing. He had two handsome daughters, Iravati and Chandralekha. The Naga was having a bad time on account of the evil machinations of some Mantric Sadhu. A brahmin named Visakha relieved the Naga of his anxieties and the Naga out of gratitude gave to that Brahmin Visakha his daughter Chandralekha in marriage. Visakha and his wife thereafter lived happily for a time in the capital of King Nara. One day a stray horse entered Chandralekha's compound and started eating the grains spread out by her in the sun-light. While trying to check the horse, she patted it and there was a golden imprint of her hand on the back of the horse.

King Nara was already enamoured of her and this story of the imprint of the golden palm added to his fever of passion. He tried to secure her but all his efforts failed. He shamelessly asked her husband Visakha to hand her over to him but in vain. Nara besieged

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their house but the couple escaped and approached the Susravasa Naga. The Naga was highly enraged and he burnt the entire city of King Nara and destroyed him. The Naga was then unhappy at the massacre of the innocent people and left that place. He constructed a lake on the Duragiri or the distant mountain and this lake mentioned by Kalhana is identified with the Seshanaga Lake between Chandanwadi and Wavjan on the way to the Yatra of Amarnath. The Naga also constructed another lake called the Jamatri Saras for his daughter and son-in-law.

Kalhana wrote his chronicles basing his facts on *Nilamatapurana, Haravijaya* and other works. Kalhana starts his story from Gonanda I who was a friend and contemporary of Jarasandha and the opponent of Krishna, and brings down the history to his own time till the middle of the twelfth century. Jonaraja, Srivara and Prajyabhatta have brought down the chronicles upto the end of the sixteenth century when Akbar occupied Kashmir.

Damodara, son of Gonanda I, was killed by Yadavas. His wife Yasomati, who was then carrying, was however placed on the *gadi* of Kashmir by Krishna and rejecting the proposal of annexing the kingdom of Kashmir, Krishna added:

कश्मीरा पार्वती तत्र राजा ज्ञेय: शिवांशक:।

—Kalhana's *Raja Tarangini* 1-72.

"The land of Kashmir is Parvati incarnate and the ruler of that country is the Amsa or Particle of Siva."

Tradition says that in hoary days the Valley of Kashmir was a lake called *Sati-Saras,* named after Siva's consort Parvati. This Sati-saras in the Himalaya region was infested by lake demons who used to destroy the human beings residing nearby. Sage Kasyapa, the grandson of Brahma, then destroyed these demons and their leader Jalodbhava. After this, sage Kasyapa converted this land of the lake into what is now known as the *"Kashmira Mandala"* (Kalhana, 1-25 to 27). In this land where there are temples to Chakrabhrit Vishnu and Vijayesa Siva, there is not an inch of space which is not a Tirtha. *(R.T.* 1-38). Kashmir is famous for learning, lofty buildings, saffron, frozen water, and grapes (*R.T.* 1-42).

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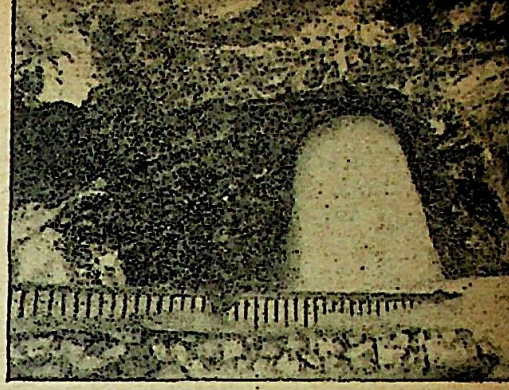
In the north-eastern direction from Srinagar at a distance of about 86 miles and on a height of about 13000 feet from the sea-level is the famous cave of Amarnath where Lord Siva is worshipped in the form of linga-shaped ice-blocks made by the drops of water oozing naturally in the cave. Some people believe that this is one of the twelve Jyotirlingas called Amaresvara. The mountains round about this cave are higher still by about 5,000 feet. Some of the peaks

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are constantly covered with snow even in summer. The sacred cave of Amarnath is not a man-made temple or even a cave artificially carved out. It is an open rugged door-less cave constructed by nature.

The Yatra of Amarnath is considered very meritorious, sacred, and capable of rewarding one with liberation, and pilgrims from all over Bharata visit this spot as zealously as they visit Kasi Visvesvara, Badarivisala, Kedaranath and other celebrated places. The pilgrimage to this place is pretty difficult and according to tradition, this sacred spot has been the resort of numerous sages, Rishis and Saints.

Tradition says that in every lunar month from the first of the bright half, the ice-block starts forming into a Siva-linga and on the full-moon day of each lunar month, the linga of ice is completely formed by the oozings of water in the cave; from the first day of the dark half of each month, this linga of ice starts decreasing and on the Amavasya or the new-moon day, the linga completely vanishes. Again the process starts in the next month and so on. It is said that Lord Siva first appeared in this cave on the full-moon day of Sravana and therefore there is a special merit in having a pilgrimage of Amarnath on this day which falls in the month of August. Upto the month of Sravana, there is snow and the way to Amarnath is not very clear. Shortly after Sravana the winter starts. The month of Sravana is therefore the most convenient time for the yatra.



Ice-Linga of Lord Amarnath inside the Cave

Every year a big procession starts from Srinagar on the fifth of the bright half of Sravana. This procession is led on foot by H.H. the Sankaracharya of Sardapeeth in Kashmir. Along with the procession a big Silver stick called the Danda or the Chhadi with God Siva's standard is also carried. Sadhus, Nagas, Mahants, Saints, Veragis, Sannyasins of all types, householders and a number of people with faith collect together on this day in Srinagar from distant parts of India. This annual Sangha for Amarnath is given all help by the State and is looked after by the Dharmarth department of the Kashmir Government. This Dharmarth department with its staff, police, clothing, tents, travelling dispensaries etc., accompanies the pilgrim parties and the state spends about Rs. 30,000/- for making arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the pilgrims.

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The Sangh starts from Srinagar (5260 feet) and reaches Pampur in South-East at a distance of about 9 miles on the first day of the *yatra* and stays there overnight. Pampur is famous for saffron fields from which saffron is collected on Asvin Purnima in October. The second stop is at Avantipur, 9 miles further South-East. The third stop is at Brijbihara. From here the pilgrims pass *via* Anant Nag (5300 ft.) and the spring of Gautama-Nag and arrive at Mattan or Martand. Pilgrims worship here the sun-god and perform *sraddhas*. The Pandas of Amarnath reside at Mattan. Pilgrims are received and given necessary facilities by them. Martand is the famous Surya-Kshetra. The ruins of the celebrated Martand temple are situated on a lofty plateau about 5 miles from Anant-Nag. It commands an excellent view. It is styled as "the architectural lion of Kashmir". The temple consists of a courtyard with the principal shrine in the centre, surrounded by a graceful colonnade of 84 columns. It is one of the most finished temples with artistic carvings, sculptures and arches. It was built by King Lalitaditya of Kashmir in the middle of the eighth century.

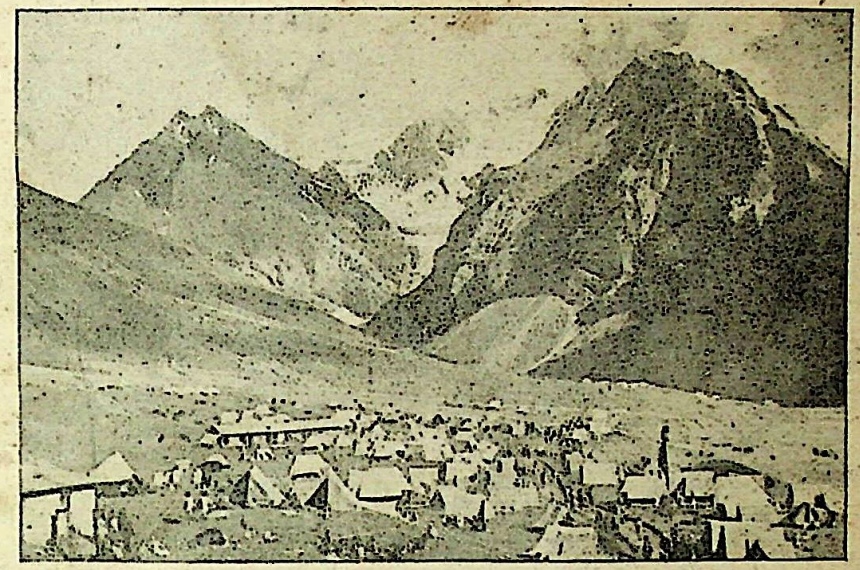
From Mattan or Martand, the Pilgrim parties come to Aishmukam. At this place there is a Muslim shrine. At Ganeshpur, 2 1/2 miles away from here, are the headquarters of the Martand Canal works. About three miles further north is Batkut. One third of the offerings from pilgrims collected at Amarnath go to the Mahomedans of this village of Batkut. Pilgrims then reach Pahalgam (7200 feet) about 59 miles from Shrinagar. Here there is the confluence of the Liddar and Seshnag rivers where the pilgrims take their bath. Pahalgam is reached on the tenth of the bright half of Shravan and the whole party starts from this place further up on the twelfth of the bright half of the same month.

From Pahalgam the pilgrims can hire Kandis, Dandis, labour, tents etc. for going further up. In the *sangh* of Sravan many arrangements are easily available. One can visit Amarnath even on Ashadha or Bhadrapada Purnima or on any other suitable date but then one has to make one's own arrangements.

From Pahalgam to Amarnath there are four main stops. The first is at Chandanwadi, the next is at Wavjan, the third is at Panchatarni and the fourth is the Amarnath cave.

Chandanwadi, about 8½ miles from Pahalgam, is 9500 feet high. It is four miles away from the Asthan Marg stream. From here one can see the confluence of Asthan Marg stream and Seshnag. One and a half miles further up is the ascent to Pishu Ghati. The forest ends here. Pishu-Ghati is the Peshana mount so called be-

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Amar Yatra

cause the demons are supposed to have been crushed here by the Gods and the hill is said to represent the heap of their bones. From here the pilgrims come *via* Zozipal to the lake of Seshnag, 11,730 feet high. This lake is 500 feet below the level of the road and is situated in the icy lap of the Kohenhor glacier (17000 feet). This lake is fed by the water of melted snow of these glaciers. The river Seshnag flows from this lake in beautiful cascades. In order to reach the lake, one has to get down nearly one mile from the road. This lake is said to be as deep as Patala and the resort of Sesha Naga. Kalhana's *Raja-Tarangini* 1-267 quoted above refers to this lake on the way to Amarnath.

From here pilgrims arrive at Wavjan (12300 feet). Here they have to cross and re-cross the ice-bridge. From here upto Mahagunus begins the steep ascent. Mahagunus Pass is at the height of 14000 feet. From here right upto Panchatarni (12015 feet) people have to walk on the snow and down a very steep and continuous descent.

Panchatarni is about four miles away from Amarnath. Many pilgrims leave behind the extra luggage at Panchatarni and collect it back on their return journey from Amarnath.

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Pilgrims reach the Amarnath cave on Sravan Purnima to worship the ice-image of Sivalinga in the cave at the height of 12,929 feet. The cave is about 150 feet high and 90 feet broad. It appears that the walls of the cave are made of gypsum. Except for a small space, the roof of the cave is leaking. There are two holes in the northern wall of the cave from which water trickles out and freezes into ice as soon as it comes out. One of the holes is bigger and below that a huge snow-*linga* is formed and this is the famous snow-image of Lord Amarnath.

On the left side of this *linga* is formed another ice formation called Ganesh and on the right side of Parvati and Bhairava. The cave is facing south and the rays of the Sun do not fall directly on the image of Amarnath and that is why perhaps the snow image does not melt away in summer. The traditional story that the snow image gets formed every lunar month in the bright half and melts away in the dark half is also recorded in *Ain-in-Akbari* of Abul Fazl Vol. II, p. 360: "Between Great Tibet and the abovementioned Parganah is a cave in which is an image in ice called *Amarnat*. It is considered a shrine of great sanctity. When the new moon rises from her throne of rays, a bubble as it were of ice is formed in the cave which daily increases little by little for fifteen days till it is somewhat higher than two yards, of the measure of yard determined by His Majesty; with the waning moon, the image likewise begins to decrease, till no trace of it remains when the moon disappears. They believe it to be the image of *Mahadeva* and regard it as a means of fulfilment of their desires. Near the cave is a hill called Amraoti, the clay of which is extremely white. They account it auspicious and smear themselves with it. The snows of this mountainous tract nowhere melt, and from the extreme cold, the straightness of the defiles and the rough inequalities of the road, they are surmounted with great toil". The *Nilamatapurana* in Verse 1535 mentions Amarnath and Kalhana in his *Rajatarangini* I-267 mentions the yatra of Amaresvara which appears to be same as that of Amarnath.

Inside the cave of Amarnath there is a small cave on the left side of the image from which a chalk-like substance is dug out and given to the pilgrims as Vibhuti of Amarnath by the Mahomedans of the Batkut Village. It has been found to contain calcium chloride and calcium sulphate. On the Western side of the cave is a small stream called Amarganga or Amaraoti (referred to by Abul Fazl) in which the pilgrims take their bath. In the bed of this stream there are huge quantities of the white substance applied by

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pilgrims to their bodies. It is said that this smearing protects them from the severe cold after they have taken their bath. Pilgrims call it Amar Vibhuti. The legend is that Lord Siva made the Gods immortal at this place by feeding them with the nectar he had by pressing the crescent moon which is an ornament on Siva's head. Siva stayed here at the request of Gods in the form of a linga of snow and as He made them immortal Siva is known here as Amarnath.

Pilgrims find here pigeons and they are supposed to be Siva and Parvati. Mahomedans of the Batkut Village have rights in this place and also a 1/3rd share in the offerings to Amarnath because it is said that they had been clearing for a number of years the difficult passage to Amarnath and making it passable for the annual Sangh and the Chhadi of Lord Siva.

The annual Yatra to Amarnath is just one of the proofs of Kashmir's devotion to Lord Siva. Tradition of Siva-worship in Kashmir is very old. The Kashmir Saivism is called the *Trika Mata* and it had its rise in the eighth century. The literature of this *Trika Mata* is divided in three parts 1, The Agama Sastra, 2, the Spanda Sastra and 3, the Pratyabhijna Sastra. Agamas are of super-human origin. A majority of them taught the dualistic doctrine. Idealistic monism was revealed in the *Siva Sutras* which are said to have been revealed by Siva Himself in the form of Srikatha to Vasugupta. On these Sutras there is a Vritti, the Vartika of Bhaskara and the Vimarshini of Kshemaraja.

The Spanda Karikas and their Vritti were composed by Kallata, a pupil of Vasugupta, in the second half of the ninth century. Somananda, another pupil of Vasugupta supplied through his *Sivadrishti* the philosophical reasonings. Utpala, Somananda's pupil, wrote *Isvara Pratyabhijna Karikas* and his grand-pupil the celebrated Abinavagupta wrote a number of works including *Para-trinshika, Tantraloka* and *Tantrasara.* He flourished in the beginning of the eleventh century and became the most dominant and central figure in all matters pertaining to Kashmir Saivism and the Pratyabhijna Darshana. His pupil Kshemaraja and his grand-pupil Yogaraja kept up the tradition. Madhava in his *Sarvadarsana sangraha* has summarised this Darsana.

In this Darsana, Siva is the Highest Tatwa. There are 36 Tatwas. The Sakti of Siva by which He manifests Himself into this universe is not different from Him. When this Chit-Sakti has her *Unmesha,* there is an expansion of the universe; when there is her *Nimesha,* there is the absorption of the universe. What Sankara Vedanta explains by the Vi-

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varta vada, this Pratyabhijna Darsana explains by the Abhasavada. The *Saktipada* on an individual soul is the grace of Lord Siva which gives liberation. This Moksha is nothing but the recognition or Pratyabhijna of the individual soul that he is not different from Siva.

We close this short description of Amarnath and bare reference to Kashmir Saivism with a verse from the *Kusumanjali* of Jagaddhara Bhatta (1350 A.D.) of Kashmir containing 39 Khandas of 1409 verses in praise of Lord Siva.

ओमिति स्फुरदुरस्यनाहतं
गर्भगुम्फितसमस्तवाङ्मयम् ।
दन्ध्वनीति हृदि यत्परं पदं
तत्सदक्षरमुपास्महे महः ॥

—*Kusumanjali* 1-6

"We worship that Highest Light which is eternal and imperishable, which is of the nature of the Pranava Mantra Aum throbbing in the heart of every one and though unuttered by anyone it makes its sound increasingly felt and within the womb of which Mantra Aum are seated all lores and aspects of learnings."

Life is indeed darkness save when there is urge,
And all urge is blind save when there is knowledge,
And all knowledge is vain save when there is work,
And all work is empty save when there is love;
And when you work with love you bind
Yourself to yourself, and to one another, and to God.
And what is it to work with love?
It is to weave the cloth with threads drawn from your heart, even as if your beloved were to wear that cloth.
It is to build a house with affection, even as if your beloved were to live in that house.
It is to sow seeds with kindness and reap the harvest with joy, even as if your beloved were to eat the fruit.
It is to charge all things you fashion with a breath of your own spirit.

—Kahlil Gibran

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Kautilya

ON VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

THE king may form villages either on new sites or on old ruins, by inducing people from foreign lands to immigrate or by exodus of the excess population of one's own lands. He shall form a village mostly consisting of agricultural people, having a minimum of a hundred families and a maximum of five hundred, with boundaries extending as far as a *krosa* or two, and capable of affording protection to one another.

At the ends of the boundaries he shall have a river, mountain, forest, bulbous plants, caverns, embankment, *salmali* tree, *sami* tree or trees exuding sap resembling milk.

He shall establish a *sthaniya* in the midst of a group of eight hundred villages; a *dronamukha* in the midst of a group of four hundred villages; a *karvatika* in the midst of a group of two hundred villages; and a *samgrahana* in the midst of a group of ten villages.

At the frontiers he shall establish frontier fortresses, commanded by a frontier officer, serving as entrances to the villages. The regions in between them, fowlers, *sabaras, pulindas, candalas* and other foresters shall guard.

To *ritvik, acharya, purohita* and *srotriya* the king shall grant *brahmadeyas* yielding sufficient produce, and exempt from taxes and fines. To superintendents, *samkhyayakas* and other officers and to *gopa, sthanika, anikastha,* the physician, the horse-trainer and the runner also he shall grant lands but without the right to part with them by sale or mortgage.

To tax-payers he shall grant lands brought under cultivation, only for life. Lands not brought under cultivation he shall not take away from those who bring them under cultivation. Taking away the lands from non-cultivators, he shall bestow them on others who will cultivate them. Or village labourers and traders shall be allowed to cultivate them. The non-cultivating owners shall pay fine.

The king shall favour them with grains, cattle and gold. They

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may repay the same at their convenience. He shall bestow on them only such favours and remissions as will tend to swell the treasury; and shall avoid such as will tend to deplete it. For, a king with depleted treasury, consumes the citizens and the country-people themselves. Or he shall give remission at the very time of the new settlement or according to the occasions as they arise. Those who have passed the period of remission he shall treat like a father.

He shall also establish mining operations, timber and elephant-forests, places for cattle-breeding and commerce, and roads by land as well as by water, and market-towns. He shall cause to be built reservoirs with natural springs of water or to be filled with water drawn from some other source. Others constructing them he shall favour with sites, roads, timber and other implements.

So also in the construction of holy places and public gardens. On behalf of one who stays away from a co-operative construction of reservoirs, his servants and bullocks shall do the work. He shall have to bear his share in the expenditure; but shall not get a share in the profit. The king shall have ownership of fishing, ferrying, and trade in green vegetables in the reservoirs.

The king shall bring to book *dasas, ahitakas* and relatives if they do not obey. The king shall provide maintenance for the minor, the aged, the sick, the *vyasanin,* and the destitute. He shall provide maintenance for a woman who has not yet delivered. The property of a minor, the elders of the village shall enhance till the attainment of majority by him. So also the property of the temples of gods.

Twelve *panas* is the fine for one who, though capable, does not maintain his children and wife, parents, brothers who have not attained majority, and sisters virgin or widowed, provided they are not apostate. This rule applies to all the relatives except the mother.

For one who turns a recluse without providing a maintenance for his children and wife, the fine is the lower punishment. So also for one who converts a woman to asceticism. One who has passed the age of marriage, may turn a recluse after distributing his rightful property. Otherwise he shall be punished.

No hermit other than a *vanaprastha,* no association other than one of *sajatya,* no guild other than local co-operative guilds, shall enter into his villages. Nor shall there be buildings for rest and play or sport. Nor shall actors, dancers, singers, musicians, *vagjivanas* and bards cause obstacles

Continued on page 37

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CHILDREN, OH, CHILDREN!

Fulton J. Sheen

EVER notice how awkward men are whenever they hold a baby? Just watch a man when a woman says to him, "Hold the baby, Bill." A man never knows what to do with the baby. He picks the child up and immediately looks around for some place to put it — anywhere to get it off his hands.

Men have various ways of holding a child. Some hold children like cocktail shakers. Others hold children like footballs; either they are looking for an opening to get rid of the baby, or else searching for a receiver to whom they can pass it. Still others regard children as a kind of mystery. They never know which end is which; and it is frustrating not to be able to tell top from bottom in a deluge of blankets: "I know it's in here *somewhere*".

But what a trial are the crying childern! Ever notice how their eyes get smaller when they cry, and how their little noses almost become buttons? But the mouth! That is really tremendous! This subject of the crying child is a very very sensitive point, because I believe that I was the original "Prince of *Wails*". I always hate to meet relatives and friends who knew me as a baby, because tradition has it—and tradition must be respected — that I cried for the first three years of my mortal life!

On the other hand, children are a blessing as well as a care, and among the blessings we mention three.

1. *Children rescue love from boredom:* Love can be boring; it can even beget ennui. When there are only two who love, love can degenerate into an exchange of

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egotisms, like two shipwrecked sailors on an island supporting themselves by taking in each other's laundry. In marriage, the bond of love which holds father and mother together is the children. Children rescue love from boredom, prevent it from hitting bottom, and rescue it from the barrenness of epidermic contact.

How dull life would be if a musician were always picking up a violin and a bow, but never producing a melody; or a sculptor were always picking up a chisel, applying it to marble, but never creating a statue; or a poet were putting pen to paper, but never wrote a thoughtful line! Would not the farmer go mad if, each spring after he had planted the seed, he immediately dug it up, went on repeating the silly process, and never waited for fruits and harvests? What would happen to the mind and heart of a woman who, just as soon as the buds began to appear in her garden, cut each of them off, so that she never fondled a rose? Love, by its very nature, wants to bear some fruit.

2. *The resurrection of beauty and strength.* People commonly believe that beauty and strength can be preserved indefinitely, thanks to creams, hormones, and permanents. The truth is that beauty and strength were given solely for purposes of allurement; hence they are at their peak when a family ought to begin to be founded.

Strength in a man is not an enduring quality; neither is beauty in a woman. There is something repellent to good taste to see men as they grow old try to appear young with "crew cuts" as if they were sophomores in college, thus manifesting an immaturity of spirit in trying to recapture a youth already gone. Women, too, with heavy rouge on cheeks that are sixty or seventy years old, also make but a foolish challenge to the passing of time. A beauty salon once carried the advertisement: "Water rusts pipes. What will it do to your face?".

But though strength and beauty are not capable of being preserved through life, nevertheless they are capable of being passed on to another generation.

3. *Children reveal the mystery of fatherhood and motherhood.* Love is never satisfying when the heart feels that it has hit bottom. Where there are no more veils to be lifted, no more doors to be opened, no pages to be turned, nothing further to be disclosed, it is then that the heart seeks substitutes in vain. As a melody cannot be produced by picking up a succession of violins and playing on each part of the tune, so neither can the happiness of married love be discovered by a succession of spouses. If there is to be happiness, there must be the deepening of a mystery, not the substitution of one experience for another. This is the function of the child.

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The child makes the husband a father, and fatherhood is a shimmering refraction of the Divine Paternity from which all fatherhood and blessings come.

The child also makes the wife a mother. A woman fulfills her mission when she brings a child into the world. Looking down at that babe, a new paradox is revealed; it is the only time self can be loved without selfishness. A mother now loves a non-self in herself as her body becomes the ciborium of the new life, and her arms become its bearer as she passes on culture to ages yet unborn.

There are few transformations greater than that which the child effects in a home. The beginning of its presence creates in a man and a woman the powers and responsibilities of fathercraft and mothercraft. God gives children to them as so much plastic clay which they are to mould with their own hands. In vain can they plead in juvenile courts, "I can do nothing with my child," for the judge and their own conscience might ask, "Have you ever done anything for him?"

There is a story told of Leonardo da Vinci, who once painted the Christ Child. In later years, as he was doing the Last Supper, he looked for someone to represent Judas; searching through the streets and alleys, he found a dejected, miserable figure who posed for the traitor. But he was discovered to be the same one who posed for Christ! Whenever a child is born, a crown is made for that child in Heaven and woe to the parents if there is not a head for that crown!

[Condensed from *Omnibook*]

On Village Administration - *Contd.*

in the work of the villagers. For owing to the villages being void of any resting places and owing to the men of the village being fully engaged in the fields only, there is the enhancement of *kosa, visti, dravya, dhanya* and *rasa.*

A king shall avoid a land infested with foreign invasion and wild tribes, harassed by diseases and famine. He shall also ward off expensive sports.

He shall protect agriculture from being paralysed by oppressive fines, free labour, and taxes; and herds of cattle from being molested by thieves, tigers, poisonous reptiles and diseases.

He shall clear up roads of traffic beset with courtiers, workmen, robbers, and boundary guards; and repair the same as it is being devastated by herds of cattle.

Thus the king shall keep in good condition timber and elephant-forests, reservoirs of water, and mines already created in the past and shall set up new ones.

[From *Artha-Sastra*]

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Dashavatara I — **Swami Sadananda**

MATSYAVATARA

According to 'Bhagavad Gita' the Lord incarnates Himself into the world whenever there is a decline of Dharma, to punish the wicked and to protect the righteous.

Although, according to Hindu mythology, the Lord's incarnations are legion, the ten 'avataras' of Lord Vishnu are the most well-known. Like all mythological stories, these ten 'avataras' have hidden meanings for the descerning.

THE Puranic account about the Fish Incarnation of Lord Vishnu is twofold. One mentions that Asura Somaka hid the Vedas in Patala or the nether world and that Vishnu restored them by assuming the form of a fish.

'Soma' is the intoxicating drink of Devas. The meaning hidden in the story is that through delusion caused by the intoxicating worldly pleasures, real knowledge (Vedas) got obscured in the region of Darkness (Ignorance—Patala) and Vishnu, the Preserver, had to re-establish wisdom.

The fish is the only creature that can be extremely small in size and also very big like the whale. Vishnu,



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Swami Sadananda

could, therefore, as fish, penetrate into the mind of the lowest of beings and also into that of the highest evolved among created beings with equal ease, and impart wisdom to each mind according to its stage of development.

The other account is that a fish got into the palm of Sage Satyavrata as he was offering ablutions with water taken from a stream and that when he threw it away it requested to be saved. The sage thereupon put it into his water-vessel. It then swelled in size and had to be removed into a bigger vessel. The same thing — swelling in size — went on happening every time the fish was transferred to a new and larger vessel with the result that in the end it had to be put into the sea! Then the fish said that there would be a deluge within a week and to save the world from destruction the sage should put into an ark, which would appear, types of all living creatures, all plants and also the Sapta Rishis.

The inner meaning of the story is that the Rishi who was observing the Vow of Truthfulness (Satya Vrata) was taught by Lord Vishnu the necessity to practise the Mahavrata of Ahimsa — which is only another expression for Universal Love — which alone would save the world from destruction.

When the sage began to practise this, he found that Love was becoming more and more expansive (the fish went on increasing in size) till at last it became vast enough to embrace the whole world. The ark is the Divine Grace which will descend upon the seeker (the Sadhaka) who practises Visva Prem or Universal Love and it is through Divine Grace, that the world should be saved from destruction.

The lesson taught by the story is that if non-violence and Universal Love are not practised, the world will be deluged by the ever-increasing floods of evil emotions like lust, greed and anger.

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Our Vedic Seers—9 — *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE AURVA

ALL the Puranic accounts we have of the sage Aurva are duly impressed by his powerful personality, and his greatness as a seer of rare powers; they are at one in conceding him his rightful place in the heirarchy of the group of the Seven Sages.

But where they differ is in the period to which to assign him, some maintaining that he belonged to the Swarochisha Manvantara, others holding that it was the Savarna Manvantara.

One of the illustrious scions of the Bhrigu race, he had the additional distinction of a close and intimate association with that great sage. The *Taittiriya Samhita* records that, through the grace of Sage Atri, he begot many issues. The *Aitereya Brahmana* speaks of him in terms of the highest respect.

He professed the Bhrigu *gotra* and was a Brahma Rishi. The Anusasan Parva of the *Mahabharata,* purporting to give a geneological account of him, mentions that he was born to Chyavana and his wife, Arushi, the daughter of Manu, differing in this particular with the *Vishnu Dharma* version, that he was born to Atmavan and Nahushi. It then proceeds to give us a lucid and interesting description of the circumstances attending his birth, as narrated by Vasishtha to Sage Parsurama when the latter was about to enter on his mission of exterminating the Kshatriya race.

A king, by name Kartaveerya of the Haihaya line, of whom the Bhrigus were the traditional priests, performed a great many sacrifices and distributed much wealth among his holy priests. In course of time, this king and his successors, were reduced to penury.

In their desperate need, they even resorted to begging of the priests to give them the sorely needed money. Some of the priests helped their king possibly through fear; the more resourceful amongst them, however, had their wealth buried in the bowels of the earth in their humble abodes.

It came to pass however, that, their houses were destroyed and the hidden treasure brought to light. This revelation was too much even for the indulgent kings

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and they could contain themselves no further. From that time, dates the great animosity and rivalry between the royal descendants on the one side, and of the pious followers of Bhrigu on the other.

The kings vowed to taste blood; they would not even spare the wombs of the expectant Bhrigu women. Terrified out of their wits, these poor womenfolk repaired to the Himalayas.

On their way thither, one of them realising that her pregenancy rendered her womb the more especial target of the pursuers, contrived to transfer the progeny to her thigh! Somehow, the king came to have scent of this. And such was the power and so keen the insight of the child-to-be, that, it easily perceived the danger to its life when it came out. So it elected to stay in the mother's thighs for the space of a hundred years!

The splendour and radiance of the thigh-enclosed child, however, shone forth in such dazzling brilliance that the kshatriyas *en masse* became blind in consequence! They, therefore, came down on their bended knees and begged of the child's forgiveness, which was readily shown them. A temporary truce ensued.

The child soon grew into manhood. But he sensed that the Haihayas had not quite overcome their traditional enmity towards the Bhrigus and to end this conflict once and for ever, boy Aurva started a severe and exacting discipline of Tapasya.

He would not abandon it till the sage's own manes had assured him that they were responsible for this conflict and asked him to desist from further penance.

As part-discharge of his debts to his ancestors, he complied with their wish. He took care to deposit his cast-away anger, all in a heap, in the sea, where we are told it still keeps burning deep down in her depths!

The *Padma Purana,* however, comes out with a different explanation of the end of he sage's penance. It mentions that it was an irate Brahma, piqued by the rigour of Aurva's penance that threw the sage into the sea, at the confluence of the Saraswati with the sea, which was named as Agni Teertha.

The *Matsya Purana* contains an altogether different version as to the birth of the sage Aurva. Uruva, the father of Aurva was engaged in *tapasya* of an extremely severe type. Even the Devas came to witness his remarkable penance. Other sages tried to wean Uruva, away from his deep concentration and to make him realise that he should be of the earth, earthy. They impressed upon him the advantages and blessedness of married life, domestic felicity, and sweet children. But the sage only laughed at them and replied "I

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will produce a child all by myself, without a wife but he will be the very incarnation of fierceness!"

So saying, he placed his thighs in the burning fire, and churned it with a *kusa* grass and lo! a son was born to him that instant, out of his thighs! Hence the name और्व the thigh-born. The same Purana goes on to relate how, not satisfied with this, the sage produced another child in the same manner and named her Maya and how, when she grew up, she was married to Hiranya Kasipu.

As the sage had predicted, the child Aurva was the embodiment of fierceness. No sooner was he born, than he asked for some food to eat. He continued to burn the whole world for three days after his birth. Lord Brahma felt that it was time to cry halt to the child's activities. He, therefore, appeared before Urva and assured him that a place in the sea would be found for the child where he could keep his fiery temper. This accounts for the presence of the fire in the sea, called Badabagni. This Purana identifies him with Vishnu, with Pralya, fire that causes the total annihilation of the world at the end of the cosmic cycle, the poisonous fire ablaze in the Patala and the third eye of Lord Sankara etc.

The *Vayu Purana* refers to him as बाडवामुख, वडवानल, संवर्तक and ससुद्रप:

Among the Puranas that throw light on his life and achievements are the *Matsya, Padma, Linga, Narada* and *Bhagavata,* but as has already been indicated, they contain differing versions about him.

We are told, for instance that there was a king named Bahu, ruler of Ayodhya. He was the son of Vrika. The Haihayas and Jalgangas were his traditional and sworn enemies. They even succeeded in banishing him from his own country. Friendless and dispirited, the king reached sage Aurva's hermitage, where he lived for some time. In the end, he died.

His wife, now beside herself with grief, wanted to follow her husband the *sati* way by jumping into the funeral pyre of the dead husband. But Aurva succeeded in dissuading her from committing *sati,* as she was pregnant. The child was duly born and the sage called him Sagara. He lavished on him much care and affection. The sage initiated him in archery. The boy became an expert marksman. Ultimately, he lived to overthrow the Haihayas, Yadavas and the Jalgangas. Sage Vasistha crowned him king. At the coronation, Aurva was present and blessed the king's wives, Sumati, Kshemi, Prabha and Bhanumati with the power to beget issues.

The *Bhaghavata Purana* relates how at the time Parikshit made known to the assembled sages the weight of the curse under which

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he was smarting, Sage Aurva was present in the distinguished assembly. Richika was the name of his son, but in some texts, we find the word Richika identified with Aurva.

The *Padma Purana* locates the Madhya Pradesha as the land where the sage and his descendants lived. But the *Brahmanda Purana* says that they lived on the banks of the Narmada. The *Ramayana* says that Aurva was helped in many ways by Sage Bhrigu.

Sage Aurva is credited with the "perception" of several hymns.

The *Ganesha Purana,* makes a reference to Sage Aurva. It says that a brahmin, named Aurva was living in the Malava country. His wife's name was Sumedha and his daughter was called Shemuka. In due time, the daughter was married to Mandara, son of Dhoumya and disciple of Ghaunaka. On the daughter's coming of age, the son-in-law visited Aurva's place with a view to taking the bride to his house. The couple were returning when on the way, they fell victims to a terrible curse at the hands of Bhusundhi at whom they, possibly in innocent sport, were provoked into laughing. They were transformed into trees in consequence. Aurva and Shounaka came to know of this curse and forthwith made for the place where the trees stood. They were sore and afflicted beyond measure at the fate of the young couple. They prayed devoutly to Lord Sankara. Aurva got merged into Mandara tree and Shami became the fire, encased in the trees. Sage Shounaka took the root of the Mandara tree, hewed out of it an idol of Lord Vigneshwara and commenced praying to it. After a time, he got back both the lost husband and wife, thus relieving them of the fell curse. Hence the sacredness of the Mandara tree and the partiality of Lord Ganesha for it.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

—Emerson

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Our Fortnightly Profile—28

VINOBA BHAVE

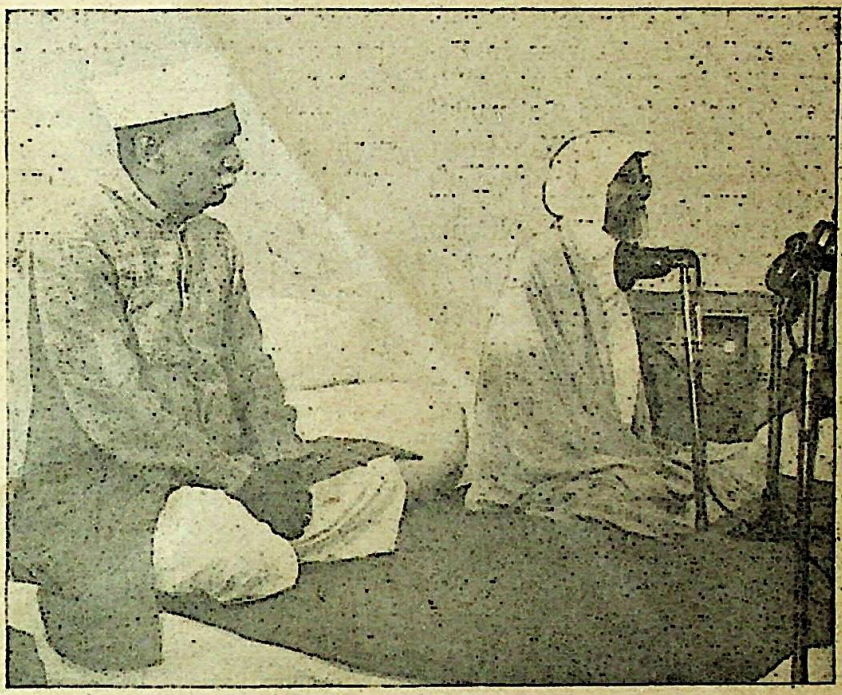
OF Jawaharlal Nehru is Gandhiji's political heir, Vinoba Bhave can truly be said to be his spiritual heir. This wiry man with a wisp of cloth pulled around him like a vagrant, dark unkempt hair and grey ruffled goatee, would in any other country invite derision and the attention of law, what with his revolutionary ideas of *bhoodan, buddhidan, sampattidan, kupdan,* etc.

But India is a land of mystics and the half-naked fakir is far too familiar a sight to invite comment. On the contrary to the man in the street, especially in the depth of Indian villages, such a sight strikes a responsive chord and calls for respect. Charged as he is with the zeal of his mission and the *varchas* of his unspoilt Brahmacharya, Vinoba fascinates the masses in an unprecedented manner. Do not floral arches, pom-pom and tum-tum greet him at every stage of his *bhoodan* march?

Love of the land is the foremost among the triad of primary evils, the other two being love of the woman and love of lucre. It is characteristic of Vinoba's insight into human nature to have stormed this fundamental bastion in his effort primarily to stem the tide of rising communism in Telengana where even the might of the military apparently failed. His courage in embarking on such a perilous task as this, in utter disregard of his personal safety; his profound conviction in the efficacy of his remedy and his abounding faith in the essential goodness of man, speak volumes for his grasp of the human problem in its totality.

Vinoba Bhave was born today sixty years ago in a Maharashtra brahmin family. His father, himself son of a priest, was a head-clerk in Baroda State service. He was greatly interested in dyeing and printing and had planned to give Vinayak—Vinoba is the name given him by Mahatma Gandhi—eldest of three sons and a daughter, a high education in this industry by sending him to Europe. Did he not make his son take up French for this purpose? But Vinoba utterly upset his father's calculations—his father never forgave him for that—by deciding on a life of celebacy even at the tender age of ten which he has kept

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Vinobaji addressing a prayer meeting at Rajghat; seated near him is our Rashtrapatiji.

to date. That is the main reason why Mahatma Gandhi gave him the honour of being the first satyagrahi in the Individual satyagraha of 1940, Jawaharlal Nehru being the second. Gandhiji had very great admiration for this virtue in Vinoba; he openly expressed that, in this respect, Vinoba had scored over him.

While barely twelve, he had read Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,* those ponderous tomes which scare away many a dilettante reader. As a student he kept aloof from games and other boys and was always studious.

At 20, he gave up studies and ran away from the Baroda College with the intention of mastering scriptural literature. He wrote to his parents at the time: "I will never be immoral no matter where I go or what I do". He first went to Bengal to participate in the national movement there, but the spirit of violence jarred on his ears and so returned to Banaras to study Sanskrit. Once he surprised the Pundits there by participating in a debate among themselves. Before they could enquire who the youth was, he had vanished!

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Fascinated by a speech delivered by Gandhiji in Banaras in February, 1916, he got in touch with him and finally joined Sabarmati Ashram in 1919. Learning that he was out of touch with his parents, Gandhiji wrote to them "Your Vinoba is with me. His spiritual attainments are such that I myself attained after a long struggle." In the Ashram he took part in all activities—from cooking to scavenging, teaching to spinning and giving personal advice. In Gandhiji's opinion, Vinoba has no equal in spinning.

Once Vinoba met Lokamanya Tilak. His one question to the Lokamanya was whether he had completely mastered fear. Tilak could not answer but kept staring at Vinoba who, afterwards withdrew from his presence.

The wanderlust in him drove Vinoba to further Sanskrit studies at Wai. From there he was reporting to Gandhiji on his progress, returning to the Ashram right on the promised date.

When the late Jamnalal Bajaj wanted to start an Ashram, Gandhiji sent Vinoba to head its affairs. Vinoba showed such remarkable powers of organisation and running it that soon the Ashram became a beehive of activity.

The pilgrim-bug again bit him and Vinoba moved into Paunar near Wardha where he built an Ashram and started experimenting on village self-sufficiency. Internal and external cleanliness, labour, peace and dedication are the five cardinal principles of this Ashram.

It was while touring the Telengana in 1952 that Vinoba became acutely conscious of the problem of landless masses which he diagnosed as the breeding-ground for communism. Visualising the problem in its larger aspect, Vinoba decided to tackle it, but unlike Russia and China, he approached it from a humanitarian angle. His earlier training had given him an unshakable faith in the essential goodness of man. That day signalled the bloodless revolution which Vinoba is carrying on as a veritable Vamana and John the Baptist rolled into one, to the great astonishment of the world. The rest is current history.

Vinoba is Mahatmaji's discovery and gift to India, and he used to fondly call him his son. The Mahatma often consulted him on all important matters and it is said in knowledgeable circles that Vinoba had much to do with the Wardha Scheme of Education.

Master of nineteen languages, Vinoba hardly, if ever, speaks to an Indian in a foreign tongue. You must know a smattering of Hindi if you want him to speak to you. While he does not look at you through his steel-rimmed glasses in replying to your questions, his answers are sharp and straight. He is hard but gentle. Maulana Azad was wonderstruck when Vinoba recited the Koran at the

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instance of Gandhiji. He is completely at home as much with the Bible as with the Vedas.

Of the *Bhagavad Gita* he has made special study, and he has done a Marathi translation of it. It was primarily intended for his mother to whom he is greatly attached. That translation is immensely popular and has sold in lakhs. Euclid's Geometry is another favourite book of his, which he feels is a great help to his thinking.

Vinoba has a single-track mind. He is often hard, unrelenting and ruthless in bringing his decisions to action. To wit, he totally refused to take medicine when he fell ill recently. The late Mahadev Desai used to describe it as his great virtue. He is slightly short of hearing by the left ear and you have to talk to him by the other.

An exceptionally original thinker, his intellect is sharp as a rapier. He has a very highly developed critical sense in judging men and things. He has a remarkable memory and powers of concentration.

A Karma-yogi in the true sense of the word, Vinoba's services to humanity are legion. Like his master Gandhiji, he spends his entire life in service, study and prayer. It is a Himalayan task he has set himself to, presently; it is a task to which large nations have proved unequal. He is the cynosure of the world's eyes, may be out of curiosity, may be out of sympathy. But in the land where Sage Vasistha's *brahmatejas* prevailed against the physical might of Monarch Vishvamitra, the fulfilment of this task is entirely within realms of possibility.

The full and proper meaning of Brahmacharya is search of Brahman. Brahman pervades every being and can therefore be searched by diving into and realizing the inner self. This realization is impossible without complete control of the senses. Brahmacharya thus means control in thought, word and action, of all the senses at all times and in all places.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD

TIRUPATI SESSION

The 4th Annual Session of the Vishva Parishad will be held at Tirupati in the Andhra State on 11th & 12th November 1955. Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad will preside over the Session.

The Conference will be a national forum of eminent Scholars in Sanskrit and learned Pandits and lovers of Sanskrit and will discuss the vital problem of restoring Sanskrit to its natural place in the remodelling of our National life.

It will also review the state of Sanskrit learning in different states and outside, the progress it has made in different directions.

All lovers of Sanskrit can attend the Session on payment of the Delegate's fee of Rs. 5/- to the Hon. Gen. Secretary. Bona fide Delegates will be entitled to one way Railway concession to and from Tiruppati.

DIKSHITARJI'S TOUR

During July-August last, Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar of the Parishad toured Orissa State extensively and addressed several meetings. The places he visited, among others were Puri, Berhampur, Parlakimedi, Cuttack, Kandarpara, Jadghpur, Bhadrak, Balassore and Baripad. Shri H. Dwivedi, Parishad Professor of Orissa State also accompanied him. According to their report, their tour 'created genuine love for Sanskrit education in all sections of the society and has engendered burning enthusiasm in the minds of the public for the progress of Sanskrit learning in that State.' According to Prof. Dwivedi, Shri Dikshitarji convinced the public at large that Sanskrit could easily be used as a spoken language.

The following are the Kendras and Shakhas of Orissa State with the names of the office bearers.

(1) *Puri-Shakha:* President: Dr. Surendra Narayan Acharya, Retired Civil Surgeon.

(2) *Burhanpur-Shakha:* President: Pandit Anant Tripathi Sharma, M.A., Ayurvedacharya.

(3) *Parlakimadi-Kendra:* President: Dr. Damodar Mishra, Principal, K.C.G. College, Parlakimadi.

(4) *Cuttack-Shakha:* President: Shri Chintamani Acharya, M.A., LL.B., Advocate, Cuttack.

(5) *Kendra Pada Kendra* (Dt. Cuttack): President: Sri Jayaram Mahante, Pleader.

(6) *Jadjpur-Kendra* (Dt. Cuttack): President: Sri Virupaksha Kar, B.A., Pleader.

(7) *Bhadruck-Kendra* (Dt. Balasor): President: Gokulanand Naik, M.A.

(8) *Balasor-Shakha:* President: Sri Narendra Nath Dutta, M.A., Retired A.D.M.

(9) *Radipada-Shakha:* President: Sri Prafullachandra Bhanja Deo, Member Lok Sabha.

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Stories from the Vedas—2

Origin of the Cow

PRAJAPATI first created inanimate things like mountains and cities. Desiring to create living beings also, he performed a *homa*. From that *homa* were born the gods Agni, Vayu and Aditya or the Sun.

Like Prajapati, these gods in turn started creating living beings by performing *homa*. Agni worshipped the god of Prana or Life, Vayu that of the Body and Aditya or Sun that of Eyes. Out of these three *homas* came into being a cow.

When the cow began to yield milk, difference of opinion arose among the three gods. Each claimed the milk for himself because, according to each, the cow was born as a result of his own *homa*.

They went to Prajapati for arbitration. On the way, Agni and Aditya agreed between themselves that if either of them won in the dispute, they would share the cow's milk between themselves.

When the case was presented Prajapati asked them: "What are the *devatas* whom you worshipped during the *homa?*"

Agni replied that he worshipped Prana. Vayu said he worshipped Body and Aditya Eyes.

Prajapati thereupon ruled that in so far as the Body and Eyes are dependent upon Prana, the cow should belong to Agni who worshipped Prana.

That is why the cow is also called *Agni-hotri*.

Whosoever knows this truth will be vouchsafed the full span of his life.

Passion, hate, delusion, exhilaration, dejection, conceit, anger, pride, laziness, being pained at others' prosperity and acts of sin—these are indicated as constituting Ignorance.

—Mahabharata.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—2 Serial

A QUARTET OF BRIDES

THE STORY SO FAR—

King Bhoja discovered a throne which had thirty-two steps, each of which was carried by a statuette. After installing it in his 'durbar', Bhoja was about to ascend it. At that time the statuettes became animated and clapping their hands in derision, asked him to stop. The astounded king asked the first statuette to explain their conduct, whereupon it said that the throne belonged to king Vikramaditya, and on Bhoja's request, started relating the ancestry of Vikramditya.

SAID the statuette:
Listen, Bhoja. There was a city called Nandipur where lived a brahmin by name Chandravarman. He was learned in the four Vedas, six Shastras, eighteen Puranas, twenty-eight Agamas and the sixty-four arts.

Not being content with what he had learnt, Chandravarman went out in search of a *guru* who could impart him further learning.

As he was passing through a forest based on the slopes of a hill, he came across a large lake on whose bank stood a huge peepul tree. He quenched his thirst in the pellucid waters of the lake and lying on his back, slept.

It so happened that an erudite Brahm-rakshas was occupying that peepul tree doing penance. On seeing the brahmin fast asleep, the Brahma-rakshas became inquisitive. So, rousing the brahmin from his slumber, it asked "Oh, brahmin! Who are you and where are you coming from? Why were you asleep here?"

On waking up, the brahmin prostrated before the Brahma-rakshas and replied: "I am a brahmin by birth and come from Nandipur. I have learnt a small bit of the *shastras* and I have been wandering in search of a *guru* but not finding one, I was nearly broken-hearted. I sat down exhausted when I fell asleep. You seem to be a learned person. If you will be kind enough to teach me higher konwledge, I shall be highly obliged to you."

Said the Brahma-rakshas: "I have no objection to teach you; but unless you follow my instructions carefully, the knowledge im-

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parted by me may not be of any use to you."

"I promise to follow your instructions very carefully" assured Chandravarman.

"Now, listen. You will have to go without food and sleep throughout the course of my instruction. What do you say?" asked the Brahma-rakshas.

"Agreed", replied the brahmin. Whereupon the Brahma-rakshas taught him the *mantra* whereby one could go without food or sleep for an indefinite period.

Each day the Brahma-rakshas wrote down the lessons on the leaf of the tree atop of which it had its abode, and dropped it down. The brahmin picked up the leaf and studied it carefully day and night. Thus within six months, he mastered higher knowledge and became thoroughly conversant with the eight-fold *siddhis* or accomplishments.

When the course of instruction by Brahma-rakshas, was over, a heavenly chariot came down from heaven to fetch him. The parting between the *guru* and his disciple was heart-rending. The Brahma-rakshas blessed the brahmin saying "You have proved an ideal *sishya*. Now that you have mastered higher knowledge, I want you to go back to your native place and marry the girl of your choice."

On his way to his native place Chandravarman had to pass through the streets of a city by name Kannyapur. Having been released from his *vrata* of no-food and no-sleep by his master the previous day, he felt very tired and took shelter under the roof of a palatial building and soon fell asleep.

It so happened that the house was owned by a dancer by name Alankar Valli who was devout and greatly attached to the deity of the local temple where she danced every day, at the appointed hour of worship.

Late at night, while she was returning from the temple, she found the brahmin lying like a log of wood, consumed by the tiredness and hunger of the past six months. He was completely inert but for his deep breathing. His condition evoked pity in the dancer and a genuine fear whether he was seriously ailing. So she immediately sent for the *vaidya* who came on the scene in an instant.

After examining the brahmin, the *vaidya* said: "Madam, this man appears to have taken no food for six months at least; unless therefore we help him with something immediately, his life may soon part from his body."

"Oh *vaidya!* What can I do? However much I rouse him, he wouldn't sit up? Tell me, what should I do?" asked the woman.

"Don't worry! I will send a *rasayana* which you should rub in all over his body and head, thrice

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a day, for eight days. In this manner the essense of food will get into his system through the pores of his skin. After eight days he will regain his conciousness." replied the *vaidya*.

She thanked him profusely and sent a messenger with him to fetch the *rasayana*. She nursed the brahmin for eight days in the manner prescribed by the *vaidya* and to her great relief he sat up on the following day.

Recollecting his wandering, his meeting with the Brahma-rakshas and his learning, he quickly tried to slip away from the place. But the woman stopped him saying "Oh brahmin, I have nursed you all these days into life and yet you do not even have the courtesy to thank me?"

The brahmin did not reply but again looked wistfully seeking a way of escape from that house.

The woman would not let him go. She closed in on him and said "Why do you think, Oh brahmin, have I taken infinite pains to bring you back to life when it was hovering on the border? Was it not because I want you to marry me?"

The brahmin uttered: "Siva! Siva!" and closed his ears.

He then protested: "I am utterly unworthy of marrying you, madam"

The woman would not agree. This brought about a mild scuffle at the end of which the woman dragged him to the king's court.

The King hearing the statements of both, and realising its complication, sought the advice of his ministers and the Palace Priest.

The latter said "Your majesty! The man being a brahmin, he can marry a brahmin girl, a kashtriya girl, a vaishya girl and a Shudra girl—all at the same time, but not otherwise."

Thereupon the King said: "If that is so, Oh priest, if you are willing, I propose to give your daughter, my daughter, my Vaishya friend Somasekhar's daughter and this lady together in marriage to this brahmin!"

To, this, all except the groom, were agreeable. But the King ultimately prevailed upon the brahmin by various means to agree to this proposal.

Accordingly, on an auspicious day Kalyani, Chitrarekha, Komalangi and Alankar Valli were married to the brahmin amidst great pomp. The King presented the brahmin with plenty of riches and robes and sent him home with his quartet of brides.

[To be continued]

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

GITA VIDYALAYA

The following are the results of the Gita Examination held in July 55:

Gita Vid Examinations

II Class. (in roder of merit) Nos. 3, 4, 1. (Bombay Centre); III Class. Nos. 2, 9, 11 (Bombay Centre); Passed in Part II only. Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 (Surat Centre).

Gita Pravesh

II Class (Bombay Centre). Nos. 20, 21, 23, 25, 29, 31, 32, 35, 42, 43, 45, 46, 48, 50, 53, 58, 61, 132, 151. Surat Centre. Nos. N 75. III Class Bombay Centre. Nos. 51, 191, 192, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200. Sandhier Centre Nos. 64, 65. Surat Centre. Nos. 71, 73. Part I only. Bombay Centre. Nos. 19, 26, 28, 30, 36, 39, 40, 41, 49, 102, 104, 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 116, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 124, 125, 126, 129, 131, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 146, 147, 149, 150, 154, 156, 157, 162, 163, 165. Sandhier Centre. Nos. 70. Surat Centre. Nos. 168, 172, 173, 175, 182, 183, 83. Part II only Bombay Centre. Nos. 144.

The next examination will be held in the 2nd week of December 1955, application forms for which should be submitted before 20th Nov. 1955.

GITA PRIZE CONTEST

The last date of submission of entries for Shrimati Tapiben Munshi Prize and Gold Medel competition, 1955 has been extended to 30th September, 1955. The subject for this year's essays is "Bhagavad Gita and Its Influence on Modern Life". For details of the competition please contact Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chaupatty Road, Bombay 7.

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Miscellaneous Insurance Fund ..	62,00,000

LIFE BUSINESS :

	Rupees
Written during the year ..	43,42,43,041
In Force at end of year	1,25,29,42,079



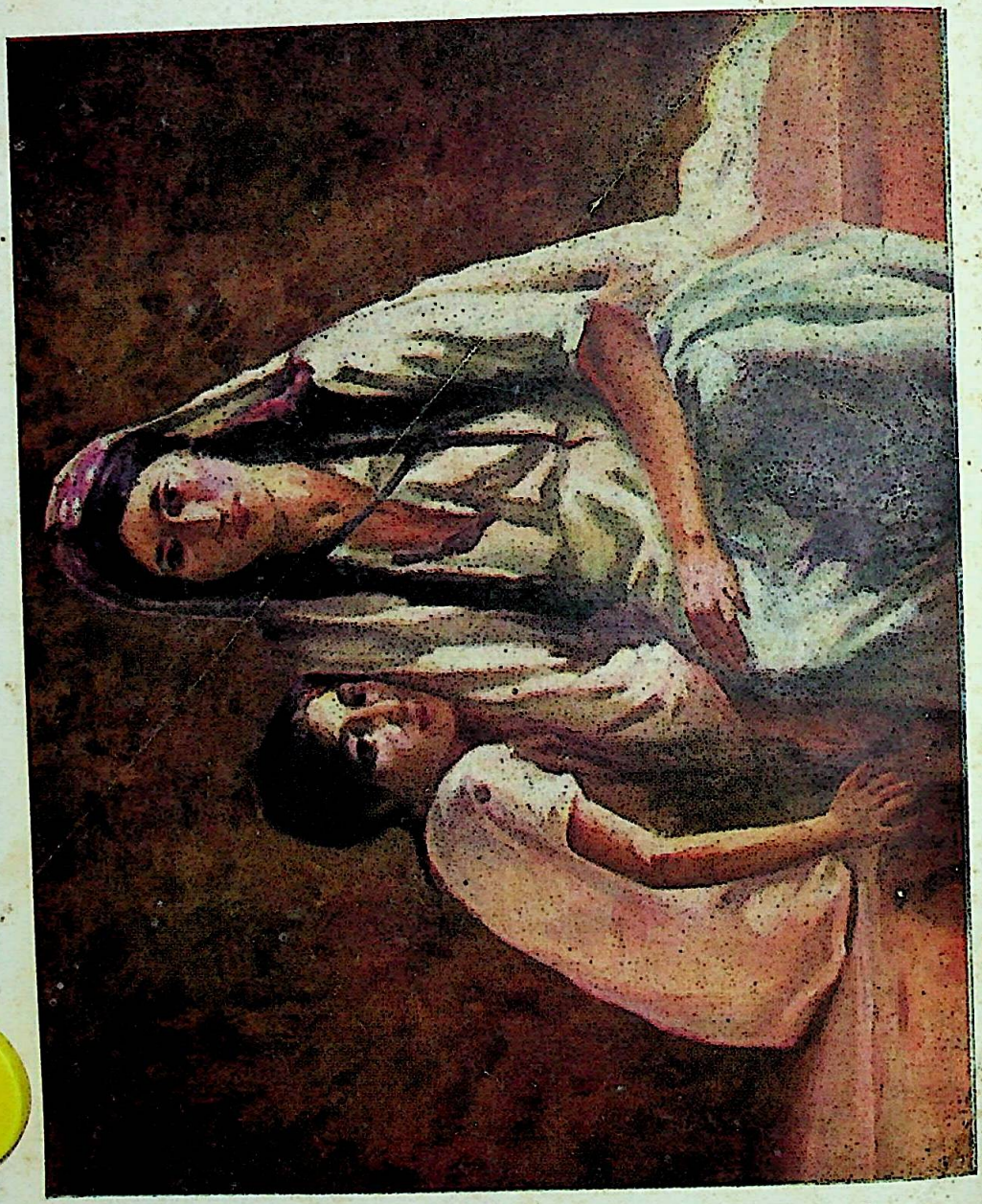
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SEPT. 25, 1955



अमृतं तु विद्या

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. II Fortnightly No. 4

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PRICE 4 ANNAS

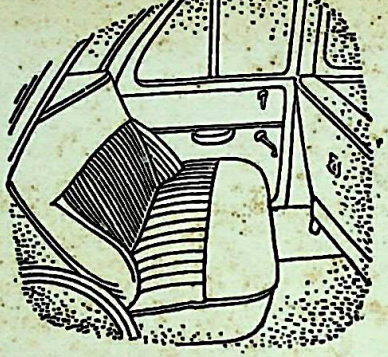
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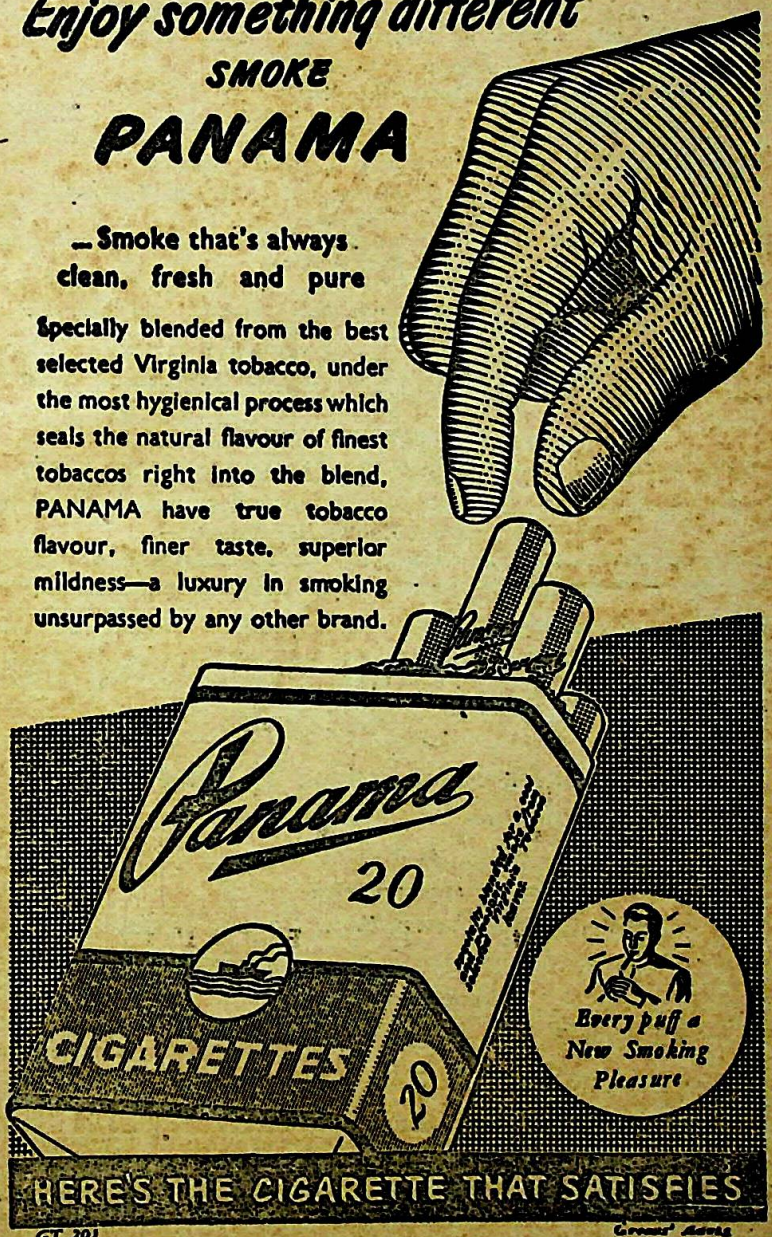
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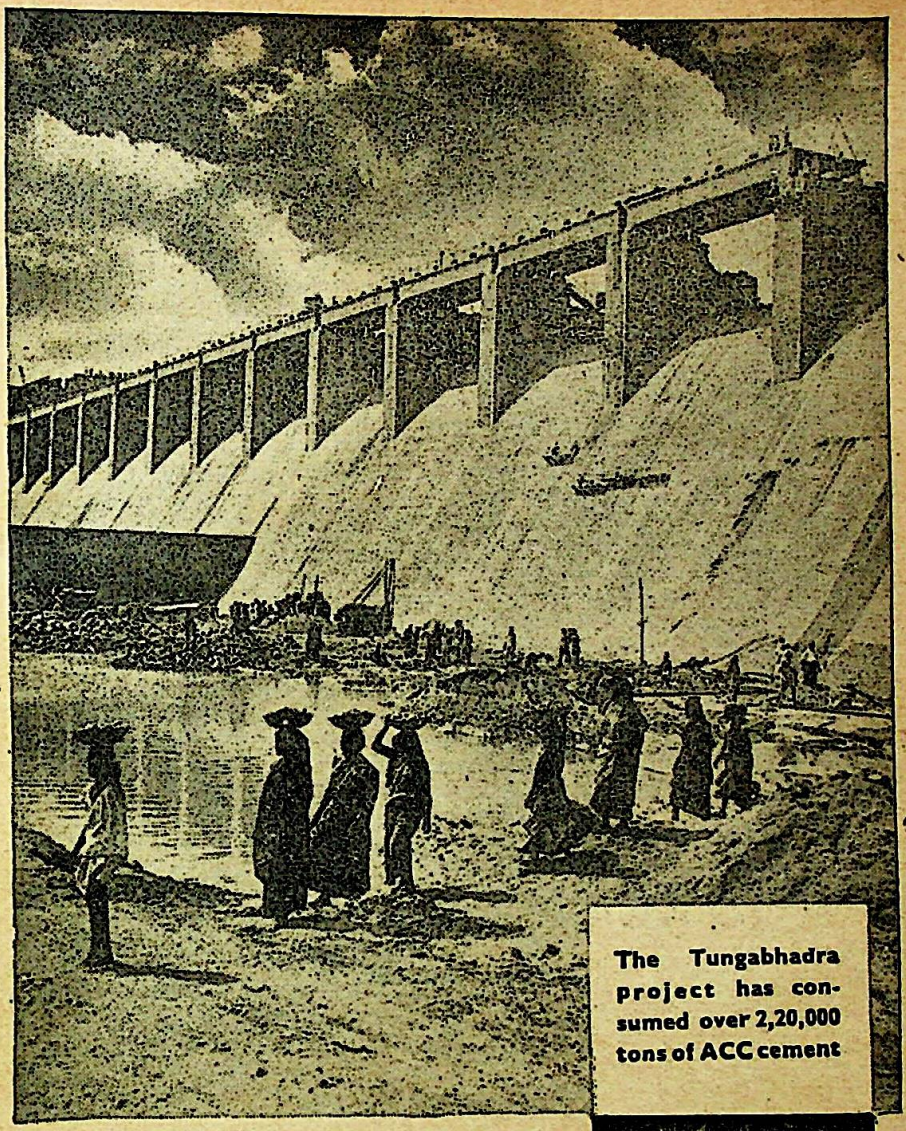
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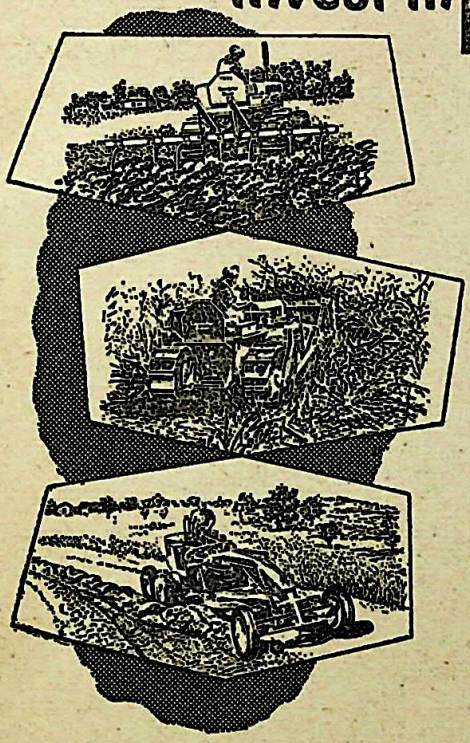
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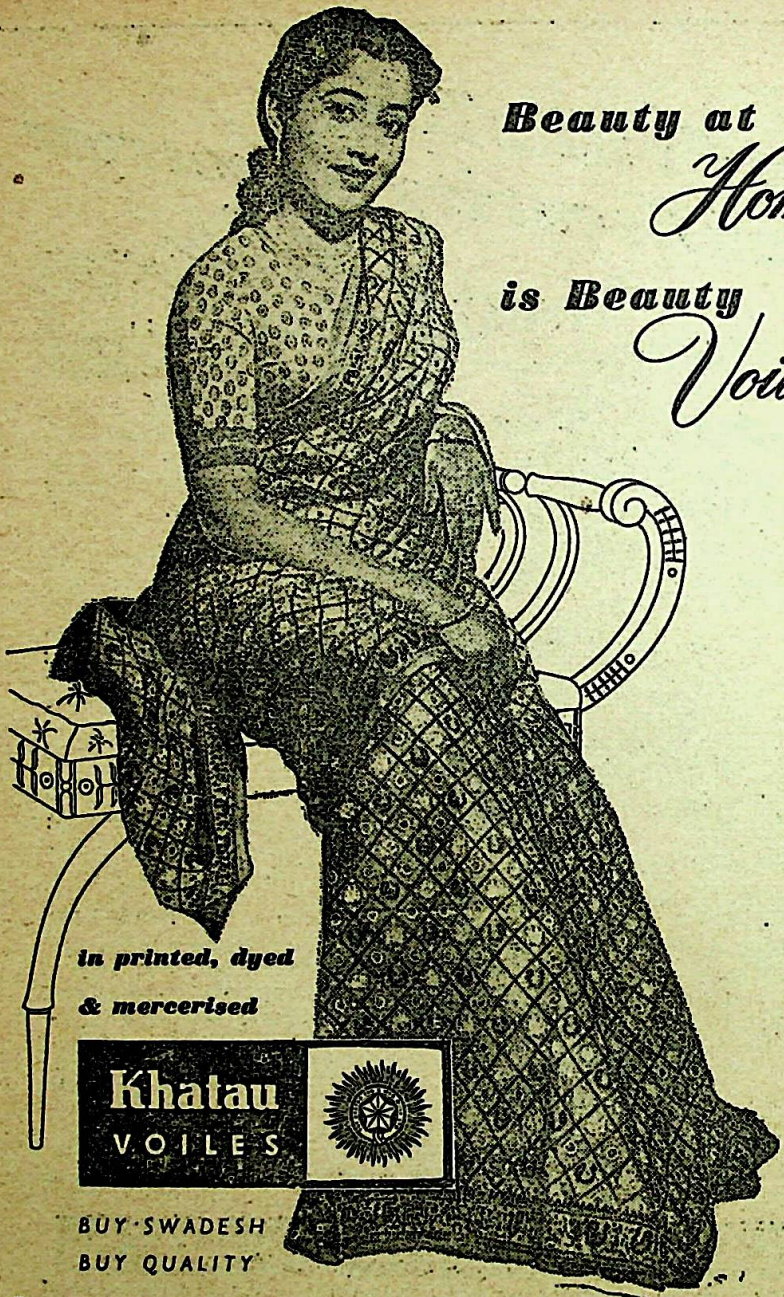
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 4] [SEPTEMBER 25, 1955

BRAHMACHARYA

पूर्वो जातो ब्रह्मणो ब्रह्मचारी घर्मं वसानस् तपसोदतिष्ठत्।
तस्माज् जातं ब्राह्मणं ब्रह्म ज्येष्ठं देवाश्च सर्वे अमृतेन साकम्॥

ब्रह्मचर्येण तपसा राजा राष्ट्रं वि रक्षति।
आचार्यो ब्रह्मचर्येण ब्रह्मचारिणम् इच्छेत्॥
ब्रह्मचर्येण कन्या युवानं विन्दते पतिम्।
ब्रह्मचर्येण तपसा देवा मृत्युं अपाघ्नत।
इन्द्रो ह ब्रह्मचर्येण देवेभ्य स्वर् आभरत्॥

The Brahmacharin (student of spiritual knowledge), born before Brahman, (spiritual knowledge), robed in libation, stood up through spiritual endeavour (tapas).

From him arose (i.e. he revealed) sacred wisdom, (the knowledge of) the highest Brahman and of all the Shining Ones with life that lasts for ever.

Through the spiritual effort (tapas) of **brahmacharya** the king protects his kingdom.

Through the spiritual effort of **brahmacharya** the teacher desires his pupil.

Through the spiritual effort of **brahmacharya** the girl receives a youthful husband.

By the spiritual effort of **brahmacharya** the Shining Ones drove away death from them;

And Indra by **brahmacharya** brought heavenly lustre to the Shining Ones.

—Atharva Veda.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 84

The Great Martyrdom

Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal.
SEPTEMBER 25, 1955

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON the morning of January 29, 1948, I reached Delhi and put up, as usual, at Birla House. Gandhiji and his entourage were the only guests at the House, the host himself being absent.

In the evening I went to report to Gandhiji as to what was happening in Hyderabad. He heard me patiently. Then Laik Ali, the then Prime Minister of the Nizam, arrived. I introduced him to Gandhiji and left. Our next business appointment was for 7 p.m. on the 30th, an appointment which I was not destined to keep.

☆

On the afternoon of the 30th I had long talks about the situation with the Sardar, whom I found in a very unhappy mood. He had been undergoing almost unbearable strain for days. For the first time in thirty years, differences had arisen between him and Gandhiji. Gandhiji had made distant references to them in his afternoon prayer speeches. Even the Sardar had hinted at them in a speech in Bombay.

Throughout the previous year, the Sardar had borne a very heavy load on his shoulders. He had taken great decisions which he had implemented with unique vigour. He had seen the wisdom of Partition and had accepted it. He had directed the work of several Ministries and had solved most of the complicated problems resulting from Partition. He had borne the brunt of the crisis created by the incoming refugees and by the weakening order in the country. With a swift and almost super-human statesmanship which was unknown in our history, he had consolidated India as never before; had converted the Indian Princes into loyal friends; and had performed the miracle of evolving

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a strong India out of the fragments which the British and Partition had left behind. He had also earned the unstinted loyalty of a civil service which was new alike to the Congress leaders and to the problems of the post-freedom era.

In addition, he had guided the work of the Chief Ministers in all the States, had helped to establish stability in the country and had run the huge Congress organisation which was now denied the direct guidance of Gandhiji. All this burden he had borne with outstanding courage, but these differences were becoming too heavy for him. If my impression is correct, he had either submitted, or was thinking of submitting, his resignation as a Minister.

When I left him at about 4 p.m., he had given me a hint as to how worried he was and that he was about to go straight to Gandhiji to clear up certain matters which had reached a critical stage.

☆

The Sardar did in fact go at once to Birla House and discussed with Gandhiji the sinister campaign that was being carried on against him. He was, they had said, the arch-Communalist. He was the wicked one, who was undoing all the great work of the Congress!

This kind of whispering campaign was not an unusual feature of Congress life in those days. By means of whispers and insinuations, circulated from mouth to mouth, a Congressman whom you did not approve of could easily be dubbed a 'Communalist'. When spoken with a certain accent, the word conveyed the sense which the Shastras conveyed by the word *'patit'* or fallen from his high estate; that was, he was a reactionary, a traitor to the Congress, which meant, to the country: Q.E.D.! Many a smaller man had been damned by such whispers. This time the target was very high indeed and Gandhiji was deeply concerned about it. He was anxious that nothing should divide the Sardar and Panditji, for in their unity lay the future of the country.

The talk between Gandhiji and the Sardar took longer than had been expected. Gandhiji, always so meticulous about time, was rather late for the prayers. He got up hurriedly and prepared himself. With his hands placed as usual on the shoulders of his grand-daughter-in-law Abha and his grand-daughter Manu, he proceeded, as was his wont, from the rear door of his room to the spot in the Birla House gardens where the prayers were held.

Suddenly, a man broke through the ranks of the people who were standing reverentially on either side with folded hands. He appeared to fall at Gandhiji's feet. One of the girls tried to prevent

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him from doing so, but the man pushed her aside. Gandhiji's prayer book and rosary, which were in her hands, fell to the ground and she stooped to pick them up.

The man faced Gandhiji, whipped out a pistol and fired three shots in quick succession. At the first, Gandhiji staggered. At the second, he collapsed. On his lips were the words he loved most: *'He Ram'*.

The gardener of Birla House tried to stop the assailant; others overpowered him. Two bullets passed through the abdomen and came out at the back; the third one remained lodged in the lungs.

Thus the mighty one fell.

★

From the Sardar's office I had gone to the States Ministry to meet V. P. Menon. It must have been at about 5-30 p.m. when, as I was coming down the staircase of the Secretariat, I met one of the chauffeurs from Birla House. He was climbing the stairs, two steps at a time.

"Come, Sir, come! Gandhiji has been killed", he cried. I thought he was mad.

We rushed to Birla House. When I reached Gandhiji's room, he was lying on his bed, with blood trickling from his side. The Sardar sat close by, with an arm round the shoulders of a sobbing Panditji. Abha and Manu were weeping hysterically; Maniben was reciting the *Bhagavad-Gita*. Dr. Jivraj had just finished examining Gandhiji. Pyarelal was sitting on one side of the bed regarding Gandhiji with anxious eyes. Further off, a little group sat huddled, tears running down their cheeks.

I sat down near the Sardar. The doctor who was examining Gandhiji got up. "No use", he said, and shook his head.

I was dazed. I could not think; it was all so unreal.

I had looked in for a few seconds in the morning to pay my respects before I left. Hale and hearty, he was writing something. He had smiled at me and had accepted my *namaskar* with the familiar wave of his hand.

Now, "no use!" I was dry-eyed. The emotion which moves the heart and brings tears was numb. The silence of the room was broken by sobs and chanting.

Congress leaders, ministers and others began to arrive. No member of the Birla family was there at the time, so I collected the servants, had the compound gate closed against the gathering crowd and requested various friends to stand there to let in persons of importance. The police had arrived meanwhile and taken charge.

The first impact of the event was terrible. We had been told that the assailant was a Muslim and this opened up a ghastly pros-

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pect. The next day rivers of blood would flow in both India and Pakistan. Then, on inquiry, I was assured by the Birla House gardener, who claimed to have caught the assailant, that the murderer was a Hindu.

My memory went back to a conversation which Bapu had had with some of us months before.

Someone had said, "a Muslim will kill you some day, Bapu".

"No Muslim will ever kill me", he said. "If I am murdered, it will be by the hand of a Hindu." His perspicacity was almost prophetic.



A little later, some of us met in the Library. I remember only Lord Mountbatten, Panditji, the Sardar, Maulana Saheb, Gadgil, Jivraj, besides myself as being present; but there were several others also.

"We must arrange for his lying-in-state for a few days", suggested Lord Mountbatten. "People could then come from all parts of the country to offer him their last homage."

Some of us demurred. "Hindu sentiment throughout the country would be offended", I said. "It would be considered sacrilegious."

Someone—it may have been Gadgil—said, "If death has taken place after sunset, we can keep the dead body in the house no longer than noon of the next day".

In the meantime Pyarelal came in. "Bapu told me definitely that after his death, he was to be cremated according to the Hindu rites", he said. That clinched the matter. The funeral was fixed for the next morning.

H. M. Patel, a military officer, and I went to select the spot where cremation should take place. We selected the Rajghat as it could accommodate a future monument, and that is where Gandhiji's *samadhi* stands at present.

I returned to Birla House at two in the morning. I could not close my eyes: I was too stunned. I went and sat for some time in the room where Gandhiji lay.

The whole night long crowds were collecting outside. I found their shouts annoying. Surely they could feel the gravity, if not the solemnity, of the occasion. From early morning, crowds kept arriving. They roamed through the house and pressed towards Gandhiji's room to have his last *darshan*. I posted volunteers to regulate the crowds, formed a queue of visitors to the room in which the body was lying, and had the remaining rooms locked up. I had to be, in Campbell Johnson's words, 'a self-appointed organiser'. The crowds outside the house were insisting on having a *darshan* of Gandhiji and in the end we took the body upstairs and placed it on the balcony. It was a frantic multitude of crying women, hyste-

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ric children, sobbing men and curious *darshan-wallas*.

At last we placed the body on a gun-carriage and covered it with the national flag. Gandhiji's face was serene. His eyes appeared closed as if in prayer. The Sardar and Gandhiji's son, Devadas, sat near the body, with Sardar Baldeo Singh in front. The girls stood by the side. The carriage moved on. We had arranged for the maintenance of order on the roads, but pressing, and ever more pressing crowds made it impossible to maintain it.

The carriage moved on through the Kingsway of Imperial Delhi with the military pomp of an Emperor's funeral. At the same time, the spontaneous grief of vast crowds made it what in fact it was —the saviour's last journey. The greatest living man had walked out of life in a way few had done before him.

Sri Krishna had died full of age and divine honours, but by the arrow of an obscure hunter. Socrates had died of poison, the victim of the hatred of his own people. Jesus had died on the cross crucified by the venom of his own people.

Gandhiji died at the hands of one of his own people, whom he had led from darkness unto light. He died at the height of his popularity and power and while enjoying the spiritual leadership not only of India, but of the whole world. He died in a manner which befitted a spiritual leader of all time, while going to prayers, with the name of God on his lips.

As he lived, so he died—with majesty and grace—and the undying halo of a martyr was about him.



By that evening, when the funeral was over, I had recovered from the stunning effect of the blow. I felt alone, terrifically alone, almost desolate. For a moment I felt crushed. There was no one left to whose guidance and abiding affection I could look.

Panditji and the Sardar also suddenly awoke to a new responsibility. They could not forsake the people who looked to them both for guidance.

In death, Gandhiji had worked a miracle, even as he had done so many times in life.

Yours sincerely,



The generations to come will scarce believe that such a one as this ever walked upon this earth.

—Albert Einstein.

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Krishna-Bhakti

Sri Chaitanya

A brief summary of the famous dialogue between Sri Chaitanya and his gifted 'chela', Ramananda Ray is given below as it portrays Sri Chaitanya's philosophy in a nutshell.

Q: Which knowledge is the highest of all?

A: There is no knowledge but devotion to Krishna.

Q: What is the highest glory in all types of glory?

A: Being reputed to be Krishna's devotee.

Q: What is counted wealth among human possessions?

A: He is immensely wealthy who has love for Radhakrishna.

Q: What is the heaviest of all sorrows?

A: There is no sorrow except separation from Krishna.

Q: Who is considered liberated among those who are liberated?

A: He is the foremost of the liberated who practises devotion to Krishna.

Q: Among songs what song is natural to creatures?

A: It is the song whose heart is the love-sports of Radhakrishna.

Q: What is the highest good of all creatures?

A: There is none except the society of those who are devoted to Krishna.

Q: Whom do creatures incessantly remember?

A: The chief things to be remembered are Krishna's name, qualities and sports.

Q: Among objects of meditation which should creatures meditate on?

A: The supreme meditation is on the lotus-feet of Radhakrishna.

Q: Where should creatures live leaving all behind?

A: It is the glorious land of Brindaban, where the *ras-lila* is eternal.

Q: What is the best of things to be heard by creatures?

A: The Radha-Krishna love-sports are delight to the ear.

Q: What is chief among the objects of worship?

A: The name of the most adorable couple, Radha-Krishna.

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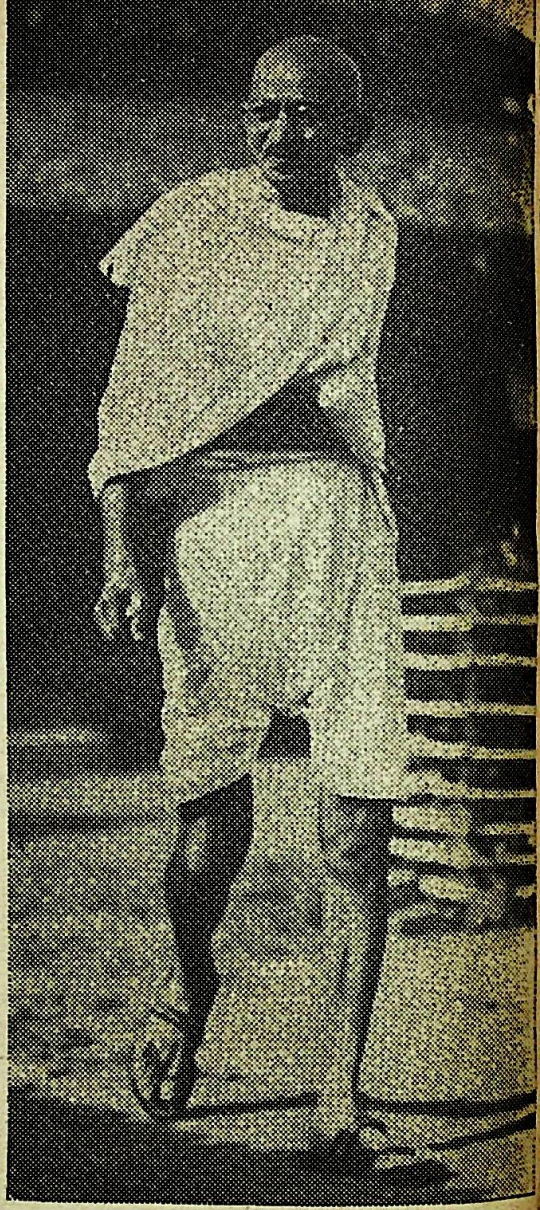
Mahatma Gandhi

TRUTH IS GOD

TRUTH is God. Denial of God we have known. Denial of truth we have not known. The most ignorant among mankind has some truth in them. We are all sparks of truth. The sum total of these sparks is indescribable, as-yet-Unknown Truth, which is God. He is the atheism of the atheist.

Truth is God—nothing else, nothing less. The nearest word answering to truth in Sanskrit is *sat*. *Sat* means being. He alone is, nothing and no one else is. Everything else is illusion. *Satya* means *sat*. Truth alone in the world, nothing else is. This is easy enough to understand. Then what is truth? For us it is a relative term. Absolute Truth is God. Whatever we understand by God is implied in Truth.

Are there any other characteristics of Truth? It alone really sustains us. For a time many other things may sustain us, but truth alone sustains us for all time. Truth gives perennial joy. In Sanskrit we have the word *sat, chit, ananda*. It is a fine combination. The three together make one word. Truth is knowledge also. It is life. You feel vitality in you when you have got truth in you. Again, it gives bliss. It is a permanent thing of which you cannot be robbed. You may be sent to the gallows or put to torture, but if you have truth in you, you will experience an inner joy.



[Courtesy: Navajivan Trust.]

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Gandhiji, the Ganga

Rajendra Prasad

LEGEND has it that Bhagiratha by his devotion and penance was able to induce the holy river Ganga (Ganges) to descend from the dim dizzy perpetually snowclad heavenly heights of the Himalayas to the plains to revive and give new life to his countless ancestors, who under a curse had been reduced to ashes.

Ever since then the Ganga has represented to the Hindu mind the threefold attributes of the Almighty. With her sweet murmuring music she is the mother—the Creator; with her fertilising silt she is the giver of plenty—the Great Protector; and in her angry irresistible moods during periods of devastating floods she is the Great Destroyer. With this background, no wonder she is the sacred river *par excellence* of the Hindus—indeed of all, if only they appreciate her value and virtues.

Millennium upon millennium has passed in our long history and she has maintained that position in our lives and thoughts. Man has attempted to derive material benefit and prosperity and spiritual virtue and solace as well from her beneficent and sacred waters. Men and women have assembled in their millions on her banks extending over nearly 2,000 miles to have a mouthful of her sweet and healthy water, and a dip in her refreshing flow. Towns and cities, centres of trade and commerce, and, above all, homes of sacred knowledge and secular learning have grown and flourished on her banks all along her long course.



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And not only the main stream but also her numerous tributaries, big and small, have in some measure given the same benefits to mankind and shared in her glory.

In modern times Engineers born in this country as also those coming from strange and distant lands, have used their knowledge and skill—*gyana* and *karma*—to spread far and wide, to places not reached before, her beneficent waters through numerous canals and distributaries to fertilise numberless acres to yield material food.

I have sometimes felt that Mahatma Gandhi is a modern replica in human form of the sacred Ganga. Deriving from heavenly heights like our seers and prophets, *rishis* and *munis*, of yore, he has delivered his life-giving message, not only helping us in our material well-being by showing us the way to political independence, social justice and economic prosperity, but also to catch a glimpse of the moral and spiritual heights and to climb at least a few steps in the long and arduous course leading to those heights.

The Ganga gives spiritual solace only to those who perform the purposeful journey to her banks and material prosperity only to those who have the knowledge and skill to utilise her waters—and all this to each according to his deserts and capacity. Even so will Mahatma Gandhi's message of Love and Truth, Ahimsa and Satya, bear fruit only for those who will follow his straight and narrow path and regulate their lives according to his strict and strenuous regimen, and give ultimate material prosperity only to those who order and fashion their affair in conformity with his policy and programme.

As in the case of the Ganga every individual can draw from the perpetually flowing stream only according to the size of his container—buckets, jars, tumblers or tiny minim glasses,—even so can men derive much or little or no benefit and solace from Gandhiji's teachings.

There are perhaps in existence today, and will arise in future, in this country and in distant lands apostles who, imbibing the teachings of the Master, will also be able to canalise and spread to corners far and wide his life-giving message, even as the Engineers, Indian and foreign, have contributed to making and multiplying the benefits and bounties of the holy and fertilising waters of the Ganga.

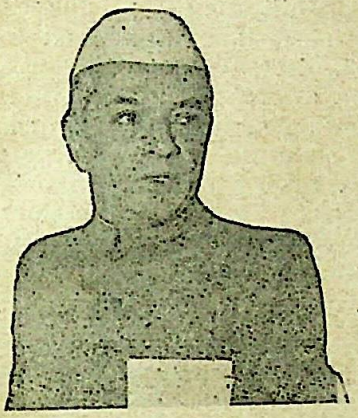
The world is in sore need of this Ganga—the message of Mahatma Gandhi—and it is the duty of every one, however humble, to help its spread according to his capacity.

[From: *At the Feet of Mahatma Gandhi.*]

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G. L. Mehta

Legacy of Mahatma Gandhi



Sri G. L. Mehta

ON one respect, Gandhiji's mission was accomplished with the achievement of Indian independence. For nearly 30 years he was the indisputable leader of India's national movement and he lived to see the attainment of self-rule for which he strove and suffered. When, therefore, on August, 15, 1947, power was transferred peacefully and with mutual goodwill from British to Indian hands, Gandhiji's task was, in this sphere, completed.

But while Gandhiji laid the cornerstone of Indian independence, he did not live to see its coping stone. He was not there when the constitution of India was finally adopted on January 26, 1950. This constitution embodies many of his cherished principles.

Gandhiji believed fervently in the ideal of a secular state in a fundamental, human sense. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that it was because of his uncompromising stand for human brotherhood that he lost his life. For he was in a true sense, his brother's keeper. And the efforts which Indian leaders are making today to build up a truly secular state give expression to Gandhiji's innermost conviction.

If today the law in India recognizes no such beings as "untouchables"; if there are ministers and parliamentary secretaries, members of Parliament and legislative assemblies in the states who belong backward communities; if numerous temples have been thrown open to them, and measures have been taken not only for their uplift but for penalizing discrimination in any shape or form—that is no small tribute to the heroic and often lonely battle that Gandhiji waged on their behalf. In the complete eradication of "untouch-

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ability" and the breaking of caste fetters, Gandhiji's lifelong work sustains administrators and workers alike.

Article 47, of the Indian Constitution which is a directive principle of state policy, lays down that the state shall endeavour to bring about prohibition of the consumption, except for medicinal purposes, of intoxicating drinks and drugs which are injurious to health.

Four states in India have enforced complete prohibition while several others have adopted various restrictive measures. Even those who are opposed to prohibition believe that widespread and sustained efforts are necessary to eliminate alcoholism. In any event the introduction and enforcement of prohibition by the state is in pursuance of Gandhiji's wishes.

Gandhiji believed in revival of rural industries, especially hand-spinning. The present government has an active programme of organizing and assisting village industries, and large funds have been earmarked for this purpose. Special efforts are also being made to encourage *khadi* through loans and subsidies. Certain categories of cloth are reserved for production by hand-looms, which still give employment to nearly two million people all over India.

In fact, the programme of community development was inaugurated on October 2, 1952, Gandhiji's birthday, because the objectives of this programme were nearest to his heart—the revival of 560,000 villages of India. The Second Five-Year Plan, which is now in the process of formulation, recognizes the village as the center of national development.

Gandhiji was not an educationist any more than he was an economist. But, like all great men, he endeavoured to view life as a whole. And deeply human as was his approach, he was concerned with raising the stature of the mass of people. He therefore addressed himself in his later years to problems of education.

Gandhiji felt that dignity of labour was not adequately recognized in India's educational system. He believed that teaching had to be intimately related to living. His ideas of "learning by doing" and of centering education round a craft find expression in schemes of "basic education" which are being adopted by several educational authorities in India.

There is Vinoba Bhave, the man who leads the movement of voluntary land gift *(Bhoodan)* and who with persuasion and appeal to a better self has been able to obtain more than three million acres of land from the landlords for redistribution among the tillers of the soil. There is little doubt that but for Gandhiji's teachings and influence, neither would Vinoba Bhave have wand-

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ered round the country, nor would the landlords have listened to him.

Finally, the contribution that India has made during the last seven years to the cause of international co-operation and world peace is in no small measure due to Gandhiji. If Buddha personified India's tradition of peace in ancient days, Gandhiji symbolized it during the first half of this century.

He sincerely believed that India's freedom was not worth having if it was won with violence and racial strife. His conception of non-violence involved a rejection of the gospel of force as the basis of international life. To appreciate fully India's attitude in world affairs, it is imperative to remember that India's national leadership deliberately chose the method of peace in her struggle for independence.

The fact that despite differences of approach and methods, India was selected by both sides for onerous responsibility in the Korean armistice and for the settlement in Indo-China showed that there was confidence in the integrity and impartiality of her representatives. That India's policy has been fruitful is evidenced by her association with the Commonwealth of Nations and, more recently, by the peaceful transfer of French possessions in India to Indian sovereignty.

There is no doubt that in this emphasis on peaceful ways for resolving conflicts, national and international, Gandhiji has left a legacy which is invaluable in this nuclear age.

I cannot too much impress upon you that labour is the condition which God has imposed upon us in every station of life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his languor.

As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is indeed this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows. But no man can be deprived, whether by accident or by misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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Harekrushna Mahtab

What Is Progress ?

TO me progress means one's capacity to be useful and helpful to others. The more one can be helpful to others, the more progress will one be considered to be making in life.

Wealth is a powerful attraction in life but I think it retards the progress if it becomes one's chief concern. Power is another attraction which drives a man mad. But by itself it retards the progress in-as-much-as it has a tendency to deprive one of one's usefulness. Wealth and power, if they are considered only as means to the end of one's being helpful to others, are an immense help for the progress of life. But the two are such dangerous friends that unless they are kept under effective control, they may take possession of the man and make use of him for their ends.

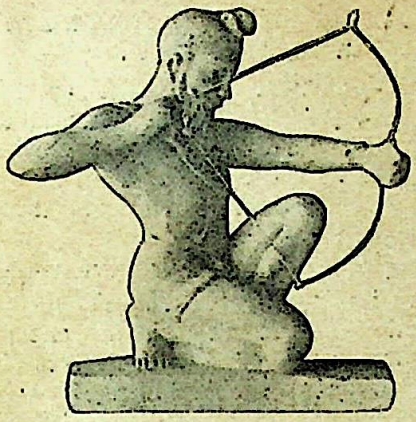
If at any particular moment I am asked to try to measure one's progress I would immediately recount in what way one has been helpful to others in whatever position of life one has been. Helpfulness is the yard-stick of progress in life. There is so much misery and so much need for help in the world, that any help that an individual may be able to render is an infinitesimal part of a drop in the ocean. But it gives the satisfaction which no material possession can possibly give. This is my conception of progress which is towards the destination of mutual help and sympathy so that there may not be any conflict and any sorrow.

Should one be satisfied with small and insignificant help that one may be able to render to the Society? No, one should have the ambition to acquire more and more capacity and opportunity to be helpful to others. That is the ambition one should like to revel in for there is progress in it. If at the end, one finds that one has done no harm to anybody and has tried to help as many as one could, one should be satisfied that one has made definite progress in this life.

Progress is not a relative term as it sometimes appears to be. The progress of an individual or of a country is to be judged not in relation to another individual or another country, but in relation to oneself as the social needs are

(Continued on page 24)

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The motif of Drona at the entrance of the Defence Academy building at Kadakvasla.

DRONA

N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

DRONA was the professor of archery in the Kaurava court He taught the royal princes the use of the bow and the arrow. Though he was in the service of the Kauravas, all his sympathies were with the righteous Pandavas.

In the Great War, he assumed command of the troops after Bhishma's death and waged a terrific battle in which the Pandava forces were decimated. Ultimately, he laid down his arms and was killed as the result of a stratagem played by Krishna who got Bhima and Yudhishtra to proclaim that Aswathama was dead, ostensibly a reference to his son but really meaning a war-elephant of that name.

It is not of this Drona that I propose to write in this article, but of a flower called Drona. I do not know where this story is found but I heard it narrated by the late pontiff of Sringeri, Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati.

Drona was a sage. He performed intensive *tapas* to propitiate Lord Siva. The Lord, accompanied by his consort Sri Parvati and riding his mighty bull Nandi, appeared before him much sooner than expected. The sage was dumbstruck for a moment at the sight and his trepidation was great. The Lord asked him what boon he wanted. In the hurry and confusion he said that all that he desired was that his feet should be on His head!

Siva said "So be it" and disappeared.

Sri Parvati questioned her husband about the strange boon and the readiness with which it was granted. Siva smiled and took no further notice of the affair.

Meanwhile, the disciples of Drona pointed out to him that he asked Siva the exact converse of what he wanted!

Drona felt ashamed and sorry at his mistake which was due to agitation and excitement.

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He again performed penance and once again Siva appeared before him as before. Drona expressed regret for the mistake and begged for pardon.

Siva assured him that there was no need for him to do so, for in the next birth he would be born as a flower with two tentacles attached to the stem resembling two human feet and that the worship of Him with such a flower would be most acceptable to Him.

Drona was satisfied and in accordance with the Lord's prediction he was born as a small flower of snow-white purity with two antennae extending out from a small stem in an acute angle.

This flower is known as the Drona *pushpa* and is regarded as a favourite flower of Lord Siva and is as acceptable to Him as the sacred *tri-dala* bilva, or three petalled *bel.*

It is not fragrant but is lovely in its unblemished and milky whiteness. A garland of one or more rows of these flowers is offered by worshippers to Siva in the famous temple at Sri Kalahasti in the Chitoor district and it is considered that the Lord is thereby best propitiated.

WHAT IS PROGRESS—*Contd.*

fulfilled. It may be that a country may have a few wealthy and powerful persons while the rest may be poor and helpless. Statistically, that country may be shown to be possessing more wealth. But the country cannot be said to have made as much progress as another country where the total wealth may be less but the society as a whole partakes of it in a just and equitable manner. The real test of the progress is the spirit of accommodation and helpfulness in all spheres of life.

To feel one with the universe is the highest philosophy and that is the goal towards which the progress is to be measured. May the knowledge of the goal be so ingrained in our life, that all our actions may be conducted accordingly so that the progress may be steady and rapid.

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Immortal India—28 **J. H. Dave**

NADIA OR NAVADVIPA

युगायितं निमेषेण चक्षुषा प्रावृषायितम्।
शून्यायितं जगत् सर्वं गोविन्दविरहेण मे॥

—Shri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu's *Sikshashtaka.*

"In the separation of Govinda, every second is equal to one long yuga, *the rainy Season has entered my eyes and the whole universe has become vacant for me".*

NADIA or Navadvipa is a small town in the Nadia District of Bengal. It is situated in 23°—24° N and 88°—33° E. on the west bank of the Bhagirathi or Ganges river and was the ancient capital of the Nadia District. It is on the delta of Ganga and is called the new island or Navadvipa. Near the modern town of Nadia are pointed out ruins of ancient buildings and structures which were the resort of the ancient Pala Kings of Bengal. The Sena Kings of Bengal transferred their capital from Gaur to Nadia. Maharaja Lakshmana Sena of Gauda was very much fascinated by this place on account of its being situated on the sacred banks of river Bhagirathi and constructed his palace there, the ruins of which are still extant. This Lakshmana Sena constructed a tank here called Ballala Dighi in memory of his celebrated father Ballala Sena.

Ballala Sena was himself the author of several works on Dharmashastra—Achara Sagara, Pratishtha Sagara, Dana Sagara and Adbhuta Sagara. The last of the works was left unfinished by him and it was completed by his son Lakshmana Sena.

The Court of this Lakshmana Sena was adorned by famous men —the celebrated jurist Halayudha, the author of *Brahmana Sarvasva* and other works; Jayadeva of Birbhum, the famous author of *Gita Govinda;* Dhayi, the author of *Pavanaduta;* poet Umapati and others.

The last King Lakshmania was forced by Muslims to go away to Vikramapura and from 1198 A.D. Bengal came in their hands till it came to the British after the Battle of Plassey in 1757 A.D. But during this Mahomedan rule, Nadia became a very great centre and a University of Sanskrit learning. After Buddhism had gone from Bengal, Nadia developed the biggest University in Bengal and the east of Logic, Philosophy,

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Theism and all types of Sanskrit learning of the orthodox kind.

The famous Buddhist University of Vikramasila in Behar founded by Dharma Pala in the 8th century A.D. is said to have been destroyed by Bakhtiar Khilji in about 1203 A.D. The other famous University of Behar was the Brahmanical University of Mithila. By about the 14th century, the University of Nadia grew with such leaps and bounds that it began to attract students from all over India, particularly for Navya Nyaya and it outgrew the University of Mithila which in the beginning was the source of inspiration for the scholars of Nadia.

The Mithila school flourished with such eminent logicians as Gangesa, Vardhamana and Pakshadhara. *Tattva-Chintamani* of Gangesa of Mithila of the 12th century A.D. is the first work of the Modern School of Hindu Logic. This *Tattva-Chintamani* became so popular that on this work of 300 pages, Mm. Dr. Vidyabhushan observes that there are over ten lacs of pages of commentaries and sub-commentaries. Vasudeva Sarvabhauma of Nadia (15th century A.D.) went to Mithila and studied logic under Pakshadhara, the leading logician there. On account of his proficiency, Vasudeva was given the title of Sarvabhauma. He committed to memory the whole of *Tattva-Chintamani* and *Kusumanjali* and secretly left for Banaras where he learnt Vedanta. Coming down to Nadia, he started in Nadia the first big academy of logic. Numerous students came to him from various parts of the country. Several of his students became extremely distinguished. Raghunatha Siromani became the greatest authority for Navya Nyaya. Shri Chaitanya became the founder of Vaishnavism in Bengal. Raghunandana became the famous jurist.

Raghunatha was born in Nadia of poor parents. Once he was asked by his mother to fetch some fire for domestic purposes. This boy of five went to fetch it without any vessel. A burning charcoal was offered to him in his hands as he had no vessel but this clever boy immediately picked up a handful of sand and received the burning charcoal on that sand. Vasudeva saw this and being impressed by his intelligence took him under his special care. This Raghunatha studied with great industry under Vasudeva at Nadia and then went to Mithila to complete his education under the veteran scholar Pakshadhara. A legend says that this clever pupil had once a dispute with his teacher Pakshadhara in a debate where the teacher greatly insulted the pupil. The young pupil desired to take vengeance on the teacher with an open sword at night. He entered the teacher's house where the teacher with his wife was appreciating the cool moonlight. Before completing the heinous purpose, the pupil desired to hear the conversation of

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his teacher. The latter, to the great surprise of the pupil, was describing in detail the incident of the debate and giving fulsome compliments and praise to his pupil. Raghunatha was overcome with shame, the sword fell down from his hand and he straightway went to his teacher and caught his feet, seeking his pardon. The gracious teacher pardoned him and on the next day he announced in the open meeting that his pupil was greater than him in learning. Raghunatha then came to Nadia and developed the academy of logic established by his old teacher Vasudeva. Raghunatha was blind by one eye. In his days Nadia acquired the character of a University. He died at the age of 70 in 1547 A.D. He is the author of the great book *Tattva-Chintamani-didhiti* which is a commentary on the work of Gangesa. He is also the author of nine other works.

After Raghunatha Siromani, a number of distinguished logicians have occupied the chair of logic in Nadia. They not only wrote learned treatises but were keen on developing proficiency in the Sastrartha or debates.

Apart from Logic, Dharmashastra was also developed in the University of Nadia. Tradition says that the famous jurist Raghunandana was the pupil of Vasudeva and a co-student of Chaitanya. This Raghunandana became the great and famous writer of Bengal on Dharma-Shastra and even now his



Image of Sri Gauranga from Mahaprabhu's Bari at Navadvipa.

authority on law is universally accepted in Bengal as next only to that of Jimutavahana. Raghunandana is known as Smarta Bhattacharya and is the author of the encyclopaedic work *Smriti-tattva* in 28 parts. He is also described as the author of several other works, including a commentary on the *Dayabhaga* of Jimutavahana. His works are full of erudition. He established a chair of Dharma-Shastra at Nadia and after him there flourished numerous scholars who became his successors.

Another distinguished pupil of Vasudeva at Nadia was Krishnananda Agama-Vagisa. He became

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the great scholar and expounder of the Tantric literature and under him the Tantric school developed extensively in Bengal.

In the days of Chaitanya, Nadia was thus a celebrated centre of learning. There were more than 50 *tols* or Pathasalas where students from distant parts of India used to come to distinguished teachers. Vasudeva Sarvabhauma had his band of pupils—Chaitanya, Raghunatha, Raghunandana, Krishnananda, Murari Gupta—each one of them became distinguished; along with Vasudeva, there were other scholars like Ramachandra Sarvabhauma, Vidya Vagisa, Mahesvara, Nilambara Chakravarti, Advaitacharya, Gangadasa and others.

Vishnavism flourished in Bengal and Orissa since the 10th century A.D. The temple of Ananta Vasudeva at Bhuvaneshwara is assigned to the 10th century and the present temple of Jagannath at Puri to the 12th century. Jayadeva, the famous author of *Gita Govinda* flourished in the 12th century. Vaishnavism of Chandidasa (14th century) and Vidyapati (15th century) is coloured by the Vamachara Saktaism. Chronologically, Chaitanya followed Nimbarka and Vallabha and many consider him to be the junior contemporary of Vallabha. When Vallabhacharya was teaching the Pushti Bhakti based on love and as inspired from Bhagavata, Chaitanya was illustrating in Bengal and Orissa this Bhakti based on love with his own experiences and divine ecstasies. As a matter of fact Chaitanya has not left behind him any work dealing with his own philosophy. He only showed how deep the Bhakti could be by his own illustrious example and by his Kirtanas. The descriptions of his state of ecstasy, and the various extraordinary and supernatural incidents that are said to have taken place during his life moved his contemporaries and he came to be treated as a divine individual even in his own life time. Numerous books about him were written in Sanskrit, Bengali, Oriya and Assamese. Murari Gupta wrote his *Karcha* in 1514 A.D. Vrindavanadasa wrote *Chaitanya Bhagavata* shortly after Chaitanya's death. This work is regarded as a great authority for the early life of Chaitanya. Lochanadas wrote *Chaitanya-Mangala* in 1537 A.D. Krishnadasa Kaviraja wrote *Chaitanya Charitamrita* in 1582 A.D. This last-mentioned work is the most philosophical and interesting and also a very trustworthy biographical document. Krishnadas was born 11 years after the birth of Chaitanya and was the pupil of Raghunathadas who was a direct disciple of Chaitanya. This work was written at his ripe age of 86 at Brindaban after a labour of nine years. This work is looked upon as an authoritative scripture and with extreme veneration in the Chaitanya Sampradaya.

Chaitanya was born in Nadia or Navadvipa when Bhakti was on its

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ebb and Vamachara Shakta practices were in great vogue.

Chaitanya's father Jagannatha Misra or Purandara had originally come from Sylhet and had settled down in Nadia, with a desire to reside on the bank of Bhagirathi. He was married to Sachidevi, the daughter of Nilambara Chakravarti. She gave birth to eight daughters, one after the other, but none of them survived. She then gave birth to a son who was named Visvarupa. Ten years after the birth of this son she gave birth to another son on the full-moon day of Falguna of the Saka Year 1407, 18th February 1486 A.D. when there was an eclipse of the moon and the whole town was singing on the occasion of that eclipse "Hari Bol, Hari Bol". This second son was given the pet name of Nimai and his real name was Visvambhara. After taking Sanyasa, Nimai became famous as Chaitanya.

The parents of Chaitanya were Vaishnavas. Their first son Visvarupa became an ascetic and went out of the house. Nimai was the only son left to the parents. At the age of eight he was given the sacred thread. This handsome boy was the pet of the whole town and was known as Gauranga. Chaitanya was placed in the *tol* or Pathasala of Pandit Gangadasa. When he attained the age of 15, he was considered as a leading scholar of logic, grammar and other sastras. When he was nine, he had lost his father and he became the sole hope of his widowed mother, Sachidevi, particularly after his elder brother Visvambhara had become an ascetic. His mother, therefore, got him married at the age of 16 with Lakshmi, the daughter of Vallabhacharya of Navadvipa. After this marriage Chaitanya started his independent *tol* and acquired reputation as a teacher. When he went out on a tour of Bengal, his wife Lakshmi died of a serpent-bite. Chaitanya was thereafter married to Vishnupriya, the daughter of Sanatana Misra. After this marriage, he went on a pilgrimage of Gaya where he met Isvarapuri.

This Isvarapuri was of the Madhva Sampradaya and the pupil of Madhavendrapuri. Chaitanya took his Diksha and the Gopala Mantra from this Isvarapuri. This brought about a complete change in Chaitanya. From a learned Pandit he became an intense and humble devotee of Krishna. He started preaching nothing but Krishna-Bhakti. He studied names of Krishna, imagined himself as Krishna, had Krishna's Kirtanas, and started having periods of ecstasy. Srivatsa, Murari Gupta, Mukund Datta and others used to be with him in his Kirtanas. In Santipura, there was Advaitananda who was a great Vaishnava and very much senior to Chaitanya in age. He preached Bhakti and was awaiting for the Avatara of Krishna to take place. He came in

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touch with Chaitanya. Similarly, Nityananda, an Avadhuta or ascetic joined Chaitanya in Nadia. In a short time Chaitanya came to be recognised even in his own life time as an Avatara of Lord Krishna. He came to be known as the unison of Radha and Krishna, and as Mahaprabhu Shri Krishna Chaitanya Deva.

राधाभावद्युतिसुवलितं नौमि कृष्णस्वरूपम्।

He and his group spent days and nights in dancing and singing. He and Nityananda converted to Vaishnavism two drunkards, Jagai and Madhai. A Muslim officer prohibited these Kirtans but Chaitanya on the contrary had it near his house; and it is said that he was so much impressed that he too joined the Kirtan. One Muslim tailor assumed the name of Haridas and became the disciple of Chaitanya.

Chaitanya took sanyasa in 1510 A.D. at the age of 24 from Kesava Bharati of Madhva Sampradaya. Within six years after that he had a long Yatra of Orissa, South, West and Brindaban. The Adilila or the first part of *Chaitanyacharitamrita* deals with the first 24 years of his life; the Madhyalila with the next 6 years of his life; and the Antyalila with the last 18 years of his life.

At the age of 30, after a Yatra of six years, Chaitanya established himself at Jagannath Puri. Many disciples flocked to him to hear his Upadesa. He used to avoid going too near the garbhagriha as that immediately brought about a trance to him and he used to become unconscious. He therefore gazed at the Lord standing at a distance and resting his elbow on a pillar and tears used to flow continuously from his eyes. In his excitement he sometimes jumped into the sea or dashed his head against the temple walls. He gave up his mortal coil at the age of 48 in 1533 A.D.

Nityananda in Bengal and Rupa and Santana in Brindaban spread the Vaishnava cult of Shri Chaitanya. These Gaudiya Goswamis established themselves at Brindaban and built a number of temples and groves. Gopalabhatta, Raghunath Bhatta and Raghunath Das were the other chief disciples of Chaitanya. These six are known as the main Goswamis of this cult. Sanatana, Rupa and their nephew Jiva Goswami wrote numerous works in Sanskrit. Other Goswamis wrote profusely in Bengali. Baladevi Vidya Bhushana wrote the Govinda Bhashya on the *Brahma Sutras*, expounding Chaitanya's philosophy.

Chaitanya lived for the most part in trances in the later part of his life and apart from his *Sikshashtaka*, no philosophical work of his is available. The doctrines of his cult are mainly developed by his disciples. Chaitanya's Guru and Grand-Guru were of the Madhva Sampradaya. He was also in-

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fluenced by the Nimbarka Sampradaya and poets like Jayadeva, Bilva Mangala, Chandidasa and Vidyapati. Bhagavata Purana, Brahma Samhita, Narada Pancharatra and Krishna Karnamrita are the works usually relied upon in the Chaitanya cult.

Hussain Sahha was the Nabab of Gaur and in his reign two brahmins were converted to Islam and became known as Sakar Malik and Dabir Khas. They came in touch with Chaitanya and became famous as Sanatana and Rupa. More than 30 Sanskrit works were written by Sanatana and about ten Sanskrit works were written by Rupa. Their nephew Jiva, became the chief and learned exponent of Chaitanya's Philosophy.

In this cult, the Individual souls and the universe are considered as real and not as born of illusion. Only a rare man after numerous births can have the nectar of Krishna's devotion. Before the bliss of Bhakti, the bliss of Moksha or Brahmananda is of no value. That Bhakti which is practised according to the dictates of scriptures is the lower Bhakti known as Vaidhi. The higher Bhakti is called the Raganuga which seeks Krishna with an intensity of love. As a matter of fact, Bhakti with *Sakhibhava* is recommended as it is said that such devotees alone can see the mysteries of the sports of Radha and Krishna. The Madhura Bhakti with Sakhibhava is considered as the best aspect of devotion. Krishna is the eternal Youth with Sat Chit and Ananda forming his very body. He assumes numerous forms but in Brindavan, Krishna is seen in his purest and the most divine and Purna form. Bhagavata Purana is principally relied upon. The emphasis is on the emotional aspect of devotion.

Chaitanya, Nityananda and Advaitananda are considered as the Prabhus of this Sampradaya. The gadi of Nityananda is at Nadia, of Advaitananda at Santipur and of Chaitanya at Mathura, Brindaban, Nadia, Ambika, Agradvipa, Sylhet and Khetpur.

We close this description with some verses from the *Sikshashtaka* of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

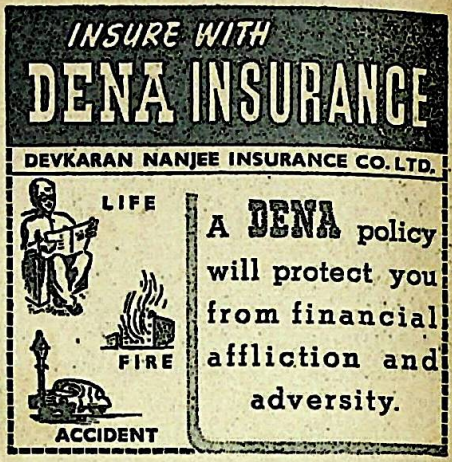
न धनं न जनं न सुन्दरीं
कवितां वा जगदीश कामये ।
मम जन्मनि जन्मनीश्वरे
भवताद् भक्तिरहैतुकी त्वयि ।।
अयि नन्दतनूज किङ्करं
पतितं वा विषमे भवाम्बुधौ ।
कृपया तव पादपङ्कज-
स्थितधूलीसदृशं विचिन्तय ।।
नयनं गलदश्रुधारया
वदनं गद्गदरुद्धया गिरा ।
पुलकै निचितं वपुः कदा
तव नामग्रहणे भविष्यति ।।

"O Lord of the Universe! I do not seek wealth or men or beauties or high poetry. Let me have, birth after birth, a causeless and natural Bhakti in You, my Lord.

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"O son of Nanda! I—thy servant—am fallen in the stormy ocean of births and rebirths. Be pleased to accept me as a particle of dust on Your lotus-like feet.

"I crave for the day when on merely repeating Your name, my eyes shall continuously overflow with tears, when my mouth shall pronounce only stray and interrupted words being suffocated with emotion and the whole of my body shall be thrilled with joy and horripilation".



An old rickety man, unmarried, poor and born-blind made 'tapasya' and pleased the Lord who appeared before him and said, "Ask me any 'single' boon."

The old man thought if he asked for wealth, he would still be blind and unmarried; if he asked for marriage, he would be poor and blind; if he asked for eye-sight, he would still be unmarried and poor, etc. After hard thinking, he asked the Lord, "I want to see my grandson installed as king of this country."

The Lord had to grant it. From that day this kind of omnibus request came to be called the "old man's bargain."

We plant the mango tree for reaping its fruit. But the tree does not stop at it. It gives cool shade and stimulating aroma. Even so is the performance of 'Dharma.' It gives not merely virtue, but riches, children etc. Single-minded devotion to one's favourite deity is likewise multi-purpose in its gifts.

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Yoga in Daily Life

Swami Sivananda

CULTIVATE indomitable will. Practise self-control and self-mastery. Have self-confidence. Develop independent judgment. Do not argue. Strive ceaselessly for Self-realisation. Kill this little ego. Develop pure love. Rise above all distinctions of caste, creed and colour. Give up the idea of 'I-ness' and 'Mine-ness'. Look within for the happiness which you have sought in vain in the sensual objects.

Moksha is the *summum bonum* of life. It is freedom from births and deaths. It is not annihilation. It is annihilation of this little 'I'. It is obtained through knowledge of the Self. You will have to know the Truth through direct intuitive experience. You will have to cut asunder the veil of ignorance by meditation on the Self. Then you will shine in your pristine purity and divine glory.

Do not try to drive away the unimportant and irrelevant thoughts. The more you try, the more will they return and the more strength will they gain. You will only tax your energy and will. Become indifferent. Fill the mind with divine thoughts. The other thoughts will gradually vanish. Get yourself established in Nirvikalpa Samadhi through meditation.

Without perfect Brahmacharya, you cannot have substantial spiritual progress. There is no half measure in the spiritual path. Control the body first. Then purify your thoughts through prayer, Japa, Kirtan, Vichara and meditation. Make a firm resolve, "I will be a perfect Brahmachari from today." Pray to the Lord to give you spiritual strength to resist the temptations of life and kill lust.

Constant study of the lives of saints will enable you to lead a virtuous life. You will imbibe very noble qualities. You will be gradually moulded in the spiritual path. You will draw inspiration from them. There will be an inner urge in you to attempt God-Realisation. Pray to the Lord that you may become a saint.

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Fulton J. Sheen

HOW WELL CAN YOU SPEAK?

IT takes only an hour or less to serve dinner to sixty people on an airplane. But the preparation of the dinner actually took months or years. Think of how long it took to grow the carrots, to raise the sheep, to grow potatoes, and to ripen an apple!

A good speech, too, has a tremendous remote preparation, and this implies three things: study, study, study. There is no short-cut. There is no simple style; there is only style simplified. One has to study science, literature, history, philosophy, forgoing many social evenings just to be alone with one's books.

Books are the most wonderful friends in the world. When you meet them and pick them up, they are always ready to give you a few ideas. When you put them down, they never get mad; when you take them up again, they seem to enrich you all the more.

After a subject is chosen, we immediately begin to write out a plan. We write the general ideas on a sheet of paper; the next day, tear up the paper. The day following we have to start doing it all over again. When that new plan is developed we tear it up, so that nothing is saved from day to day.

The great advantage of this system is that one is forced to rethink the ideas; the subject is learned from the inside out, instead of from the outside in. Why should the living mind be subject to an inert sheet of paper? A mother does not forget the child of her womb; neither can a mind forget what it has generated by hard thinking.

There are few speakers any more, and fewer orators. Some believe that what they have written is so sacred that the creative mind ought to bow to a dead message. It is much better, instead of memorizing words, to recreate the ideas each day until the subject is as alive as a child. There may be many mistakes when the time comes to rethink it on your feet, but at least there is this consolation: it is *your* talk. Whenever we hear anyone read a talk, there is always the temptation to ask, "Who wrote it?"

Much wisdom is hidden in the remark of the old Irishwoman who heard a Bishop reading his discourse. She said "Glory be to God, if he can't remember it, how does he expect us to?"

Three conditions of a good talk are sincerity, clarity, and flexibility.

To have sincerity is to be with-

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out affectation, pose, or cultivated airs; just being oneself. The word "sincere" has an interesting origin. When the Romans found pieces of marble that were imperfect, they put wax in the holes. Wax, in Latin, is *cera*. When they found a perfect piece of marble, it was called *sine cera*, or without wax, whence comes the word "sincere." A sincere speaker is one without guile or artfulness.

Insincerity often is derived from a want of conviction or truthfulness. So many people say things they do not mean, that, when they really want to drive home a conviction they lack the power to move. How different is the tone of the voice of an announcer when he reads his commercial, and when he describes a baseball game! He does not believe in the commercial, so he lacks sincerity. Lincoln once said that he liked to hear a man talk as if he were fighting bees.

A lesson in sincerity was given me in college. I was chosen for the debating team; the night before the Notre Dame debate, our professor of debating called me to his office and scolded me: "You are absolutely rotten. We have never had anybody in the history of this college who was a worse speaker than yourself."

"Well" I said, trying to justify myself, "if I am so rotten, why did you pick me for the team?"

"Because," he answered, "you can think; not because you can talk. Get over in that corner. Take a paragraph of your speech and go through it."

I repeated it over and over again for an hour, at the end of which he said, "Do you see any mistake in that?"

"No."

Again, an hour and a half, two hours, two and a half hours, at the end of which I was exhausted. He said, "Do you still not see what is wrong?"

Being naturally quick, after two hours and a half, I caught on. I said, "Yes. I am not sincere. I am not myself. I do not talk as if I meant it."

His final injunction was, "Now you are ready to speak."

Clarity is derived from understanding a subject. A professor in a class in cosmology once asked me the definition of time. I said "I know what it is, but I can't tell you."

He said, "If you knew what it is, you could tell me."

The reason why professors are dull in class is because they do not understand their subject. The ordinary teacher of physics could not tell an uneducated person anything about the mathematics of spece-time. But Eddington and Jeans have done so, because they knew the subject profoundly. It is easy to write a book with footnotes, because everything you do not understand or do not grasp thoroughly you put down at the bottom of the page, so that someone else can look it up! But to

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write on that same subject so that children in the seventh or eighth grade can understand it, one must really understand the subject.

One must always know more about a subject than one gives in a speech. As the lungs must have the atmosphere, as the eye must have more light than that which enters it, so the mind, to breathe easily on a subject, must have a great environment of knowledge.

Clarity is aided by telling the audience what you are going to do. Give them the points of the discourse. Then they know at least when you are going to finish. Otherwise, if one appears with a sheaf of papers, the audience after an hour may sigh, "He has got two inches more to go."

At a philosophical convention, a speaker was reading a paper on "Essence and Existence" for an hour and a half. The listeners were exhausted until he looked up from his paper and said, "I forgot to tell you. I have three carbon copies here of my speech." It was such a relief!

Readers should always be prepared to skip over about eighty-nine pages if they see the audience is tiring. Then, too, there may be interruptions; someone faints, or one may be heckled.

Once, while I was giving instructions to a convert class in Washington on the Blessed Trinity, someone began to heckle me about Jonas: "How was Jonas in the belly of the whale for three days?"

I said, "My good man, I do not know. But when I get to heaven I will ask Jonas."

He said, "Suppose Jonas is not there?"

I said, "Then you ask him."

On another occasion, while I was preaching in a small country parish, a mother, embarrassed by her crying infant, left the pew to leave the church. I said, "Madam, it is quite all right. The child isn't bothering me."

She said, "I know, but you are bothering the child."

Flexibility is increased when one does not have the speech memorized; then one can make use of any occasion that may arise in the course of the discourse.

More important than the above factors in preparing a discourse is to recognize that every speaker is the trustee of God's truth. When we speak, we are only the flute; it is God who breathes on us. We supply only the quality of tone—nothing else.

Light and heat are inseparable in fire, and they ought to be inseparable in anyone who gives a discourse. The light is God's truth; the heat is the tremendous love with which one ought to communicate the truth. To love what we say, it must be true. To want to speak the truth, it must be loved.

[Condensed from *Life is Worth Living*]

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SEPTEMBER 25, 1955

Swami Sadananda

KURMA AVATARA



THE story about Kurmavatara is, in brief, as follows: Sage Durvasa gave Indra a Vidyadhara's garland which Indra disdainfully threw on his elephant's head which, in its turn, threw it on the earth. Durvasa, thereupon, cursed Indra to lose his energy and prosperity. When, as a result of the curse, the Devas were overpowered by Asuras, they appealed to Lord Vishnu who advised them to get the co-operation of the Asuras and churn the Milk-Ocean using the Mandara Mountain as the churning rod and the snake Vasuki as the rope. When that was being done, Vishnu supported Mandara on his back by assuming the form of a tortoise. From the Ocean came first the Kalakuta poison which Siva had to drink lest its fumes should destory the Universe. Later came Ganga, the gem Kaustubha, the Parijata tree, the lotus, Surabhi (the divine cow), Uchchaisravas (the divine horse) Airavata, Gandharvas, Apsaras, Lakshmi and last of all Dhanvantari with the pot of Amrita or Nectar.

"Vidyadhara" means the "bearer of knowledge". His garland is spiritual wisdom. Indra—the deity presiding over the Indriyas or senses of living beings—rejected the wisdom. His elephant is symbolical of brutal strength and *ahamkara* or conceit. The garland being thrown to the earth signifies the misuse of divine wisdom for earthly and mean purposes. The result was loss of energy and decline of prosperity. Milk symbolises food-energy and the Milk-Ocean represents the total vitality of all Jivas which is ever safe-guarded by Vishnu (the Preserver) who, for that purpose, makes it His dwelling place ever charging it with His supreme energy (Chit Sakti).

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Churning the Milk-Ocean means activating the vitality of all living beings. That is the spiritual *Sadhana* to be practised for drawing energy from the fountain-source of all Power. The Mandara Mountain represents the usually immobile Tamas or Principle of Inertia or Inactivity in every one. The Vasuki snake represents the ever active Rajoguna. Its activity is dangerous if it is not controlled by Satva. The tortoise form assumed by Vishnu, is the form of the highest yogi, called Sthita Prajna in the *Bhagavad Gita,* who withdraws all his senses from the sense-objects even as the tortoise withdraws its limbs within its own shell. (*Bhagavad Gita,* II, 58). When the senses are thus controlled the Divine Sakti descends upon the Sadhaka (or aspirant) whose *gunas* no longer act as a hindrance. When ordinary milk is churned, the essence of milk is obtained in the form of butter. When vitality (the ocean of milk) is churned, the essence of all vitality is got in the form of Amrita, (Life Immortal).

When the churning was begun, at first came poison, the destructive force because of the persisting influence of Rajo- and Tamo-gunas. The parallel in modern life is the temptation to make atom-bombs and hydrogen-bombs by the churning of the human intelligence in the field of science (Vijnana). Afterwards, the Satvic element becomes strengthened because of the continuing contact with *Chit Sakti* symbolised by the Tortoise Avatara, and useful objects appear, such as Ganga (the vitalising water), Kaustubha (the best product of the mineral kingdom), the Lotus and the Parijata both of which are typical of the best in the plant-world, the Surabhi believed to have the power of granting every wish, the Uchchaisravas, symbolical of all transport facilities including even aeroplanes, the Airavata (signifying physical powers), Gandharvas and Apsarases representing perfection in music, dance and the fine arts in general, Lakshmi, the perfect pattern of all prosperity and lastly Amrita or the immortality vouchsafed for the true Sadhaka who succeeds in establishing communion with God.

The main point to be remembered in the story of Kurmavatara is that Vishnu points out through His form of the tortoise the supreme importance of what in Yoga is called Pratyahara—the withdrawal of the senses from the sense-objects, which alone will enable the yogi to energise his *Satva guna* to the extent of making it strong enough to keep the other *gunas* under proper control. Without such control it would be impossible to preserve one's Virya or strength and without the strength, it would be impossible to enjoy prosperity, for, the Indriyas would otherwise lead the mind and the Jiva in consequence to destruction. On the other hand, a strict control will win for the Yogi immortality (Amrita).

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Our Vedic Seers—10 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE BHRIGU

THE Bhrigus come of a fertile race. They are among the first to evolve the cult of the Sacrificial Fire-Worship, with innumerable hymns, in praise of the Fire God.

The *Taittiriya Brahmana* brackets Sage Angiras along with one Aditya Bhrigu and claims that they were both born out of Lord Brahma's Mind. The *Gopatha Brahmana* corroborates this version and goes into details about the birth of the sages. Lord Brahma, in the midst of his onerous *tapasya,* undertaken to create this Universe, let fall a drop of sweat from his forehead. Upon falling on the ground it split into two, one part of which was pure, clear and tastefully drinkable. The other part was not so good. From the first, in due time, there emerged Sage Bhrigu while the other harboured the Sage Angiras. In course of time, Bhrigu became the father of ten Atharvas, through whom Lord Brahma perceived a portion of the Vedic hymns. Hence the name *Atharva Veda.*

Sage Angiras had ten sons, the Angirasas, as they came to be called. The hymns for whose perception they were instrumental, came to be called the *Angiras Veda.* Several texts speak of Sage Bhrigu as Swayambhuva Bhrigu, Varuni Bhrigu and Jamadagnya Bhrigu, etc. Similarly, Angiras is referred to as Bhrigwangiras, Bharadwajangiras and Gautamangiras.

The *Taittiriya Upanishad,* however, says that Bhrigu is the son of Lord Varuna.

This Bhrigu then, was Lord Brahma's mental product and was therefore the brother-in-law of Lord Shiva. He lived in the Vaivaswata Manvantara. The sage was among those who were present at the Sacrifice that Daksha, Shiva's father-in-law, had performed. It was at this *Yaga,* that Daksha deliberately disgraced Lord Shiva by not inviting him to it. Shiva's anger at this insult was so great that he decided to destroy the Sacrifice completely. Thereupon, he commissioned Nandi to spoil it. But Sage Bhrigu not only drove Nandi away but also pronounced a curse on him. But Shiva called upon Veerabahu to show the sage his proper place. Veerabahu was more than a match for the sage. He easily destroyed the sac-

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rifice and burnt the sage's whiskers in addition! But it was Shiva again, who, being too well pleased with the praises that the assembled sages and Devas sang of Him, allowed the burnt whiskers to grow again but at a higher altitude in the sage's face!

The sage's relationship with Lord Vishnu is the subject matter of conflicting versions. The *Devi Bhagavata* portrays him as hostile to Vishnu. It adverts to the traditional rivalry and consequent actual fighting between the Devas and the Asuras to illustrate this. Once when the Asuras were fighting the Devas, Lord Vishnu inadvertently killed the sage's wife. At the time, the sage was away, engaged in severe penances with the object of obtaining the secret art of restoring life to the Dead. It was an art of which Sage Sukracharya of the Asuras was a past-master. On his return, the sage came to know about Vishnu's deed. Quickly he pressed into service the knowledge he had obtained. His wife was brought back to life. Thereupon, the sage pronounced the curse on Vishnu that He too would be born a mortal way in the womb of the mother. This story is also related in the *Ramayana.*

The *Padma Purana,* however, comes out with a different explanation for the sage's curse on Vishnu. Vishnu promised Sage Bhrigu that he would protect the sacrifice, to be performed by the sage. But Indra, who had a stake in the non-performance of the sacrifice, skilfully contrived to lead Vishnu away from the scene, leaving the sacrifice to take care of itself. The Asuras thereupon started spoiling the *Yaga,* in the absence of Lord Vishnu. This provided the ground for the sage's curse.

But the later part of the same Purana speaks of the sage as extolling the virtues of Lord Vishnu. It relates the story of how once a dispute among the sages having arisen at the Sacrifice performed by Swayambhuva Manu, as to who was the greatest among the Sacred Trinity (Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva), Sage Bhrigu offered to give his verdict till after he had an opportunity of seeing the gods at close quarters. He visited Kailasa at first where Lord Shiva was in his private chamber sporting with his spouse, Parvati. Nandi promptly stopped him at the gate, not troubling to give him any respect. The angered sage stayed there no longer. He directed his steps to the abode of Lord Brahma. There too he met with a similar fate. Though Brahma saw the sage, he pretended ignorance of his presence and was mindful of his own business. This left the sage cold and he would not have a second look at the place. He made for Vaikuntha, the place of Lord Vishnu. The Lord was at the time in deep slumber. But the sage, having had two bitter experiences, was in no mood to be patient. He made for the chamber and kicked

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the Lord into wakefulness. But Vishnu remained the very picture of serenity and self-composure and never affected to mind the insult and inconvenience. To this day, we are told, He bears the imprint of the sage's foot on his chest in the shape of Srivatsa. Thereafter, the sage returned to the sacrifice and pronounced the verdict that Lord Vishnu was the best of the Trinity.

The Anusasana Parva of *Mahabharata* tells us a story which illustrates the truth that for the sage's curse to become effective, he had to be genuinely angered into pronouncing it. Once, Nahusha, the wicked, contrived to become Indra. During the period he was Indra, he made life difficult for the sages and Devas alike. He even went to the extent of yoking the Seven Sages to his chariot in place of the horses. Among the Rishis thus yoked was Agastya, the dwarf. Bhrigu, whose anger was to be roused for Nahusha to be thrown in the dust, made himself invisible and entered the matted hair of Agastya. The lordly Nahusha, in regal fashion, kicked the poor Agastya poking fun at his stature. The kick, having been received in the head, naturally affected Bhrigu also. In consequence, he cursed Nahusha and dethroned him from his Indraship.

In the Uttara Kanda of the *Padma Purana* we are informed that once a famine stalked the land, round about the Vindhyas and the Himalayas. Bhrigu then went to live there. At the time, he beheld a wedded-couple of sad and dispirited Vidhyadharas. He soon discovered the reason for their misery. The husband had the face of a tiger, but the body of a man. The sage then impressed on them the importance of a fast and due religious observance of the Ekadasi Vrita on Pousha Suddha. This, being performed in the manner indicated, the tiger's mien became human again to the eternal happiness of the couple.

The sage is reputed to have had great occult and psychic powers, in consequence of which he was held in very high esteem. All the Puranas, *Padma, Bharata, Ganesa* and *Matsya* and the *Bhagavata* bear eloquent testimony to this aspect of the sage's greatness. In the great Sacrifice performed by Brahma, he officiated as the Hota Priest. He was the Acharya in another that the Devas performed at Jungakaranya. He himself had observed the Bhishma Panchaka Vrata.

As already indicated, he had the knowledge of the art of reviving the dead ones, मृतसंजीविनी as it is called. With the aid of this knowledge, he restored Jamadagni to life. He was Sage Bharadwaja's *guru*. He is said to have conferred brahma-hood on one Veetahavya. Founder of the race of Gritsamadas, he is said to live with the Sun in the month of Bhadrapad. It was he who is said to have taught king Somakanta the

(Continued on page 44)

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Our Fortnightly Profile—29

SHAH OF IRAN

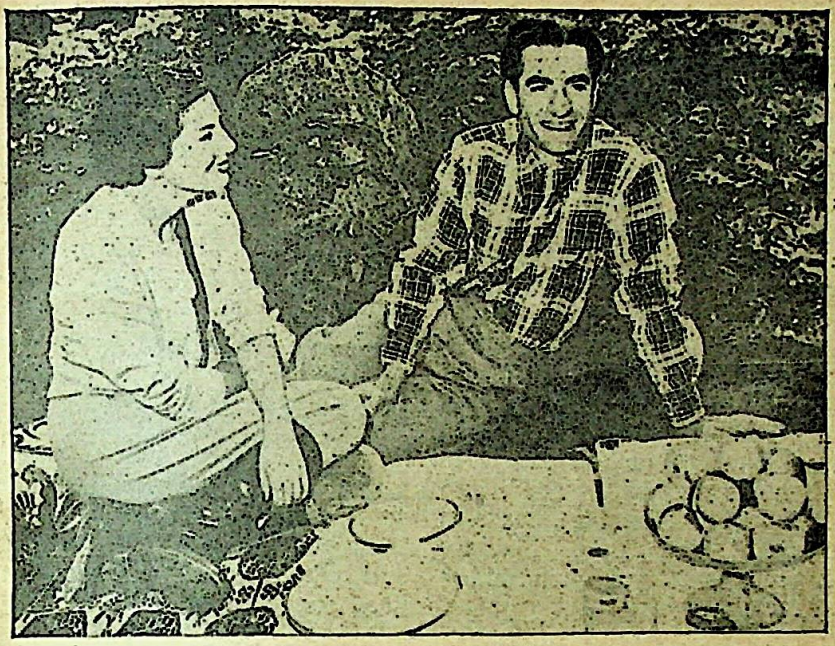
ON March 15, 1939, a page from the tales of Old Bagdad appeared to be re-enacted when handsome, debonaire, Prince Mohammed Reza Pahlevi of Iran stood on the balcony of Cairo's Abdin Palace with the shy, doe-eyed Princess Fawzia of Cairo by his side. After a sly rendezvous on board a yacht on the Nile a week or so before—their love-letters were carried in the diplomatic bag—the prince stole his first kiss from his bride at dusk, while the bands blared soulful music and the guns boomed salute outside. The city of jewels had turned inside out. It appeared at the time that the two nations had united for good. But it was not to be, for, the Shah married Soraya, the glamour-queen of Teheran twelve years later.

Reason? The wags said the palace-life of Teheran was much too drab for Fawzia while others maintained that the Shah desperately longed for a son to occupy the fabulous Peacock Throne after him. Story has it that the Shah was the most disappointed man when he heard that it was a girl that Fawzia gave birth to after nineteen months of marriage. Lovely Shahnaza is now studying in Switzerland. And now, after four years of Soraya's coming into his life, the much expected son has not yet arrived. But the Shah does not seem to care two hoots yet, judging from his recent American visit, where he has been enjoying himself with an abandon that is meat for the American press.

The office of the Shah has had an uninterrupted succession of occupants for at least 2000 years. The present Shah is not a descendant of the original ruling dynasty. He is the second incumbent to the throne in the line of the Pahlevi dynasty, founded in April 1926, by his late father, Reza Khan, a bold and intrepid captain of the Cossacks, and later Prime Minister, who jockeyed himself on to the throne of Iran after deposing the then Shah.

The Reza Shah was not born the purple; he was born in a modest harem as the first son, on October 26, 1919, along with his twin sister Ashraf. By a strange quirk of fate the girl Ashraf has taken after her father in temperament and demeanour. She is a ball of fire whereas the son Shah has a feminine streak in him and

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The Shah with his queen Soraya at a picnic in his summer resort.

is a pale flame beside her. He would not harm a mouse.

Not very tall of stature, sleek of build, black, glossy of hair, bushy brows, aquiline nose, prominent chin and sad eyes, he reminds one more of Poet Omar Khayyam than any-like his bumptious father.

Starting his early schooling at the Elementary Military School of Teheran, Reza Shah went to Switzerland while he was barely twelve years of age. As a student he was very intelligent and fond of books. He rounded off his education by a two-year course at the Military College, Teheran, emerging from it as the Inspector-General of the Iranian Forces. Indeed at nineteen, he was the *beau-ideal* of all Iranian women.

The circumstances of his coming to the throne in 1941, when his father was forced by the occupation forces to abdicate, put him at an initial disadvantage, for he was none too proficient with the tools of statecraft, although a past-master in racing-cars, aeroplanes and the like. Indeed, till he took an independent decision in 1951 by his *demarche* into Azerbaidjan and deposing the rickety communist regime, none took him seriously. Again, he upset all calculations by casting off his military colour thereafter.

After doe-eyed Fawzia, gazelle-eyed Soraya, a compatriot, came

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into his life in 1951, but before the honey-moon was over, he was in hot waters. Plots and intrigues seethed in his palace. One Premier was assassinated and another forced to resign. The oil-dispute was smouldering. All of them are now happily over thanks mainly to his tact. He was so indulgent that the Majlis under the theatrical "weeping" Premier Dr. Mossadiq almost liquidated him. By fleeing from his country, the Shah whipped up the ire of the army, to which he is greatly attached, into revolt and recalling him. It was a moving sight to see him re-enter his country, when many cried for sheer joy.

The Shah has enormous wealth and estates which his father augmented considerably. The Peacock Throne and other famed diamonds in his possession are valued at fantastic prices. But personally the Shah has little liking for the trappings of kinghood. He likes racing fast cars, and pilots his own plane, even to holy places which is sometimes disliked. Ski-ing in winter and playing tennis in summer are his favourite pastimes. He is very popular with the peasants to whom he has almost gifted away some of his lands, particularly to the poor landless, for cultivation and enjoyment. He is father to a good many of his people.

SAGE BHRIGU—(*Concld.*)

greatness of Ganesa worship. He is a *pravara* Rishi and a *Mantra Drashta* (Seer) also.

He had two wives Divya and Poulomi by name. By the former he got Shukra and the latter bore him Chyavana. Chyavana in his turn, got Apnavana and Dadheechi. This race produced innumerable Bhrigus and Parasurama also. Among the Bhrigus, seven groups became quite famous. In some texts, we find Bhrigu identified with Angiras, while others regard them as separate entities. However, the *pravara* of both the *gotras* is the same. But marriages between the two is quite common, unlike in the other *gotras*.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—3 *Serial*

THE PERFIDIOUS QUEEN

BACK home Chandravarman had little to complain against fate or life, for, he lacked nothing. When he was spending his life thus, all his four wives in due course gave birth to a son each. He named them Vallabh, Vikramaditya, Bhatti and Bhartruhari respectively, the first being born of the brahmin girl etc.

These four boys had their due education and even in early age, showed themselves to be uncommonly intelligent and valorous.

In the meantime the king of Kannyapur, Shuddhavarman, who was Chandravarman's father-in-law, became too old to hold the reins of his government. Having no other issue he called upon his son-in-law Chandravarman and installed him as king and retired. Soon after, Shuddhavarman left this world.

Chandravarman, with all his great erudition ruled the city in an exemplary manner. The Crown-princes, in their new environment, got plenty of opportunity to develop their talents. Each one vied with the other in the acquisition of skill and knowledge in the arts and sciences.

THE STORY SO FAR—

King Bhoja discovered a throne in the fields which he installed in his durbar and while trying to ascend it, the statuettes holding it stopped him derisively. When asked to explain their conduct, the first statuette said that the throne belonged to King Vikramaditya whose ancestry began with a brahmin, Chandravarman, who by an accident, had to marry four wives, one from each caste.

In due time Chandravarman too became old, and as he was preparing to quit the world, all four sons gathered round him.

Looking around, Chandravarman's eyes stopped on Bhartruhari. The dying man's eyes became moist and soon watery as he thought within himself that he would be denied *moksha* if Bhartruhari, born to him through a *shudra* woman, married and begot children. The other three sons, however, interpreted the old man's

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tears as his partiality for Bhartruhari. But being highly accomplished, Bhartruhari was quick to sense the development, and in order to clear the air, addressed the dying man: "Father, it is natural that you should feel unhappy that I, born of a dancer, would be instrumental in denying you *moksha*, should I marry and beget issues. I therefore solemnly promise that I shall not marry; even if I do, I won't beget children. Please therefore be disabused of your fears."

On hearing this assurance, the old man was overjoyed, particularly at the sense of responsibility showed by Bhartruhari. He therefore smiled and in a faint voice, ordered his other sons: "My sons, you know very well that it was Bhartruhari's mother that made it possible for your mothers to marry me. Hence you should all crown Bhartruhari first as king of our country and you can follow him on the throne later."

All three agreed and after seeing Bhartruhari crowned as King, the old man breathed his last.

The funeral and other ceremonies over, the brahmin-wife's son, Vallabh, being greatly learned in the Vedas, went away from home to perform *tapasya* in the forest, resolved on a hermit's life.

Bhartruhari married 360 women but never forgot his promise to his father, which he maintained.

One day a sage came to have audience with King Bhartruhari. The latter showed him due respects and when asked about the purpose of his visit, the sage gave him a pomegranate which, he said, he brought from heaven specially for him. Its virtue was, whosoever ate it, will remain eternally young. The King received it gratefully.

After the sage was gone, Bhartruhari hurried to his zenana and calling his senior Queen Mohana, told her of the divine qualities of the pomegranate and with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, his desire to make her young for ever. He continued "Don't start eating it straight now, for I have to consult the astrologer for an auspicious day for it. You hear?" and caressed her fondly.

The Queen placed it carefully inside the cupboard, but after a few days, sent for the stable-keeper who happened to be her secret lover. As soon as he came in through the secret door, she pressed the fruit into his hands and said "Here hold this; this is a divine fruit and given me by the King. By eating it, one can become eternally young. So, take it home and eat it; don't give it to anybody else." And she literally shoved him out before anybody knew it.

As the stable-keeper was returning to the stables, he met a woman on the way picking cow-dung from the street. She happened to be the

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maid-servant of a public woman with whom he happened to be chummy. He caught hold of both her hands and thrust the fruit into them as a gift to her mem-saheb. The maid-servant pushed the fruit rakishly over to the dung-basket on her head, atop of which it shone with brilliance.

It was dusk and it so happened that the King was looking out on the balcony at the time. As the woman was passing by the palace-gate the brilliance of the fruit caught his eyes. He immediately recognised it and sending his aide, got the woman with the fruit, brought before him. He asked her how she came into possession of the fruit.

Frightened out of her wits, she told him: "The stable-keeper from yonder gave me this fruit to be given to my missus" and began to cry.

The King immediately ordered the stable-keeper to be brought before him. When he came he asked him "How did you get this fruit?"

Shaking all over the body the stable-keeper replied "I did not steal this, Saheb, T-t-t-t-to tell you the truth, your Queen Mohana gave me this..... She is—is— is sweet on me and she wanted to make me always young. And, and, I sent the fruit to my—my—woman, through her maid-servant. This is the truth, Saheb."

The King's wrath knew no bounds, but being very highly cultured, he cooled down, realising the futility of putting the culprits to death.

He decided then and there to give up his love of women, and indeed, the entire material world.

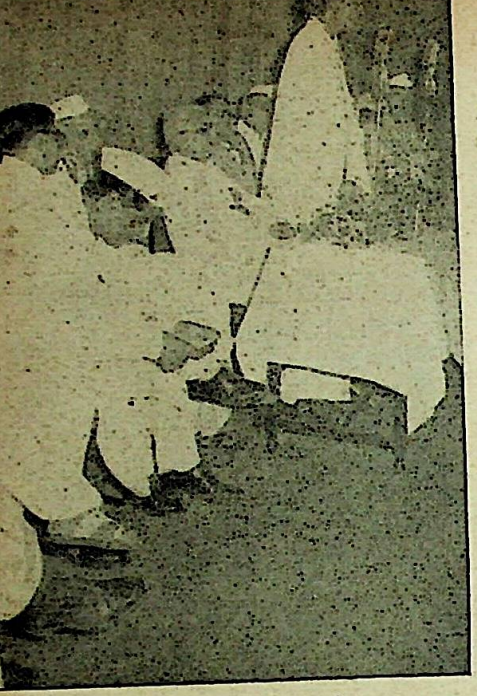
Deciding upon a life of *tapasya*, he ate the fruit himself and with the new buoyancy so acquired, plunged into the forest, after releasing all the women from his harem and providing for them all.

[*To be continued.*]

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Sri V. K. Krishna Menon addressing students of the Bhavan's College. (Photo by: Vasant S. Desai.)

ON the 10th September, Sri V. K. Krishna Menon, India's Roving Ambassador, paid a visit to the Bhavan and addressed the students of the College. Sri. H. V. Divatia, Vice-President of the Bhavan, presided. Introducing the speaker Sri Divatia eulogized Sri Menon's work in the formulation of India's foreign policy which has won for it a high place in the counsels of the world. He predicted a great future for Sri Menon.

In his speech Sri Menon adverted to the place of tradition in national life and said how it was useful in evolving a continuous and consistent thought-process. He said that our ancients whose work we praised today were quite modern in their times for otherwise their work would not have come down to us today in such an impressive manner. He deprecated regimentation of thought in education as it tended to narrow down outlook. While he supported Hindi as the national language, he disapproved of underscoring English as it happened to be the international language without which we would be nowhere in the modern world.

Justifying Government's policy on Goa, he said that India could not prescribe one rule for others and observe another for herself. By patience and goodwill it could be solved amicably.

Dr. R. D. Adatia, Principal, Bhavan's College, proposed a vote of thanks to the distinguished visitor.

TIRUPATI SESSION

Preparations for holding the Fourth Annual Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad on November 11 and 12 are now in full swing. Sri K. Chandramouli, Education Minister, Andhra State, is the Chairman of the Reception Committee and Sri Anna Rao, Executive Officer of the Tirupati Devasthana, will be the officer-in-charge of the Parishad office at Tirupati. Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar, Jt. General

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Secretary of the Parishad, has proceeded to Tirupati for making preliminary arrangements after which he will tour Andhra on behalf of the Parishad for about a month.

FOLK DANCE COMPETITION

The Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan inaugurated their first Inter-Collegiate Folk Dances Competition on Wednesday, 14th September 1955. Four colleges entered, and a packed house witnessed the J. J. School of Arts carrying away the Trophy. They presented a folk-dance of the Chara tribe residing on the banks of Sabarmati. The decor, costumes and setting were extremely well done in this piece. The Government Law College were a close second losing the trophy only by one mark. They presented a 'Ras' item entitled "Rangalo Jamjo". The judges were impressed by the competition and expressed the hope of a bigger response next year. Sri Govardhan Panchal, Sri Sachin Shanker and Sri Yogendra Desai acted as judges. Sri P. P. Kapadia who has donated the Trophy of this competition was the chief guest.

BACK COVER

"Snake-Charmer" is one of the few paintings that portray the essence of human simplicity graphically. Sri R. S. Sawardekar, the artist, is an exponent of realistic art and he is at his best while depicting the humble and the lowly in Indian life. "Cobbler" and "Fisherman" are two other famous works of his.

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GOD'S MOMENTS by Ram B. Motwani. Motwane Book Depot, Dadar, Bombay-28. Rs. 3/-.

This is an anthology of great thoughts from the Classics, mystic poems of the East and West, besides some poems of the author's own composition. It is a book which will repay perusal in difficult moments as well as in leisure hours.

TRUTH IS GOD. Compiled by R. K. Prabhu. Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Rs. 2/-.

This new anthology of Gandhiji's writings on 42 topics has been compiled with great insight. As Rajaji in his introduction to this book observes "Anyone who desires to understand what sort of a man the Father of the Nation was, must read this book". The topics gathered range from scriptures to the atom-bomb. As usual with Gandhiji's writings, the clarity of his thinking will surely help remove the cobwebs of confused thinking which appears to have grown in India lately.

THE TOWERING SAINT OF THE HIMALAYAS. By Sri Sivananda-Margarita. Published by the Sivananda Publication League, Sivananda Nagar Post, (Dt. Dehra Dun) Rs. 5/-

This volume contains, among others, the letters that passed between Mrs. Schneider, described as modern Meera, and her Guru Swami Sivananda. It is rarely that intimate correspondence on spiritual subjects see the light of day, but this collection is unique in that it not only brings to focus the spiritual affinity of the souls vastly different in nationality and outlook but its high value in the solution of several unasked questions among the aspirants. Swami Sadananda contributes a foreword. Gurudev Sivananda's teachings are appended. It is a sumptuous volume which wil repay reading.

THE YOGA OF SRI AUROBINDO PART VII By Nolini Kanta Gupta. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Rs. Rs. 2/8/-.

Like the preceding volumes in this series, the contents of this volume are based on the talks given by the Mother to young children of the Aurobindo Ashram. Divided into six sections, the subjects are discussed in an informal and non-technical manner. "Why do we forget things?" and "How to get rid of troublesome thoughts?"

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are not the least part of interest of this book. Advanced Yogis as well as young, school-going children can benefit by these informal talks which, it should be remembered, are cast in the mould of Sri Aurobindo's thought-pattern.

THE INTEGRAL YOGA OF SRI AUROBINDO—Part II by Rishabhchand. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Price Rs. 4/-

This is one of the best books that describe the salient features of Sri Aurobindo's system of Yogic Sadhana in terms that are unequivocal and yet throb with the spirit of personal experience. The analytic approach is eminently suited to the subject and we are sure, will help considerably in assimilating the Master's writings with greater understanding.

THE DIVINE COLLABORATORS by Rishabhchand. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Rs. 1/4/-.

In this booklet, the author tries to trace the parallelism in the thoughts and evolution of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother even before they met, how the key-thought to Integral Yoga was the same in both the cases. The booklet closes with a note on the work of the Mother in the setting of Indian spiritual life.

TABLES ON SAPTAVARGA LORDS AND PANCHAVARGA HOUSES by R. N. Ramasubban, Published by the author, Ravanasamudram P.O. (Tirunelveli Dt.) Price Rs. 1/2/-

Students of astrology will find this book very useful in measuring the strength of planets from their longitudes without calculations. It is a ready-reckoner, giving the lordship of the seven *vargas—Rasi, hora, drekkana,* etc., and also the houses of *vargas* for longitudes 0 to 360. The use of this book will eliminate errors in calculation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE GIFT OF GOD (The story of Pandit Nehru) by H. R. Aiyer Published by Krishna Raja Publications, Malad, Bombay. Price As. 8.

A PICTURE OF SARVODAYA SOCIAL ORDER, by Jaiprakash Narayan. Published by Sarvodaya Prachuralaya, Tanjore, (S. India) Price As. 6.

THE WISDOM OF THE GURUS. by T. L. Vaswani, Published by Gita Publishing House, 10, Connaught Road, Poona-1. Price As. 4.

STATE TRANSPORT REVIEW. (August, 1955) Annual sub. Rs. 5/- Published from 80-81, Dr. Annie Besant Road, Worli, Bombay-18.

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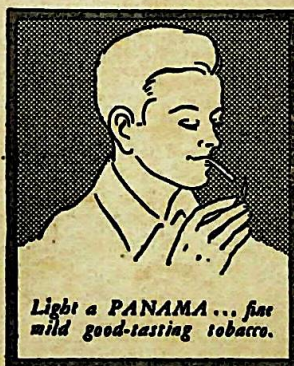
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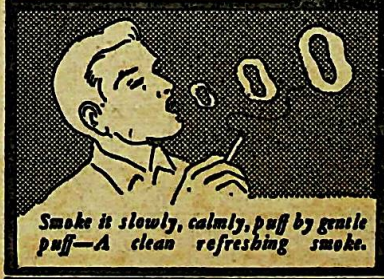
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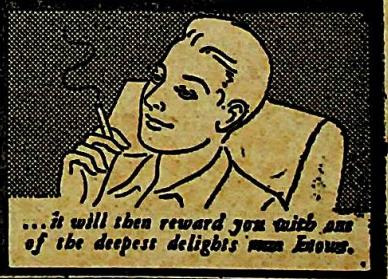
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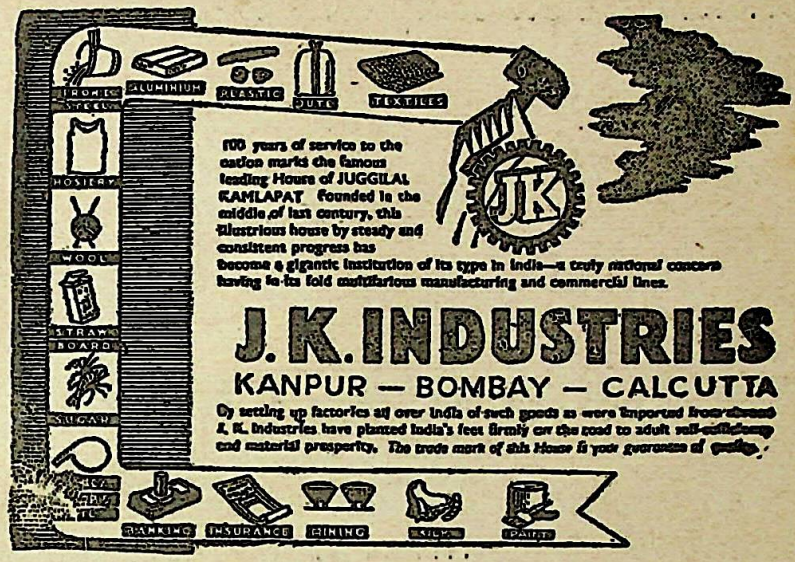
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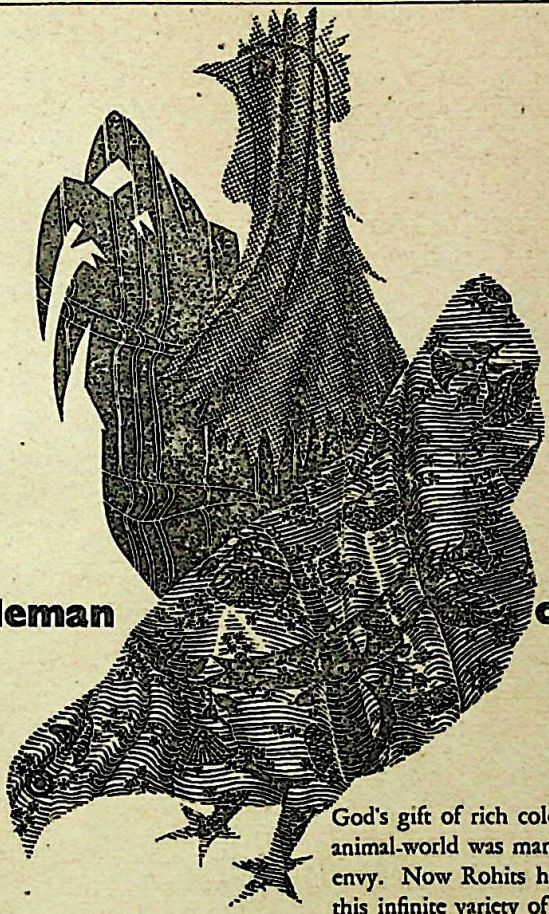
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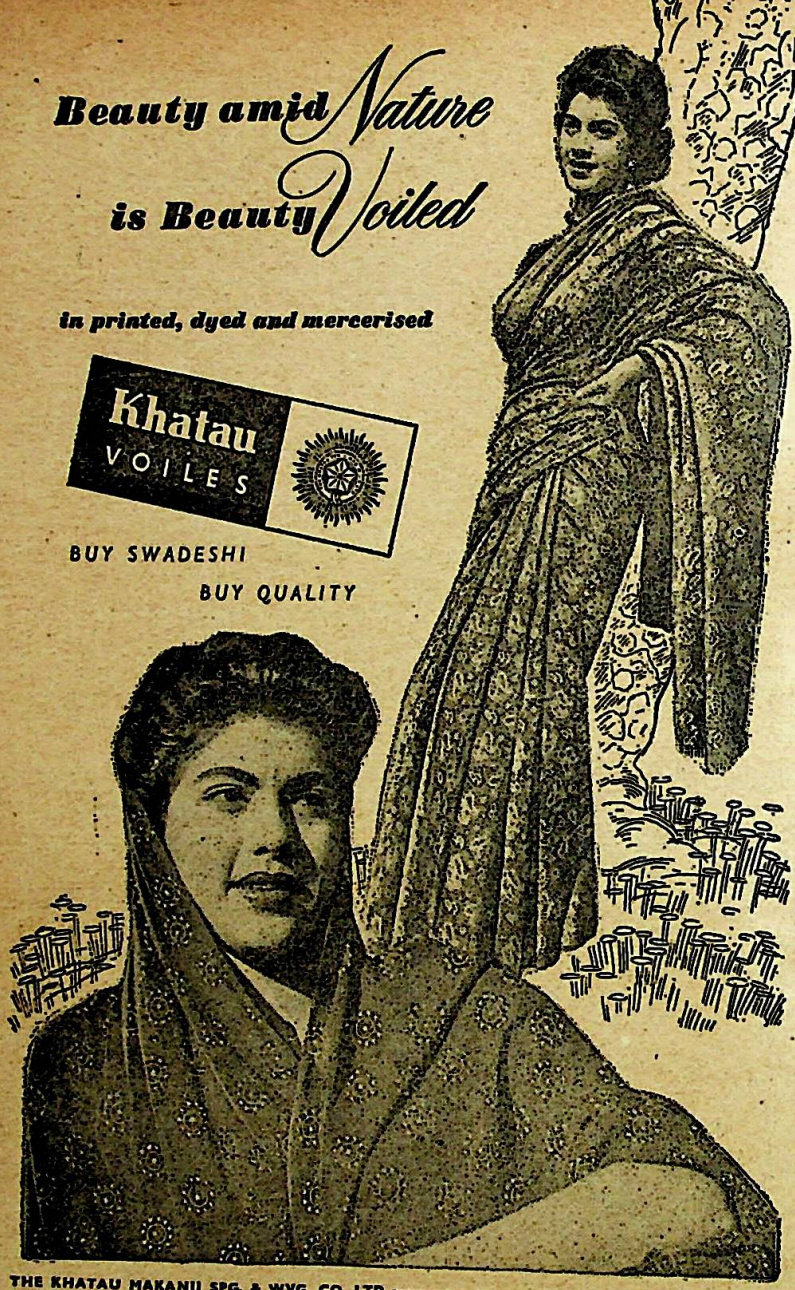
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 5] [OCTOBER 9. 1955

SOCIAL UNITY

सं गच्छध्वं सं वदध्वं सं वो मनांसि जानताम् ।
देवा भागं यथा पूर्वे संजानाना उपासते ॥
समानो मंत्रः समितिः समानी समानं मनः सह चित्तम् एषाम् ।
समानं मन्त्रम् अभि मंत्रये वः समानेन वो हविषा जुहोमि ॥
समानी व आकूतिः समाना हृदयानि वः ।
समानम् अस्तु वो मनो यथा वः सुसहासति ॥

Assemble; speak with one another;
Let your minds be of one accord.
As ancient Gods unanimous enjoy their due portions.
May your aim be common, your assembly common;
Common the mind, and the thoughts of these united.
A common purpose do I lay before you; and worship
with your common oblation.
Common be your aim, and your hearts united;
Your mind be one so that all may happily live together.

—Rig. Veda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 85

★ Munshi Heights Again ★ 'A Mare, A Mare'

★ An Old-World Courtship

Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal,
October 9, 1955

My Young Friend,

FOR some time I have not carried forward the story of the "Munshi Heights". I do not know whether you have been introduced to this place. You would have been if you had read my earlier Letter No. 46 in which I have dealt with its lords and masters from the year 1736. In my Letter No. 71, I have dealt with one such aristocrat of the last century, to wit, Narbheram Munshi, my grandfather.

Now you know the secret. "The Heights" is an insignificant street in Broach, where I happened to be born. But to the Bhargava Brahmans, seventy years ago, it was the centre of the world.

This letter introduces a new character in the drama of the Munshi Heights—a person whose presence there, was most essential from my point of view. She was my mother.

★

I have before me a wonderful document, full of social and human value. It is my mother's autobiography, and it deals with the second half of the nineteenth century. The story, which ends in 1897, is told with a direct simplicity and at times with an effortless emotion, which has often brought tears to my eyes.

My mother wrote down the narrative of her life in 1897, not so that it might be read, but so that she could find solace in self-expression. She was then in great mental distress. Two of my sisters, aged 16 and 14, had already lost their husbands.

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Smt. Tapiben Munshi

In these times few can realise what a terrible calamity widowhood then was. Girls of high-class Hindu families, who had mostly been married in childhood, could not re-marry if their husbands died. They were doomed to spend the rest of their lives with their parents under the most rigid monastic control. On festive occasions they were walking omens of evil, to be shunned by all. The home where they lived had to be cheerless. My father, for instance, never sang a song or played upon *tabla*, as he had been used to do, after this calamity overtook us.

I have a vivid memory of two days in the week or fortnight when my blood boiled with rage and anguish. Custom enjoined tonsure for the widows. The day before the barber came to shave my sisters and on the day itself, everyone in the house was wretched. My sisters sobbed aloud both days and my mother's eyes were swollen with tears. When my sisters sat with heads bent before the barber, they cried as if their hearts would break, they had such a horror of the trial. And these wretched days followed at inevitable intervals. After my father's death, a few years later, my mother, past middle-age though she was, broke the tyranny of this brutal custom.

My mother found an escape from all this by writing profusely. She could neither spell words correctly, nor did she know the use of full-stop or comma. But she poured out her heart spontaneously in poems, *bhajans*, notes and discourses. To do so was a temperamental necessity for her.

Mother also wrote out summaries of the English novels, the stories of which my father told her.

In addition, she always kept accounts. She was very particular about money. She kept track of every pie that came in or was spent in little booklets which she stitched into shape herself. At the end of every year, and of every five years, the results were carried into balance-sheets.

In her autobiography, Mother wrote about herself as if she was someone else, referring to herself by her name Tapi, the Gujarati corruption of the Puranic Tapti, the daughter of the Sun-God.

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The narrative begins in the early decades of the nineteenth century.

"Rupbai was charming, intelligent and wise. She ran the frugal household of her husband carefully. In addition, she tailored clothes for others; that brought a little additional income to the family.

"She was slim and fair-complexioned. When she was well-advanced in years, a daughter was born to her, who was named Kesar.

"Kesar was married to Chimanlal, a descendant of Nandlal Munshi, who had in old days received the grant of 'Munshigiri' from the Mughal Emperors.

"Rupbai was very poor. When her husband died, she had not even money enough to perform his last rites and had to borrow from a relative for the purpose.

"On Shravan Shukla Saptami, Samvat 1911 (A.D. 1855), Kesar gave birth to a daughter who was given the name of Tapi. The child was healthy and had inherited the fair complexion of her mother. Her nose was pointed. Her eyes were like those of her father.

"When Tapi was four-and-a-half months old, her mother died. Rupbai then began to bring her up. Her father was young. His elder brother (who held a high office in the Baroda Service) engaged for her a maid-servant, who was paid Rs. 4/- per month, besides being given her food. Whenever the maid-servant was absent, Rupbai fed the child herself. Even the neighbours in their kindness began to look after her. In those days people were kinder than they are now.

"When Tapi was two years old, she began to take her food by herself. The maid-servant then being of no use was discharged. Tapi slowly began to lisp words. Whenever she did so, Rupbai broke into tears, being reminded of her daughter. Tapi would ask her the reason for her crying. Rupbai would reply: 'You are an unlucky child; my daughter is dead.' Tapi was too young to understand what her grandmother meant by those words.

"But as Tapi grew up, Rupbai wound the golden chain of love around her."

Mother then continues the story of her life:

"Old Rupbai was very, very poor. Her usual meal consisted of *jowar* bread and oil. The only luxury she permitted herself was red chillies taken with salt. She bought milk, but only for Tapi.

"The old lady made a little money by doing embroidery and stitching work or pounding paddy for others. At night she lit only one oil lamp in the house. As she had no box, she kept her fine clothes in a bin. Ordinarily she wore coarse clothes, but they had never a tear in them. She never begged or borrowed.

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"When Tapi grew up, she began to toddle about in the streets. However, she was so weak that she had to be supported at every step. Whoever met her teased her by saying 'Shall I support you?' Whenever she heard this remark, she would run away into the house. But the neighbours enjoyed the joke.

"When Tapi was six years old, Rupbai was vexed with the problem of her marriage. Two old ladies undertook to bring about her betrothal with Maneklal, the third son of Narbheram Munshi. This was a little difficult. Narbheram, the master of the Munshi Heights and her uncle, Moolchandbhai, an officer in the Baroda Service, were not on good terms. The old ladies therefore, first talked the matter over with Narbheram Munshi.

" 'The girl is good-looking and comes from a good family,' they said.

" 'Will Moolchand give her to my son?', asked Narbheram. 'He often comes to the Heights, but is so proud that he does not even care to call on me'.

"The old ladies then saw Moolchandbhai. He was a big man, too. But ultimately, he met Narbheram Munshi. Both knew astrology well and compared the horoscopes of Maneklal and Tapi, which tallied. Moolchandbhai also expressed a desire to build a mansion on the same design as Munshi's. The old bitterness between the two was removed by this alliance.

"Narbheram put the proposal to Dayakunwar (his wife).

" 'I do not want Tapi for my daughter-in-law', she said. 'I cannot look after a motherless girl'.

"Narbheram Munshi, however, was firm. 'Is that the only reason? Don't worry about it. We shall have this girl'."

*

The ceremony of investing my father with the sacred thread was performed in 1860. According to custom, after the ceremony was over, the little Brahman had to be carried in procession on horseback, cocoanut in hand and dressed in a *jama*—an overall coat—and a turban of gold brocade. Custom also prescribed that in the procession his little fiancee must follow him on a mare. If he was not fortunate enough to have secured a baby bride by then, his family lost prestige, and he himself was branded as an undesirable. This custom was in vogue even sixty years ago. When I was eight years old, as a newfledged Brahman, I rode in a procession followed by a three-year-old wife-to-be.

This occasion, however, was not without its peculiar troubles. Mother, dressed in a gold cloth dress, had to be carried to the Heights on a mare. The dress was borrowed

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from a relative, who at the last moment, refused to lend it. Moolchandbhai was very angry.

"Is he the only man with money?", he shouted, and promptly called for a tailor. Brocade was immediately purchased, cut to shape and hurriedly stitched.

This unexpected event delayed the departure of my mother to Munshi Heights to join the procession. In the meantime, the mare, hired for the occasion, which had been sent for her, had been taken away for some other procession. Mares were always in short supply for such occasions in Broach. Grandfather sent a palanquin instead, to fetch the bride.

A young uncle of my mother's was indignant. "Go and tell Narbheram to send a mare for the bride," he shouted. "If he cannot arrange one, he must carry his son in the procession by himself. I shall not allow my niece to be taken in a palanquin". At last, a mare was procured and wearing her new garments, mother joined the procession.

What a shuddering prospect! If a mare had not arrived in time, mother would not have joined the procession; the betrothal would have been broken, and I should have remained unborn! An English king shouted: "My kingdom for a horse!". Had I known of this incident, I would have shouted: "A birth for a mare".



Within a few months of this event, Rupbai died and my mother went to live with her father's sister. The narrative proceeds:—

"In 1863 Tapi was married to Maneklal. Both the Munshi families celebrated the occasion with rejoicing and feasts. Fire-works were displayed; music and dancing parties were held.

"By then, the first school for girls had been started in Broach. It was held in a portion of the boys' school. The pupils who attended it were provided with slates and pens free. Tapi studied there upto the third standard.

"After her marriage Tapi went to Dohad, where her father was employed, and continued her studies. On his return from office, her father gave her some tuition. Tapi, in her turn, taught her step-mother how to read and write."

Mother was then sent to Broach to live with Rukmini, the daughter of Moolchandbhai, a hard-hearted lady who disliked both my mother and her father. Then continues the narrative:

"The uncle who loved Tapi was in service far away. Her father's sister was the only other person who cared for her.

"But when Tapi was eleven years old her father's sister died too.

"Without a mother, uncared for by her father, helpless Tapi lived at the mercy of Rukmini. When the family went on a pilgrimage, Tapi was treated no better than a

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dependant. She was made to work very hard indeed. Whenever there was a death or some difficulty among the relatives, she was sent to help them and there again she had to work hard. If any of the ladies in the family were in childbirth, she had to work as an attendant. She had also to look after Rukmini's two daughters, give them their daily bath, feed them, lull them to sleep and wash their clothes. Even when she went out to a caste feast, she had to take them with her.

"*Ashad Shukla Ekadashi* is a sacred day, on which Tapi kept her fast and vigil. As a result, she got fever. No medical aid was given to her and her temperature persisted.

"Then followed the month of Shravan, when feasts are generally held almost every day. The daughters of her uncle went out for dinner every day, leaving Tapi alone. Even on the Janmashtami day (the birthday of Sri Krishna), a day of great rejoicing, Tapi had high temperature, but she was left alone in the house. The doors of the house could not be left open for fear of an intruder. So her cousins locked the doors from outside and left the keys with a neighbour.

"Tapi was alone in the house. Her temperature came down a little and she began to cry. The love which her mother and her father's sister bore her came back to her mind. She cried 'Oh, God, if my mother or father's sister had been alive, they would never have left me alone in such a condition. At least one of them would have stayed by my side. If they had wanted to go out, they would have done so by turns. Who cares for me now? There is no one to whom I can even open my mouth.' She went on crying piteously, but there was no one to listen to her.

"But God is great. He is everywhere. The front door was suddenly opened and a lady came in. She called Tapi by name and removed the cloth with which she had covered her face. Masi (Mother's cousin sister) was standing there. She gave Tapi water to drink and made her sit up. She said, 'My child, I was passing by the way; I found the doors locked; I felt you could not have gone out with such high fever on you. The neighbours told me that all your cousins had gone out to dinner and had left you locked indoors. Could anyone have left you alone in this condition? Suppose you had died in the meantime. I will take you with me and keep you with my brother and look after you.'

"Masi dressed Tapi, lifted her in her arms and carried her to her brother's house."

There Mother was given treatment. It took her two months to recover from her illness.

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In 1867 my mother was twelve years old. She was then sent, according to the custom then prevailing, to her husband's house. This did not mean that she was allowed to meet my father or to talk to him. The narrative continues:—

"When Tapi went to her husband's house, her only possessions were a *sari*, a *choli* and a few odds and ends. Maneklal was then fifteen years old and was studying English. As there were no facilities in Broach for further study, it was decided to send him to Ahmedabad.

"When Maneklal arrived at the station to catch the train, Tapi and her step-mother with two of her sons were already there; they were leaving for Baroda by the same train. For the first time Maneklal and Tapi had a chance of seeing each other, and they liked what they saw. Now and then they even exchanged glances with each other. This continued till Tapi and her step-mother left the train at Baroda.

"The climate of Ahmedabad did not suit Maneklal. He fell ill and had to give up his studies. He returned to Broach and was soon busy nursing his father, who had also fallen ill."

"In the meantime, Dayana, (my grandmother), had had a fall and was confined to bed. The charge of the house was taken over by my father's elder sister, the fiery Rukhiba. Tapi's lot was pitiable. She had to suffer endless abuses and insults, and to work at one house or the other the whole day," says the autobiography.

In those days—why, even fifty years ago—the daughter of a respectable family could not spend the evening at the house of her father-in-law. She would come away to her parents in the afternoon and, after a pleasant time, would take her evening meal, dress herself in nice clothes and a little later, would be escorted back to her husband's house. The custom was deep-rooted. If a girl did not go to her father's house in the evening to take her meals, her family and with it, herself, would be looked down upon. My mother continues the story of her woes:

"Tapi could not spend the evening on the Munshi Heights, lest her father's prestige, and with it her own, would suffer. But when she went to her father's house, her cousin Rukmini, would see that she had only hard work and harsher words. To escape this evil, Tapi adopted a little stratagem. She would leave her father-in-law's house in the afternoon and proceed to her father's. There she would tell her cousin that she would be taking her evening meal at her father-in-law's house. Then she would come to the house of her mother's sister; there also she would refuse to take the meal

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which was offered. She would say that she had taken it at her father's house. Then late in the evening she would go to her father-in-law's house, where again she would say that she had already taken her meals at her father's house."

In this way, my mother, a girl of fourteen, a child as we count the age now, lived for months on one meal a day in order to maintain her father's and her own prestige.

Her trials however, came to an end.

One afternoon, mother was leaving to attend the wedding festivities at a neighbour's house. As was her wont, she began to take Rukmini's little son with her. Rukmini was wild with rage. She abused mother and snatched the boy away from her. Mother felt hurt, humiliated and crushed. She left her father's house and went to the house of her husband's younger sister, the only soul who loved her. Then she went to her father-in-law's house and had a change of clothes, a humiliating affair. It was too much for her. She could not find happiness. When she met my father, she broke down and told him her story with tears; how her world was treating her; how she had foregone her evening meal for months.

My father consoled her and promised her that she would have to suffer no longer.

And in this way was laid the foundation of a deep love, rare for those times, which remained unbroken till 1903, when my father died.

Your sincerely,



When we go to sleep, let us calmly say, 'I have lived and have finished the course allotted to me by fate.' If Heaven adds another day to our life, let us receive it with joy. He alone is truly happy and calmly possesses himself who expects the morrow without anxiety. Whoever can say when he goes to sleep, 'I have lived' enjoys the following day as so much pure again.

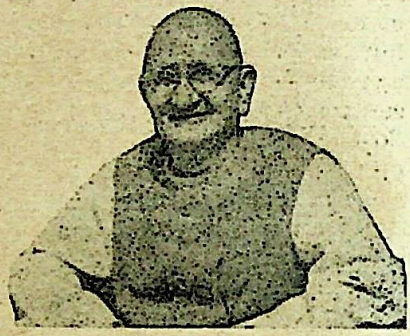
—Seneca

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Swami Ramdas

NAME IS GOD

GOD and His names are not distinct from one another. Name is God Himself. The moment we think of the name, our mind is filled with the presence of God. There is no easier way of focussing thought upon God than taking constantly His Name. When we repeat the name aloud, we feel our heart is flooded with the ecstasy of love, because the sound of the Divine Name awakens the heart of the bliss and love of God.



Although mental repetition of the Name is held to be far more efficacious than the verbal repetition, still the rare experience of sweetness and joy derived by uttering the name aloud is incomparable. When the entire being of the devotee thrills with rapture to the music of the Name he realizes that THE NAME IS BRAHMAN.

God is both manifest and unmanifest. The Name stands for such a God. Here the unmanifest is the all-pervading, infinite, immutable, tranquil and static spirit of God. The manifest is the entire universe of name, form and movement with all its beings, creatures and things. The Name stands for this all-inclusive and all-transcendent Godhead, who is both personal and impersonal.

The Divine Name is thus the beginningless source of all creation and the creation itself. God, the absolute, is the nameless name.

The Name can free the soul from bondage. The Name can take it to the highest consummation of spiritual life. The Name can grant a blind soul Divine sight. The Name can bless an individual with an universal vision full of sublimity. The Name can lift the soul to inconceivable heights of God-Realization.

The power of the Name is invincible. A mind which is considered

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to be unconquerable by the soothing influence of the Name becomes docile, yielding and submissive. The mind itself is transformed into God by the power of the Name. He who takes refuge in the Name can work wonders. Death itself will stand in awe of Him. He can command all the forces of nature and direct them to bring about a spiritual awakening in the hearts of men. The Name can make a human being an embodiment of eternal love and joy. The Name can convert an individual into a Cosmic Reality, an ignorant soul into a very God.

Where the Name of God is sung, the atmosphere is permeated with purity, peace and bliss; for the symphony of the Name spreads everywhere the splendour of love.

The Name is all-sufficient. The utterance of it is itself meditation. The ecstasy born of it is itself *samadhi*. The Name is love, light, power and joy.

The writer can vouch for it from his own experience that the Name by itself without any other *sadhana* can grant one the fullest vision of God everywhere and may merge one in an ocean of never-ending love and joy.

There is no *sadhana* which can be so universally adopted by all people and is at the same time so simple for realizing God as the Divine Name. It is perfectly true, in the words of a Saint, that he who has God's Name always on his tongue is a *Jivanmukta*, or a liberated soul.

"Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

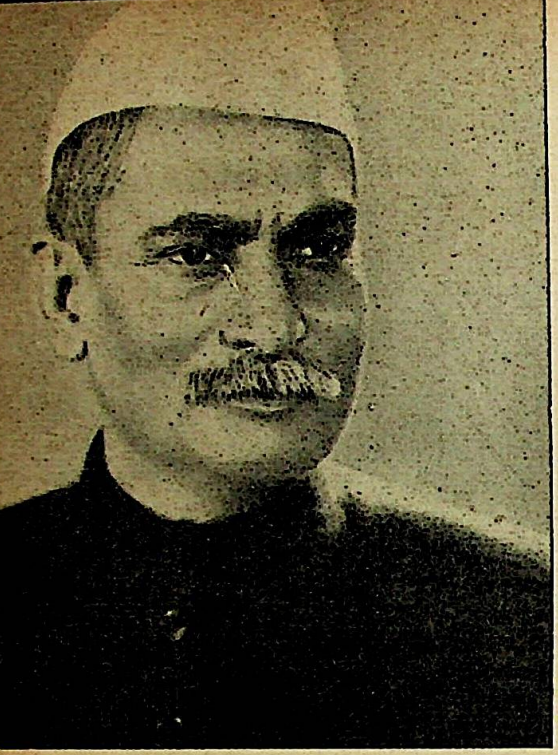
"Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare."

When a person knows that honey is available right from the rafter of one's own house, he would naturally not go for collecting it from trees on the mountains. Even so, when a person realizes that Brahmajnana is in one's own self, he would not care to go out to 'tirthas' and holy places in search of it.

An aborigine was given a golden ornament to wear round his neck. Unfortunately he did not know what gold was or its worth, until told. Even so is Brahmajnana which becomes manifest by the precepts of the Guru.

—Nyaya-Sahasri

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music and dance in indian life

Rajendra Prasad

INDIA'S devotion to music and dancing and her efforts to develop these arts systematically go back almost to the pre-historic times. These two arts are so interwoven in the texture of Indian mythology and social history that most of the gods and goddesses conceived in the Hindu pantheon are seen even today in dancing poses, holding their respective musical instruments. Nataraja has his "damru", Venu Gopal or Lord Krishna his flute, Saraswati her "veena" and so on. There is little wonder if these arts continue to occupy a prominent place in our religious practices and have influenced them to such an extent through the ages.

In turn, music and dancing themselves may be said to have been conditioned and developed directly as a result of the religious influences and the spiritual urges of the people. Indeed, the fact that these arts have continued to flourish in spite of centuries' neglect and lack of State patronage shows how much they had been integrated in India's religious and cultural pattern.

It is significant that these arts have never been considered as

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the gap between classical music and the common man has to be bridged.....

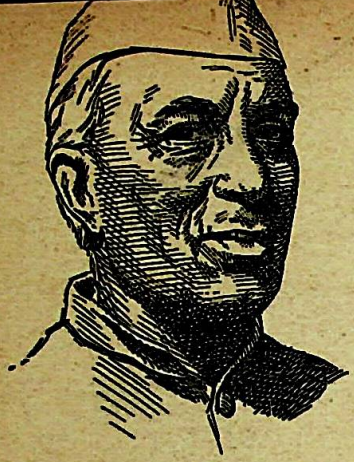
mere embellishments to the arts of poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, etc., but have instead been considered as a valuable means for attaining real happiness or what may be called a spiritual state of bliss. The technique of music and dance is, therefore directly conditioned by these ideas and conceptions, and the theory of *rasa* governs all our arts. It is also due to this background of religion, philosophy and mythology that the spirit of the arts has been entirely devotional and one of worship and dedication.

Historically speaking, music and dance flourished in India as highly developed secular arts centuries before the Christian Era. Its zenith may perhaps be assigned to the imperial age of the Guptas when music, painting, sculpture and dancing attained a remarkable maturity of expression. In later centuries these arts continued, sometimes flourishing, sometimes struggling in accordance with the political situation obtaining in the country. The Moghul courts patronized arts in their own manner and the earlier tradition moulded itself to the new secular demands which were made on these arts. New forms came into being and new modes of expression were found.

It is not enough merely to look at this rich awe-inspiring heritage of the arts. We must strive not only to preserve that heritage but to enrich it as far as we can. The gap which has unfortunately come to exist between classical music and the common man has to be bridged partly by educating the commoner and partly by bringing the old forms of music in line with the times and the present-day needs.

[Condensed from his speech at New Delhi on 11-9-1955.]

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PLAN-FRAME

Jawaharlal Nehru

The objectives set forth in the Plan-Frame are:

(a) An increase of about 27 per cent in the National Income, that is, roughly about 5 per cent per annum;

(b) Creation of jobs or gainful employment for about 11 millions people;

(c) Development of heavy industry so as to strengthen the country's capacity to step up home-based investment rapidly in the future;

(d) Reduction in inequalities of income and wealth, and advance towards a socialistic pattern of society.

WE want to improve the conditions of our people. This means their income must increase, and if their income increases, we must provide as to how they spend the increased income. And if we plan increased wealth for the nation, we have also to calculate the increased expenditure and to see that the country produces those items over which people can spend. Thus it will be clear to you that the problems of planning are fairly complicated.

Who does not want to have a prosperous life? But the point is: how are we to reach there, how are we to remove the stones and thorns that lie on the way? If we have to reach the garden of prosperity, we will have to undergo difficulties.

Making of a plan is not making lists. Lists are no doubt there, but planning is different. Plan aims to indicate what are the things to be done first and what afterwards, so that the wealth of the nation may increase. We have great inequalities in our country; the aim of the Plan is to bring down those who are very high up and lift those who are down below. But if we take any step by which our ambition may well be satisfied but wealth production be reduced, it would certainly not be a proper step.

Please remember that no single answer can be given to all the problems facing us. We have to keep before us the entire picture and

(Continued on p. 34)

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Dwight Eisenhower

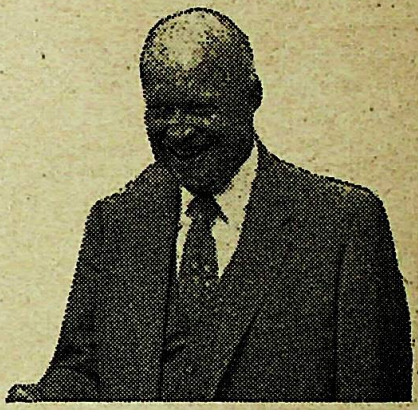
The Peace We Want

THE central fact of today's life is the existence in the world of two great philosophies of man and government. They are in contest for the friendship, loyalty, and support of the world's peoples.

On the one side, there are those who seek attainment of human goals through a government of laws administered by men. Those laws are rooted in moral law reflecting a religious faith that man is created in the image of God and that the energy of the free individual is the most dynamic force in human affairs.

On the other side are those who believe—and many of them with evident sincerity—that human goals can be most surely reached by a government of men who rule by decrees. Their decrees are rooted in an ideology which ignores the faith that man is a spiritual being; which establishes the all-powerful state as the principal source of advancement and progress.

The case of the several leading nations on both sides is on trial before the bar of world opinion. Each of them claims that it seeks, above all else, an enduring peace in the world. In that claim all



identify themselves with a deep-seated hunger of mankind. But the final judgment on them—and it may be many years in coming—will depend as much on the march of human progress within their own borders, and on their proved capacity to help others advance, as on the tranquillity of their relations with foreign countries.

Mankind wants peace because the fruits of peace are manifold and rich, particularly in this atomic age; because war would be the extinction of man's deepest hopes; because atomic war could be race suicide.

The world is astir today with newly awakened peoples. By the

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hundreds of millions, they march toward opportunity to work and grow and prosper, to demonstrate their self-reliance, to satisfy their aspirations of mind and spirit. Their advance must not and cannot be stopped.

These hundreds of millions help make up the jury which must decide the case between the competing powers of the world.

The system, or group of systems, which most effectively musters its strength in support of peace and demonstrates its ability to advance the well-being, the happiness of the individual, will win their verdict and their loyal friendship.

We must not think of peace as a static condition in world affairs. That is not true peace, nor in fact can any kind of a peace be preserved that way. Change is the law of life, and unless there is peaceful change, there is bound to be violent change.

The spirit of Geneva, if it is to provide a healthy atmosphere for the pursuit of peace, if it is to be genuine and not spurious, must inspire all to a correction of injustices, an observance of human rights and an end to subversion organized on a world-wide scale. Whether or not such a spirit as this will thrive through the combined intelligence and understanding of men, or will shrivel in the greed and ruthlessness of some, is for the future to tell. But one thing is certain. This spirit and the goals we seek could never have been achieved by violence or when men and nations confronted each other with hearts filled with fear and hatred.

Eagerness to avoid war—if we think no deeper than this single desire—can produce outright or implicit agreement that injustices and wrongs of the present shall be perpetrated in the future. We must not participate in any such false agreement. Thereby, we would outrage our own conscience. In the eyes of those who suffer injustice, we would become partners with their oppressors. In the judgment of history, we would have sold out the freedom of men for the pottage of a false peace. Moreover, we would assure future conflict!

The peace we want—the product of understanding and agreement and law among nations—is an enduring international environment, based on justice and security. It will reflect enlightened self-interest. It will foster the concentration of human energy—individual and organized—for the advancement of human standards in all the areas of mankind's material, intellectual and spiritual life.

Can we achieve that sort of peace? I think we can. At times it may seem hopeless, far beyond human capacity to reach. But has any great accomplishment in history begun with assurances of its success?

[Condensed from his address at Philadelphia on August 24, 1955]

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Immortal India—29 **J. H. Dave**

MALLIKARJUNA

श्रीपर्वते महादेवो देव्या सह महाद्युतिः।
न्यवसत् परमप्रीतो ब्रह्मा च त्रिदशैः सह ॥
तत्र देवह्रदे स्नात्वा शुचिः प्रयतमानसः।
अश्वमेधमवाप्नोति कुलं चैव समुद्धरेत् ॥

—*Vanaparva*, 83-19 and 20.

"At Sriparvata or the Srisaila Mount, the luminous deity Siva abides with great delight along with His consort Parvati. Brahma also stays there with other gods. One bathing there in the heavenly lake with purity and self-control obtains the reward of performing the Asvamedha sacrifice and he liberates his whole family."

SRISAILAM is situated in the hilly forest area of the Nandikotkur Taluk of the Kurnool District. It is on the bank of the Krishna river. Srisailam is described as the Kailasa of the South and river Krishna or one of its branches is known here by the name of Patala Ganga. Srisailam is 73 miles from the Nandyal Railway Station. From Nandyal, one has to go to Atmakur, a distance of 38 miles and from there to Nagaluti, a further distance of ten miles. Srisailam is 25 miles from Nagaluti. This road is just a hilly path through a dense forest. More than eight miles of the road between Nagaluti and Srisailam is paved with huge slabs of rough stones intended as a flight of steps to climb this mount.

On this Srisaila Mount is the famous and ancient temple of Lord Siva known as Mallikarjuna. It is one of the twelve Jyotir Lingas. The forest and hilly area in which it is situated is full of natural scenery. Betwen Nagaluti and Srisailam there is a forest rest-house at Peddacheruvu.

During the months of February to May there is the Yatra time and numerous pilgrims from various parts of the country gather together at this place. Except for this time the place and the whole track is deserted. It is inhabited by a tribe of people called Chenchus.

The famous temple of Mallikarjuna Siva is on the top of this hill of Srisailam over-looking the Krishna river which is called Patalaganga here. The distance between the temple and the river is about two miles and the whole of it is covered with a flight of steps.

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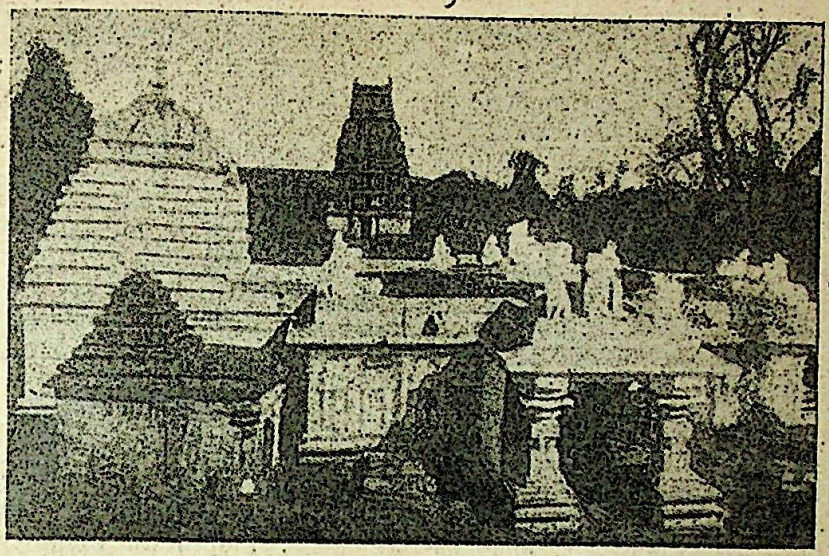
Between Nagaluti and Srisailam there are a number of ruined temples and structures. On the various flight of steps, the pilgrims have inscribed different figures and writings. Some inscriptions establish that this area of Srisailam was a part of the kingdom of the great ruler Krishna Deva Raya of Vijayanagar and that it was a very flourishing place at one time. It is said that the place was mostly deserted after its conquest by the Muslims.

A local legend says that there was a princess called Chandravati whose father was the ruler of Chandraguptapuram on the bank of Krishna. This king returned home after a long journey and fell in love with his own grown-up daughter. When she came to know of the evil intentions, she left her house, cursed her father and came to Srisailam. The ruler was drowned in the Patalaganga. The princess stayed in Srisailam. One of her cows yielded no milk. On inquiry it was found that the cow was voluntarily pouring out her milk on a Siva Linga. The Princess had a dream in which she saw Lord Siva who was manifesting Himself there in the form of that Siva linga. She then constructed there the first temple of Lord Siva over that Linga. She daily offered worship with jasmine or Mallika flowers and therefore this Siva linga became known as Mallikarjuna. This legend is engraved on a panel on the courtyard wall. The legend of a cow voluntarily pouring her milk over the image of the deity is common for many temples.

Another legend says that Lord Siva came here as a hunter and married a beautiful girl of the Chenchu tribe. This legend is also illustrated in stone in one of the bas reliefs on the courtyard wall. The Chenchus believe themselves to be the self-appointed guardians of this Mallikarjuna Temple. They drag the car of the Lord on festive occasions. Mallikarjuna, on account of this association with Chenchus, is also called Chenchu Mallayya.

The bas reliefs are on the outer walls of the courtyard and the temple is situated within the inside of this enclosure which is 500 by 600 feet. There are three gateways on North, South and East. On the West is the temple of Goddess Bhramarambika. The present architecture belongs to the Vijayanagar period. The Goddess is known here as Madhavi or Bhramaramba or Amman and her temple is a very small structure on the West. She is a form of Durga or Kali and animal sacrifice is offered to her. Bhramarambika's is one of the ancient and famous Saktipeethas; she is considered one of the 18 principal Goddesses of India; and the Jyotirbaga of Mallikarjuna is described by the Lingayat Jangama priests as the Linga-Chakravarti. The Siva and Sakti festivals take place separately one after the other. The Siva Festival

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The Mallikarjuna Temple at Srisailam

takes place on the Mahasivratri day. After that the Sakti festival starts. These festivals last from February up to May. They were observed with much greater pomp in the past when this was a flourishing area. Compared to the festival of the Goddess, the Siva Festival appears milder.

The Mallikarjuna Temple facing east is situated in the centre of this enclosure and the Amman Temple is on its western side. A little north of the eastern Mukhadwara of the temple is another Siva temple which is described as the old Mallikarjuna Temple. To a little north of this east porch is a small temple with a beautifully carved linga known as the Sahasra Linga. This linga is so carved as to have on it one thousand miniature lingas. This Sahasra Linga is surrounded by a three-headed Naga and is placed on a very beautiful pedestal or Yoni Mandala.

The temple of Mallikarjuna has an excellent and old metal image of Siva Nataraja. The walls of the temple were once covered with gilted brass-plates. As many were removed and were being removed, the remaining ones were taken out and placed in the Madras Museum. In some of these plates, Siva is represented in the form of Dakshinamurti and Chandrasekhara.

Mahabharata in Vana parva describes that Lord Siva and His con-

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sort Parvati stay on the Sriparvata or the Srisailam. The *Linga purana* refers to the Jyotirlinga here. This place is one of the eight main *sthanas* of Siva. This is also a great Sakti peetha of Goddess Madhavi or Bhramaramba. Many yogins are said to have practised penance here. This place has therefore a very ancient history and it goes back even to pre-Mahayana Buddhism.

The Mahayana School of Buddhism is said to have been founded by Nagarjuna called Arya Nagarjuna in about the first century A.D. The Tibetan tradition says that he flourished about 400 years after the death of Buddha i.e., about 33 B.C. and lived for a long age of 400 years. His biography was translated into Chinese in 401 A.D. by Kumarajiva. His date would therefore be somewhere between 33 B.C. and 300 A.D.

This Nagarjuna was the founder of the Madhyamika School of Buddhist Philosophy and was a great Budhist logician. He was born in Berar in the reign of Sadvaha or Satavahana and he passed many years in meditation in a cave on this Srisaila mountain. He is the author of *Madhyamika-Karika Vigraha Vyavartanikarika* and *Pramana Vidhvamsana.* Nagarjuna was considered an authority on numerous subjects including chemistry, Ayurveda, Mantrasastra and Jyothisha. He was the pupil of Saroha and he converted to Buddhism one King Bhojadeva. Nagarjuna is also connected with the establishment of the University of Nalanda. He is considered as the 16th out of the 84 *siddhas* of Buddhism.

It appears that Srisailam was orginally a sacred spot of Brahmanical Saivism where Siva and Sakti were worshipped. It became a famous spot for Buddhism after it was associated with Nagarjuna. After the decline of Buddhism in the 7th Century A. D. it once again became the sacred Siddha Kshetra of the Brahmanical faith.

Mayuravarman, a Kadamba King of the 6th century occupied this place right up to the gates of Srisailam. Stones for Siva Linga were collected for worship from this place from the Patala Ganga river. Even now the Vira Saivas or Lingayats who place a Siva Linga in a casket and wear it on their bodies get their linga stones from the bed of Patala Ganga at Srisailam. The stone steps of Srisailam were constructed by the Reddi King, Vema Reddi, in the 14th Century. His son Annavema Reddi built a mandapa for heroes or Viras where it is said the Konga Viras in their excitement of religious fervour cut off their heads and tongues as offerings to the God.

The Vira Saiva or Lingayat priests, called Jangamas, have had five big monasteries on this hill and the principal one was known as the Vira Saiva Siddha Bhiksha Vritti Monastery.

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This Mallikarjuna temple is one of the most ancient and sacred Saiva temples in South India. Any one can worship the deity even without a priest. There are no restrictions of caste or creed or sex. This catholicity is said to be due to the influence of Buddhism which was once very powerful here after the time of Nagarjuna. Buddhist pilgrims Fa Hian and Hieun-Tsang have referred to the Srisailam and its association with Nagarjuna.

Though Lingayats are the great worshippers of Mallikarjuna, the management of the temple is in the hands of the Brahmins of Pushpagiri. Till the 14th century A.D. it was being managed by the Jangama Lingayat priests.

The Vira Saivas have five principal seats or *maths* in different parts of India. The Math of Ekorama is at Kedara on the Himalayas. That of Panditaradhya is at Srisailam; that of Revana-Acharya is at Mehli in Mysore; that of Marula at Ujjini in Bellary and that of Visvaradhya in Kasi.

Vira Saivism according to some was founded by Basava, the Brahmin Minister of King Bijjala in 1167 A.D. The Vira Saivites believe that Basava only revived and consolidated the ancient creed which was being propagated in ancient times by the five great Acharyas mentioned above.

The world 'Vira' shows that the followers of this creed had to defend it against great opposition. The Vira Saivas in defiance of the oppression openly wore the linga of Siva on their bodies and heroically faced the wrath of the rulers who followed the Jaina faith. This Linga was called the Prana-Linga or the very life of the devotee as he never parted with it so long as he was alive.

These Vira Saivas follow the authority of the 28 Agamas. Their five Acharyas whose names are given above are said to belong to very ancient times. This tradition of five Acharyas is also recorded in *Suprabheda Agama*.

Panditaradhya whose *Math* is on the Srisailam is the fourth of these five great Acharyas and he is identified by Prof. Pandey with Sripati Pandita, the author of the Srikara Bhashya on the *Brahman Sutras* of Badarayana, written from the point of view of the Vira Saiva doctrines.

Vira Saivism is distinguished from other sects of Hinduism on account of the importance it has given to the *Mathas* and its want of emphasis on the distinctions of castes. Their past opposition to the Jains is well known and it is perhaps from Jains that they borrowed these two characteristics. The Vira Saivas believe in the *Visesha-Advaita*. Sripati criticises both Sankara's *Kevala Advaita* and Ramanuja's *Visishta Advaita*. The Vira Saivas believe like the Kashmir Saivites in the 36 *tattvas*. They believe in the three impurities Aanava, Kaarma and Maayiya; and

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the ways of liberation are stated to be six—Shadadhva. Siva is called Sthala. He is the highest *tattva* and being the resort of all, He is called Sthala. When on account of the agitation of His sakti, He is divided into two aspects, these two are known as Linga Sthala and Anga Sthala. Linga is the God Siva; Anga is the Jiva devotee. Sakti has also two aspects. The aspect with Siva is kala, that with Jiva is Bhakti. With Bhakti, Jiva can realise the Samarasya of Jiva and Siva and this is called Mukti.

Much of the literature of Vira Saivism is available in the Kannada language. Writings of Basava and his successors form their main religious literature.

The Lingi Brahmins are either Acharyas or Panchamas. Most of the Acharyas are called Jangamas. Some of them are ascetics while others are householders. The Jangama Acharyas are associated with one of the five main *Maths*. The Diksha in this creed is of the Siva Panchakshari Mantra. Thereafter they have to wear the Siva Linga on their bodies. The Linga is identified with the Atma and the highest tattva. Even ladies have this Diksha. They have to daily worship this Siva Linga worn on the body.

Vira Saivas have the Bheda-Abheda-Vada. The theory of Sankara regarding Adhyasa and Maya is criticised. They describe the qualified monism of Ramanuja as self-contradictory. Brahman is the Para Siva or Pati and is beyond the 36 Tattvas. Pasu or Jiva is tied down to the three impurities of Mala, Karma and Maya. Liberation means freedom from these impurities or bondages. The six paths are Varna, Pada, Mantra, Kala, Bhuvana and Tattva. They also believe in the six kinds of graces or Saktipata.

Srisailam is the principal seat of Saivism and has one of the five principal Maths of the Vira Saivas. It is also a well-known Sakti Peetha of Bramarambika.

Bhramamba-Ashtaka is attributed to Sankaracharya. This is the last verse. The repetitions of the letter *ga* may be noted.

गायत्रीं गरुडध्वजां गगनगां गान्धर्वगानप्रियां
गम्भीरां गजगामिनीं गिरिसुतां
गन्धाक्षताालङ्कृताम् ।
गङ्गागौतमगर्गसंनुतपदां गां गौतमीं गोमतीं
श्रीशैलस्थलवासिनीं भगवतीं
श्रीमातरं भावये ॥

"I contemplate on the auspicious and divine mother residing on the Srisaila. She is Gayatri; has banner of the eagle; moves in the sky; loves music; is deep; moves with the gait of an elephant; is the daughter of Himalaya; is adorned with sandal paste and rice, is worshipped by Ganga, Gautama and Garga; and is called the speech, the Gautami and Gomati".

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N. K. Seshan

CULTURE IS RELIGION

THERE have been as many definitions of culture as there have been exponents of it. In a changing world where old values are fast tottering and when new ones have not yet been crystallised from new experiences, and where science and technology are exerting an undue influence on the life of man, it is well-nigh difficult to speak of culture with any degree of definiteness and precision.

Is culture mere learning, mere education? There are many who labour under that delusion. But actual experience is highly disconcerting in this regard. If culture is the outcome of mere academic learning, an individual who has scaled the heights of academic distinction in the gift of a university, must be considered cultured. Similarly a nation which gives top priority to education and enforces it on all the citizens must be thought to be a 'cultured' nation. But it will be seen that this is not true when we analyse the real implications of the concept of culture. That is why Dr. Radhakrishnan once spoke of culture as "not mere learning, but understanding of life". In his view culture is a discrimination of the varied experiences of life. It is a protracted process of gathering knowledge about the fact and fiction of human life with all its hoary past, its agitating present and its uncertain future. It is a discrimination of life in the sense that it tells us how to do what is morally good in life and how to eschew what is morally degrading. "Sweetness of temper", "sanity of outlook" and "strength of mind" are only the index of a cultured mind. Now the question is, who or what teaches us the lessons of understanding and of discrimination. Here religion in its fundamental form—not the religion enslaved to complicated ritualism—steps in to answer it for us.

It has already been said that culture is a long process of mental development and that it cannot be acquired overnight. So it is the evolution of mind through various formative influences. It is the deposit on the mind of variegated experiences, visions and inspirations and influences of which a major share is contributed by religion. Let us be clear in our minds about the true nature of a religion, for there is a general misapprehension

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today that religion divides, rather than it unites mankind, and that it is soporific and not dynamic. This is due to the imperfect understanding and improper practice of religion.

If wars, crusades and *jehads* have in the name of religion clouded the vision of mankind at different stages of its history, the blame is not to be laid at the doors of religion. If a religion is fundamentally strong and has an organic vitality for growth, it needs no defence against any attack. It may, however, suffer temporary set-backs and defeats in the realms of material conquest. But when the storm blows over, it heaves up its head with 'healing on its wings'. The Indian religion has ever been the purest symbol of this spirit. Such a spirit has taught us from time immemorial to keep our heads erect and above the waves of temporary tribulations, and has sustained us through generations of progress. Its true characteristics are tolerance, nonviolence, forbearance, goodwill for all and the negation of the self.

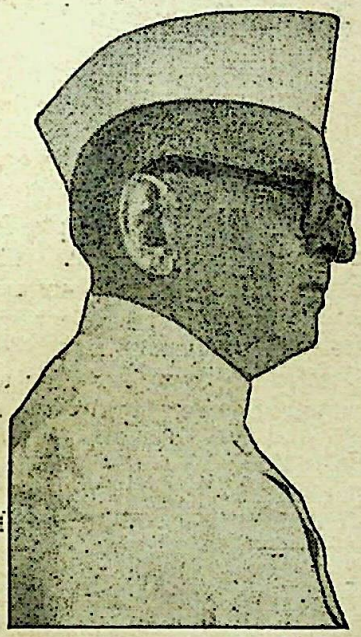
When we speak of Indian culture we often refer to these characteristics which are fundamental to religion. So when we analyse the concept of culture, does it not follow that religion contributes a major element to its texture? Academic learning, reading, contacts with men and manners and all other advantages of social life only aid the process of mental development which is started and guided by religion. Generally the first influence on the mind of a child is exerted by religion. The religious atmosphere in the home is a major formative factor in moulding a child's character. Added to it there are the usual practices and experiences which strengthen it more and more, so that even if the grown-up individual is to break away from his religious moorings in later life, the influence of an early religious training will be indelibly lurking in him and guiding him, without his knowledge, along the path of justice, honesty and virtue.

The dissident from religion may claim that his individual and social virtues are the result of an enlightened social sense and civic responsibility. But even then, the background for such an attitude is prepared by religion. The earliest man did not have any idea of religion at all in his mind and consequently he was not 'cultured'. Later on, when the religious instinct vaguely dawned upon him, he had the primary lessons of culture, and civilisation whose efflorescence is culture, has its misty beginning in it. Any study of culture, therefore, seems to be intimately bound up with the influences of religion.

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K. M. Munshi

SANSKRIT: THE GOLDEN THREAD



IT is one of the misfortunes of the times that, under the modern scheme of education, younger men are not taught to realise and appreciate what India has been in history and what that means. Young men should observe how products of the renaissance, while they absorbed the best that is of the West, had at the same time, their feet firmly planted in the past. For, I have always held the view, that, no nation whose feet are not planted in the past can ever have a great present or a glorious future and it is only by imbibing the great inspiration which our past has given to us that we will be able to fulfil the hopes which are being entertained of India by the whole world.

In this connection, I cannot help referring to a favourite subject of mine, namely, the disappearance of Sanskrit from the University curriculum, which I hope, is only a passing phase.

There is a curious confusion in the minds of educationists, that to learn or teach Sanskrit is to become reactionary, not to be modern, not to be up-to-date. But we should not forget certain important things which made the study of Sanskrit absolutely essential for an educat-

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ed man. Do not forget that if, in this country, for the last 3000 years, there has been any golden thread of unity, it has been supplied by Sanskrit.

The British gave us the unity of military occupation, an administrative unity of a sort, but the fundamental unity of the country—that which makes the whole country one, which makes us look to all rivers and holy places as ours, the country from Himalayas to Cape Comorin as one—this consciousness, this sense of unity arises from the fact that Sanskrit and the culture which it stands for, are deep down in our blood.

Sanskrit is not merely a second language, not a classical language, not a dead language, as some people imagine. It is the living language of culture, the golden thread which weaves the whole life of India together from the Vedic times down to the present.

[From his speech at Madras on July 15, 1955.]

PLAN-FRAME—*Contd.*

do our bit in each direction. This is necessary. We have to plan both for production and consumption. And the essence of planning lies in keeping a balance between these. Then the question is: what is your strength and capacity to do things? How far can you afford to go?

We have to proceed further step by step and to the extent we bear the burdens today, to that extent we would be happier later. That is why it is absolutely essential that we always keep the people before us, remain close to the people, explain to them our Plan and programmes and march with the people, but taking them into our confidence.

[*Condensed from AICC Report.*]

I would reject all authority if it is in conflict with reason or the dictates of the heart. Authority sustains and ennobles the weak when it is the handiwork of reason, but it degrades them when it supplants reason, sanctioned by the still small Voice within.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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TO MIRABAI

Richard Miller

Princess of rapture! thy sweet message I sing
O lone epiphany of Krishna's Light!
Whose gospel is the lore of simple love
That rises high above all human things
While yet retaining all that's precious there.
In Brindaban thy name was Radha, the Queen.
Thou art reborn from age to age to pledge
His Name to unhappy earth that calls and calls
Still deaf to His magic Flute's imperious song:
"Stake thy all for the One-in-all who comes
In answer to the heart's deep cry of need
Transforming all that hurts into a balm."

Make me a crucible of flaming Love,
A humble engine of the Lord's dear will,
The Eternal's poise wed to a thing of time.
Make every atom of my being rise
In a great golden song inspired by Grace
And vibrating in music's ultimate bliss
Whose sacrificial incense burns for Truth
And is displayed as the spectrum of His hues,
Once merged in the one white radiance of His Name.
Hark: angel shouts of exultation soar
To the One whose breath is infinite Truth and Love

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Flora Beck

LADY NICOTINE

FOR the occasional smoker the aroma of tobacco and a faint dulling of emotional awareness provide a small distinctive addition to the pleasures of relaxation, but the physical and emotional effect is small. Under social pressure, however, it is easy to become acclimatised to smoking more heavily, and after a day's abstinence the first cigarette gives a feeling of physical and emotional relief of a kind and degree which is new.

At this stage the body has readjusted to neutralise the effect of a constant overdose of nicotine; to go without smoking upsets what has become its normal state; and an artificial craving has been induced.

Satisfaction of this craving gives a feeling similar to the normal satisfaction of some primary need; and where deprivation and frustration are present they can be superficially allayed in this way.

A need for affection, a need for food, a need for physical activity, a need for rest, a need for intellectual stimulus, a stirring of the spirit —all these, after a time, may be falsely decoded in the mind and presented to consciousness as one single simple cry: "I want a cigarette."

The cigarette does give satisfaction. The duped conscious mind assumes that all is well..... In this way a tiny physical "addiction" can become the focus for powerful inner drives—and it deflects them away from the constructive attempt to satisfy real needs.

★

Mass addiction to tobacco represents a vast drain on personal and national income, and does much to perpetuate the ills it claims to relieve. What can be done about it? The example of light smokers or non-smokers carries more conviction with the average smoker than rabid anti-smoking speeches.

Though it is important to broadcast the dangers of smoking, this should be done rather to reinforce a positive policy than to frighten people off. Life is *pleasanter* when freed. A general trend in public opinion slightly against smoking would have a big effect, and in a general campaign the person to aim at is the "floating smoker".

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The really habituated smoker, if he is to change, must *want* to control or give up smoking. He may then adopt one of three methods:

1. *Cut off completely and for good.*—Some do this and after a few weeks are no longer bothered at all. But where a psychological urge has been built up, this method may leave a permanent feeling that some tremendous pleasure has been renounced. This may bring fear of relapse, and the whole subject of smoking remains disturbing.

2. *Reduce by rationing.*—This needs a less drastic act of will at the start but constant lesser self-control. After readjustment, physical craving will be satisfied at a lower level.

3. *Start by stopping completely (if possible for at least three weeks); then smoke for a few days and give it up again.*— During abstinence, when the physical craving has died down, the psychological urge is still building up. Smoking comes as an anticlimax: the expected strong satisfaction is not felt, and will not be, unless smoking is continued long enough to induce a physical craving again. It takes numerous repetitions of this to undo the conditioning which associates smoking with strong satisfaction; but the tendency to translate any inner tension into the feeling "I want to smoke" gradually dies out.

[Condensed from *World Science Review.*]

A prominent businessman who was enrolling his son in a well-known university shook his head dubiously when he began to examine the institution's catalogue of studies. "Does my son have to take all these courses?" he asked the dean. "Can't you make it shorter? He wants to get out quickly."

"Certainly he can take a shorter course," replied the dean "but it all depends on what he wants to make of himself. When God wants to make an oak he takes twenty years, but he only takes two months to make a squash."

Short cuts attract all of us. And of course we are free to take the easy way out. But just as oaks do not grow overnight, neither do the mind and character. We shall have to live for all eternity as we form ourselves here.

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Swami Sadananda

VARAHA AVATARA



WE are told that when Hiranyaksha, the Asura, hid the earth in the waters, Vishnu shot forth out of the nose of Brahma in the form of a pig, not bigger than the top portion of one's thumb. Even as Brahma and the other Gods stood in astonishment at the sudden appearance of this pig, it grew larger and larger till it became as huge as a rock. Then it dived into the waters, detected the hiding place of the earth through its sense of smell, found out that the earth was in deep slumber and therefore lifted her out of the waters using its tusk for the purpose. The war with Hiranyaksha followed and ended in the death of the Asura.

According to our *sastras,* Prithvi (earth) is the lowest of the five Bhutas or elements and its corresponding Tanmatra (subtle element) is smell. The pig has a prominent snout evidencing its highly developed sense of smell which alone is useful for detecting the hiding place of Prithvi (the correlate of smell).

The "waters" mean "sense-delights". The story is that Prithvi was taken by the Asura to Rasatala (one of the seven nether worlds). Rasatala is the region of Rasa i.e. flavour or relish. The "earth" signifies "the inhabitants of the earth". Therefore the meaning of the earth being hidden in the waters is that the inhabitants of the earth lost the sense of higher values, becoming the victims of sense-delights. The name of the Asura is Hiranyaksha. It means "golden-eyed". It was he who took the earth to Rasatala. In other words, it was gold that tempted men and women and made them lose their virtues and pursue lower pleasures.

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Hiranyaksha and Hiranyakasipu are Jaya and Vijaya, the Door-keepers of Vishnu who were cursed by the Kumaras to have births as a cure for their arrogance. They preferred to be born as Vishnu's enemies thrice so that they might very quickly get over the curse. As the enemy of Vishnu, Hiranyaksha should undo the work of Vishnu. The Lord gives wisdom and establishes the Dharma for bestowing prosperity upon created beings. Hiranyaksha must therefore offer temptations, destroy wisdom and generate Raga and Dvesha in the minds of the inhabitants of the earth. That was why he assumed the form of gold and became the golden-eyed. He could thus offer great temptations to the inhabitants of the earth.

The *Bhagavata,* in this connection, describes the earth as the refuge of all virtues ओक: सवसत्वानां. The lower worlds starting from Atala and ending in Patala are worlds inhabited by sinful beings, the Asuras. From the earth upwards there is a gradual increase of virtues. Being tempted by Hiranyaksha, the inhabitants of the earth became steeped in the sleep of unwisdom. That was the state in which they were when Vishnu, the Boar, searched for the earth within the waters. When wisdom is lost, Raga and Dvesha (love and hate) assume prominence.

To show that nothing is to be despised Vishnu came as the pig—the most despised of all animals. Through this Avatara, Vishnu was teaching universal love—love for all, including the most despised creature, the pig.

According to the *Bhagavata,* Gods praised the Boar-Avatara calling it Yajna Purusha i.e., the Lord who is the embodiment of sacrifice. In the *Bhagavad Gita* the Lord is called Adhi-yajna i.e., the Presiding Deity of Sacrifice. By example, Vishnu showed what Real Sacrifice meant, for, he left Vaikunta (the Abode of Bliss) and assumed the form of a pig. Sacrifice is the external manifestation in action of the inwardly felt Supreme Love.

Thus the Varahavatara teaches us the importance of Love and Sacrifice.



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Our Vedic Seers—II

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE PARASURAMA

ON the Ramabhargava Sukta of the *Rig Veda,* mention is made of one Parasurama. The *Sarvanukramani* identifies this Parasurama with the Sage Parasurama.

The *Atharva Veda* contents itself with giving us an all-too-brief story about Parasurama's father, Sage Jamadagni. It speaks of one Kartaveerya who tried to rob the sage of his Divine Cow. In consequence of this act, he and his descendants had to face untold suffering.

Sage Jamadagni married Kamlee Renuka, the daughter of King Renu, of the Ikshvaku race. They had three sons, the youngest of them was Parasurama. He is said to have been born on Vaisakha Suddha Dwitiya. He was skilled in all branches of knowledge, archery being his forte. The *Devi Bhagavata* says that he was born in the 19th cycle of the Tretayuga. Both the *Padma* and *Vayu Puranas* regard him as the very incarnation of Lord Vishnu. The Anusasana Parva of the *Mahabharata,* however, says that he was born at the conjunction of the two Yugas, Treta and Dwapara.

But it is to the Uttara Khanda of the *Padma Purana* we must turn for more details concerning the boy Parasurama. It informs us that Parasurama had his Upanayana (Sacred-Thread Ceremony) at the proper age and thereafter he went to the Saligrama Mountain. Here, Sage Kashyapa initiated him in some *mantras.* In due time Parasurama acquired considerable proficiency in the art of archery. He also became an adept in the use of the sacred *mantras.* He had one Akritavrana for his disciple.

Sage Jamadagni had his hermitage on the banks of the Narmada. It was here that once the sage became too furious with his wife. He was so beside himself with anger that he commissioned his sons to kill their mother. The elder ones refusing to comply with this command, Parasurama severed the mother's head from the body then and there. The father was too pleased and promised to grant three boons the son might ask for. Promptly Parasurama asked for the restoration of his mother back to life. The trapped father could not back out of the pledged word, and the mother became alive again.

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Sage Jamadagni also conferred upon Parasurama the boon that he would not be killed by any one and that he would have the death, even as he chose it.

It was, too, to this same hermitage that King Kartaveerya came and wishing to become possessed of the Divine Cow that was there, killed the Sage Jamadagni. Sage Parasurama's wrath at this dastardly act of the King was so great that he not only killed him but also vowed to kill all the Kshatriyas except those of his uncle's line. But the *Brahmanda Purana* mentions the fact that it was not the King but his Minister, Chandragupta by name, that had killed the sage.

We are told that upon his father's death, Parasurama started on a pilgrimage to various places carrying his father's corpse and accompanied by his widowed mother. When he reached the place called Malliki, he heard a celestial voice (आकाशवाणी) calling upon him to cremate his dead father there. Accordingly, he lit the funeral pyre and placed there the last mortal remains of the father. His mother shortly after entered the same pyre after the traditional Sati fashion. Not until then did the son realise the extent of the pangs of separation from his beloved parents. He started crying aloud over the loss, his parents' names escaping his parched throat. As if by magic, in a short while, his dead parents stood before him in flesh and blood. The place where this miracle was wrought has come to be appropriately designated मातृतीर्थ. But yet another *puranic* version makes out that it was Sage Bhrigu pressing into service his knowledge of reviving life, that made the Jamadagnis live again.

His inveterate hatred and consequent bitter wars with the Kshatriyas are proverbial. But the *puranic* versions as to the cause of this conflict are contradictory. For instance, we are told that Sage Jamadagni advised his son not to engage himself in wars as it was not the calling of his caste. But Parasurama was adamant. Thereupon the father asked the son to get Lord Brahma's permission, if fight he must. Parasurama went to Brahma for this purpose. But He directed him to Lord Shankara, who, we are told, not only granted him permission to wage wars but also helped him with weapons, horses and chariots. Parasurama then retired to Agastya's hermitage. Here he performed severe penances. Thereafter, he reached the Narmada river. It was on the northern banks of this river that the great battle with the Kshatriyas began. On one side stood Parasurama's hosts reinforced by those of the King of Matsya country, who, though a Kshatriya, was in deadly feud with Kartaveerya. On the other ranged the forces of King Kartaveerya. A bloody battle followed and in this as many as hundred sons of Kartaveerya and their father lost their lives.

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The battle over, the sage had his bath in the sacred Narmada. He then went to Kailas to pay his respects to Lord Shiva. But he was stopped at the gate by Lord Ganesha. The irate sage thereupon had one of Ganesha's teeth pulled out.

Sage Jamadagni desired his son to expiate for his evil deeds. The son kept up this injunction by performing prayaschitta for twelve years at the end of which he started on his war-like adventures for the next dozen years.

The Kartaveeryas were not, however, completely conquered. Such of them as escaped, now joined together and wrecked their vengeance on Parasurama by killing Jamadagni again. This act of theirs so roused the sage's anger that he vowed to kill the Kshatriyas for a consecutive period of twenty-one generations. So the war was on again. An unexpected result of this was the Kshatriya women-folk found themselves in quandary. Most of their men having died in the war inter-marriage between the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas became quite common. But even so, Parasurama did not spare the children of such matrimonial alliances. They had, therefore, to be protected by sages, women and monkeys.

Parasurama by his fanaticism became an object of ridicule. But he did not mind what people said about him. He would complete the work he had undertaken. He was supported by one Sagara whose royal father was driven into exile by Kartaveerya. So Parasurama condescended to spare the rulers of Ayodhya who happened to be related to this Sagara.

Parasurama himself performed the Aswamedha Yagna, in which Sage Kashyapa officiated as the Chief Priest. In return for his services, Parasurama gifted away the whole Kingdom he had as *dakshina*. Now Kashyapa had a soft corner for the Kshatriyas. So, the moment he got the lands, he promptly asked Parasurama to quit the place! He complied with the sage's commands. But he was not to be so easily beaten. He reclaimed a portion of land from the sea and created the land known as Shurpara. He also had the Gokarna Kshetra reclaimed from the sea and lived there. He could never forget his rivalry with the Kshatriyas. He commenced a war with one Salwa but was not so successful against him.

He is reputed to have rubbed shoulders with very great personages of *puranic* fame. Lord Krishna and Balarama met him when Mathura was besieged by Jarasanda, and asked him to give a place on the sea-shore and well protected. The sage suggested to him to retire to Gomantaka mountain and from this mountain-fastness fight Jarasanda's forces. This kind of fight is called Durga Yuddha.

King Yudhishthira met him at the Mahendra mountain.

The sage met Sri Ramachandra when the latter was returning from

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Mithila after his marriage with Sita. Though Parasurama did not quite relish Rama's act in breaking Shiva's bow, he had to admit his superiority.

Parasurama attained a high degree of proficiency in the art of archery. He was the Guru of Bhishma. It was he who taught the fundamentals of archery to Karna who had to learn it in the guise of a brahmin, because of the sage's hatred of the Kshatriyas. When Parasurama came to know of this deceit, he cursed Karna.

The same sage gave very valuable *astras* to Aswatthama. He dissuaded Duryodhana from his fight against the Pandavas. He is supposed to be a *chiranjeevi* or the deathless.

The favourite of Lord Shankara, he caused several *lingas* to be installed in various places, where worship could be conducted to Him from whom he obtained several *astras*.

The Sahyadri Khanda of the *Skanda Purana* makes mention of the fact that the sage was responsible for the installation of the famous *linga*, Valakeshwara, in Bombay. There is one Tantra text by name *Parasurama Sutra*.

In Malabar, there is in vogue what is known as the Parasurama Era. This New Year commences in the month of Simha. The cycle of this Era is for about a thousand years. The present one is the fourth of such eras. In Malabar this is referred to as *Kollam Andu*.

Shri Shyama Shastri in his *Evolution of Indian Polity* is inclined to the view that the enmity of Parasurama to the Kshatriyas must be due to the abduction of a woman from Sage Jamadagni's hermitage and not to the carrying away of a cow, a war over the possession of a cow being inconceivable. In answer, it may be mentioned that this cow was no ordinary one but one possessed of divine attributes and a quarrel over it is quite possible.

Hearts, like doors, will open with ease
To very, very little keys
And don't forget that two of these
Are "I thank you" and "If you please."

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Our Fortnightly Profile—30

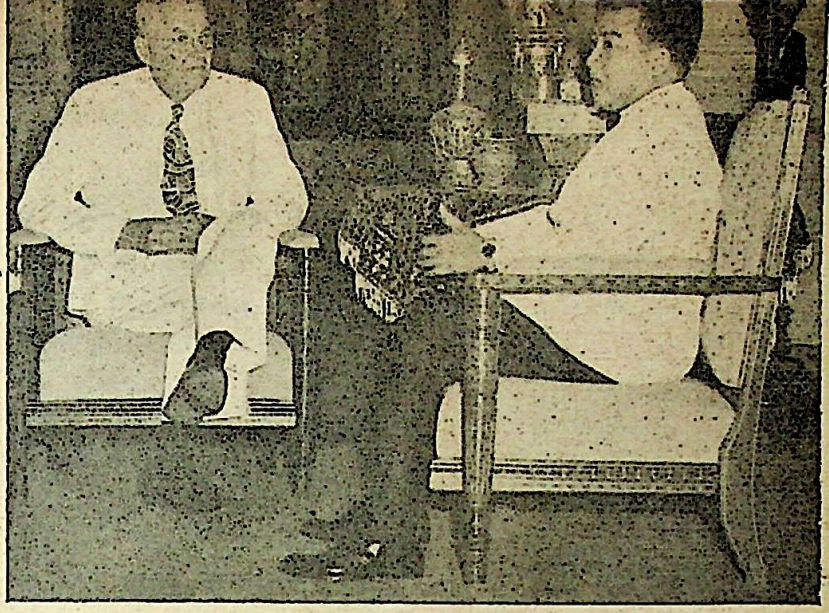
PRINCE NORODOM

TO us in India Kamboja has very ancient associations. Our pilgrim-fathers of old found in it. their second home; along with them went our Sanskrit, our Buddhism and our Culture and found a congenial soil. Gunadhya and Kshemendra found in the name enough material to weave yarns around which continue to delight us. Even today traces of Brahminism and Sanskrit learning are to be found in Cambodia, the modern name for ancient Kamboja.

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, ex-King of Cambodia, hit the headlines last month by sweeping the polls and bagging all the 91 seats in the National Assembly of his country. The elections were held on Sept. 12, 1955 under supervision of the International Commission set up by the Geneva Powers and the country under the present Constitution enjoys universal adult male franchise. The leaders of the Democratic Party, the erstwhile party-in-power, have physically disappeared. The strange spectacle of this election was that the party that went into the woods wanted the country to become a republic!

Prince Norodom, the stormy petrel he has been since the second World War, abdicated in favour of his father in March and entered the election fray under the banner of his own Socialist People's Community Party and campaigned relentlessly, addressing groups of even ten persons! He was so unorthodox in his campaigning as to own even his failure to check corruption during his regime; but promised to do better. But he rightly stressed that he wrested independence from the unwilling French which he completed by severing all French connections by the first amendment to the Constitution when the new Assembly met. But he soft-pedalled the question of accepting American aid. How he will pull the chestnut out of the fire remains to be seen, for, in the same breath Prince Norodom declared, on election, that he would pursue a neutralist policy in world affairs and carry out democratic reforms at home. He added that Cambodia did not want to join any defence organisation and would not accept any protection offered by the SEATO.

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Prince Norodom with Mr. John Foster Dulles, American Secretary of State when the latter visited Cambodia recently.

This young, handsome, stocky, ex-monarch and present Prime Minister of Cambodia for ninety days only—for he wants to be out of office and be a "mentor" to his party—is 33. He began his royal career at 19 on the demise of his uncle. Although his traditional dress consists among others, of baggy red-silk trousers, he prefers to preen himself on the double-breasted, but refuses to wear the $15,000 derby inherited from his grandfather!

A talented saxophonist, composer of jazz and popular songs and an amateur actor, he has a personal troupe of dancing girls. He is officially described as a bachelor.

Living in an air-conditioned palace which prides a gold-throne, he owns a silver pagoda and a herd of sacred white elephants; but he dashes in his Caddillac in hot pursuit of communist harassers in jungle trails.

When he visited India in March, Prince Norodom signed a joint declaration upholding Panchashila. And at the Bandung Conference, he declared: "Independent and neutral Cambodia now finds herself on the separating line of two civilisations, of two races, of two political worlds—and as such she has the dangerous privilege of standing the test and the application of the principles of Panchashila."

How the Prince will shape, therefore, appears to be anybody's guess.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—4 Serial

VIKRAMA GETS THE THRONE

THE STORY SO FAR

When King Bhoja attempted to mount the divine throne which he discovered in a field, the statuette bearing the first step stopped him derisively and started relating the ancestry of King Vikramaditya to whom the throne belonged. Born to Chandravarman as the last of four sons, Bhartruhari became King of Kannyapur at the express desire of their father. Being disillusioned by the perfidy of his queen, Bhartruhari entered the forest to perform *tapasya*. Now read:—

WHEN Bhartruhari became a sanyasi, Vikramaditya came to be crowned King of Kannyapur and Bhatti, his brother, became his minister.

While he was ruling the country to the satisfaction of all sections of his people, Vikramaditya called Bhatti one day and said "Bhatti, somehow I don't feel content to rule over this small principality. I want to expand my kingdom, and with God's grace, would like all other kings pay homage to me. As a first step I want to construct a new capital for my empire, on a rather large and high altitude with mountains and rivers nearby and temples with exalted deities to worship."

"I entirely agree with you, your majesty, in your natural desires. If only you order me, I will straightaway go and make arrangements for building a new capital" replied Bhatti.

"Please do it" ordered King Vikramaditya.

Bhatti travelled far and wide, along mountains and forests and crossed many cities in search of an ideal site for the new capital, commanding all the conveniences required by his King.

At long last, he sighted a spot near river Gunapati, south of the Vachana Giri slopes. It was a large one on a high altitude, and surrounded by forests and hence bereft of human habitation.

There was also a large temple dedicated to Bhadra-Kali by the side of which was a large lake surrounded by trees reaching up to the sky.

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He went round the temple thrice and stood before the image of the deity which had an imposing appearance. Bhatti was struck by the sight.

Casting his eyes a few yards from the temple he noticed an inscription on a stone-pillar near the lake. He read it with interest. It said:

"Right above this spot hang seven pitchers on hangers. Whosoever cuts them asunder with one stroke, and before they fall, dive into the lake in such a way that his head strikes against the javelin standing in the centre of the lake, Bhadra-Kali will appear in person before him and bless him with all he wants."

This statement on stone sent a thrill through the body of Bhatti and it took him no time to assess that King Vikramaditya alone could perform that feat.

Bhatti returned to Kannyapur hastily and lost no time in reporting to King Vikramaditya of the site he had chosen for the new capital and the inscription on the stone.

Vikramaditya decided then and there to visit the place and thinking that it was really a call to greatness, set about to perform the feat mentioned in that inscription.

Handing over the governance of his country to his ministers, Vikramaditya made for the spot on a richly caparisoned steed followed by Bhatti and a small retinue.

No sooner did he sight the temple than Goddess Kali herself was amazed at the loveliness of Vikramaditya and she made a resolve to help him found a kingdom.

Vikramaditya got down from his steed and followed by Bhatti went into the temple and prostrated before the goddess. He then went to the lake-side to have a look at the javelin in the middle of the lake, stemming the waves.

"How is it, Bhatti, this javelin stands by itself all alone in the midst of water which must be pretty deep? Is there any mystery about it?" asked Vikramaditya.

"Yes, my lord" replied Bhatti. "This javelin is connected to the sanctum of the deity and it is said, it activates with sacredness on account of it," he continued.

Vikramaditya put away his garments on the shore, and bathed in the lake muttering prayer. Being thrilled by the prospect of the adventure before him, he prayed soulfully before the goddess and went up the tree where the seven pitchers hung.

Finding that they were hanging from a large circular beam, he asked Bhatti "How can I possibly cut all of them with one stroke?"

Bhatti scanned them from below and called out: "Your Majesty! Mount on one of the pitchers and swing in a circular motion so that all the seven chords will roll themselves into one; then cut them with your sword and dive simultaneously into the lake."

Acting upon Bhatti's advice, Vikramaditya cut the seven chords which had twisted themselves into one with one stroke and himself

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dived on to the javelin-spike. But before his head touched the sharp tip of the javelin, Goddess Kali appeared before him, held him in her arms and took him into her temple.

King Vikramaditya fell on all fours before Mother Kali and prayed in grateful terms for her infinite mercy.

Goddess Kali said "Vikrama, I am greatly pleased with your courage. Ask me of whatever you desire."

"O Mother, I want nothing but your grace. May I build a capital in your august presence. May I be blessed with all the riches needed for it. May all the kings of this country pay homage to me, your servant."

"So be it" replied Mother Kali and disappeared.

It did not take long for King Vikramaditya to build an ideal capital at that site. He found the wherewithal to do that mighty task with the grace of Goddess Kali. He named the city as Ujjain after the name of the goddess, and after installing one of his ministers as King of Kannyapur, Vikrama installed himself as Emperor at Ujjain, on an auspicious day, appointing Bhatti as his Chief Minister, besides a number of other ministers. Soon the population grew.

With the grace of Goddess Kali, he prevailed upon the kings of 56 other states to pay homage to him in course of time.

Emperor Vikramaditya's fame spread far and wide. Even the *devas*, sages, *gandharvas* etc., came to look upon him with respect.

At this time a dispute arose in the heaven between Rambha and Urvasi as to who was the better dancer. None of the *devas* was able to adjudge between them. Indra was at his wit's end. Then Sage Narada said: "Listen, Indra. In the earth there lives a king by name Vikrama. He is a master of all the arts. In particular, he is an expert in the science of music and dancing. I think he alone will be able to adjudicate on the issue before us."

On hearing it, Indra at once sent his charioteer Matali to fetch Vikrama to his *durbar*.

Matali entered Ujjain with his divine chariot and ushered himself into the palace unhindered. Locating the king he bowed before him and said: "King Vikrama, my master Devendra has asked me to fetch you to his *durbar*. I am Matali, his charioteer. The divine chariot is waiting for you outside."

Vikrama consulted Bhatti. The latter told him *tete-e-tete*. "My lord this invitation is the forerunner of your future greatness. Please accept it and start for Devaloka immediately."

Vikrama dressed himself appropriately and taking hold of his weapons, he prayed devoutly before Goddess Kali and later stepped into the divine chariot. Matali who at first had a poor opinion of a mere man ascending the divine chariot had to change his opinion on seeing Vikrama.

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Within a short time the chariot entered the clouds; before he knew, Vikrama was at the portals of Sudharma, the Council of the gods. He was immediately ushered into the presence of Indra, Lord of the Devas, who very kindly enquired about Vikrama's health and about his subjects.

Vikrama stayed at Indra-loka for fifteen days as the guest of Indra. He went to the Council in the company of Indra and occupied a distinguished seat in the assembly as an august visitor witnessing the deliberations with great interest.

On one of these days the divine danseuses Rambha and Urvashi, exhibited their unrivalled skill in dancing to the utter bewilderment of the audience.

Indra, by whose side Vikrama was seated, gently started: "King Vikrama, these danseuses are our best exponents. We are at a loss to adjudge who is the better of the two. It is in this connection that I invited you, having heard your great erudition in and expert knowledge of music and dancing."

King Vikrama smiled in embarrassment, but promised to give his verdict the next day when the assembly dispersed.

Early in the morning, Vikrama arranged to bring two beautiful boquets in which he imbedded a scorpion each in such a way that when you held it in hand without the least shaking, the scorpion would not be able to sting you.

That evening, the two rival danseuses were called to exhibit their skill in a private show. The two vied to excell each other. In the course of it, Vikrama called them and said "It will look much better if you dance with this boquet in hand" and handed them one each.

Quickly the scorpion did its work in the case of Rambha who lost her sense of timing and faltered in her steps, as the pain became unbearable. But Urvasi, however, was apparently unaffected by the boquet or the scorpion imbedded in it. She did her footwork amazingly well and the sequence was a perfect success.

King Vikrama winked at Indra and the latter agreed that Urvasi came out of the trial with colours. Not knowing the cause of the other woman's poor show that day despite her accredited talent, he was in half wonder.

The show over, Vikrama called the rival candidates to return the boquets given by him. He asked Indra to untie them when lo a scorpion fell from each!

King Vikrama explained: "I had imbedded them in the boquet. Because Rambha mishandled it, the scorpion stung her with consequences you know. Urvasi, on the other hand, had perfected her art so well that the boquet continued to be a boquet in her hands. Indeed, the manner of her handling must have sent the scorpion to sleep! Result, she has vindicated herself."

Lord Indra was greatly pleased with the ingenuity of the test and

(Continued on page 50)

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NOTES & NEWS

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

The Government of Hyderabad has decided to hold a competition in play- and song-writing in Telugu, Marathi and Kannada. Three prizes will be awarded to the plays and songs adjudged as the best three in each of the three languages. Prizes for the plays are Rs. 500/-, Rs. 300/- and Rs. 200/-, and for the songs Rs. 300/-, Rs. 200/- and Rs. 100/-. The subject of the play should infuse the new life movement as envisaged by the National Plan and inspire the spirit of the principles laid down in the Constitution. The competitions are open to all, and the rules and conditions can be had from the Director of Information and Public Relations, Hyderabad. Entries close on December 1, 1955.

MUSIC FESTIVAL

The 19th Bhatkhande Music Festival conducted by Bhavan's Sangeet Shikshapith in commemoration of the late Bhatkhande's contribution to Hindustani music commenced on 19th September 1955. The festival lasted for four days, over a hundred artistes participating. The programme started on the first day with student-artistes of the Shikshapith. Messrs. B. B Jadhav, Vijaya Deshpande, Malati Gadgil, Devyani Mehta and Leela Nimkar among others, gave performances. The second day's menu included Carnatic music by Smt. Rama Hariharan and Smt. Padma Raghavan. In the night session Sri Vilayat Hussain, the veteran musician treated the audience to a slick performance. The festival came to an end on the fourth day when the highlights were Sarod recitals by Ali Akbar Khan, accompanied on the Tabla by Alla Rakha Khan. Other important items of the day were the vocal of Latafat Hussain, violin solo of Smt. Visalakshi, Sri P. Madhukar's claviolin and Principal Nagarkar's music.

VIKRAMA GETS THE THRONE—*Contd.*

the verdict. Urvasi was crowned the best danseuse and Rambha too was rewarded for coming as a close second.

All the *devas* were immensely pleased with King Vikrama. Indra presented him with *this* divine throne which was given to him by Lord Shiva when Indra first came to power. Indra also blessed Vikrama that he would rule from that throne for a thousand years.

Calling Matali, Indra asked him to carry King Vikrama and the divine throne to Ujjain back. With the blessings of all, Vikrama returned to Ujjain.

[To be continued.]

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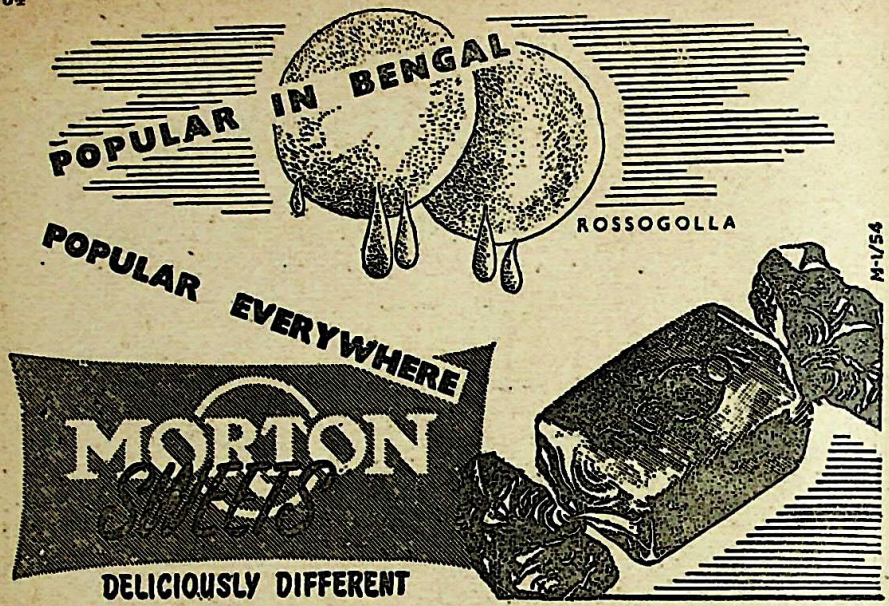
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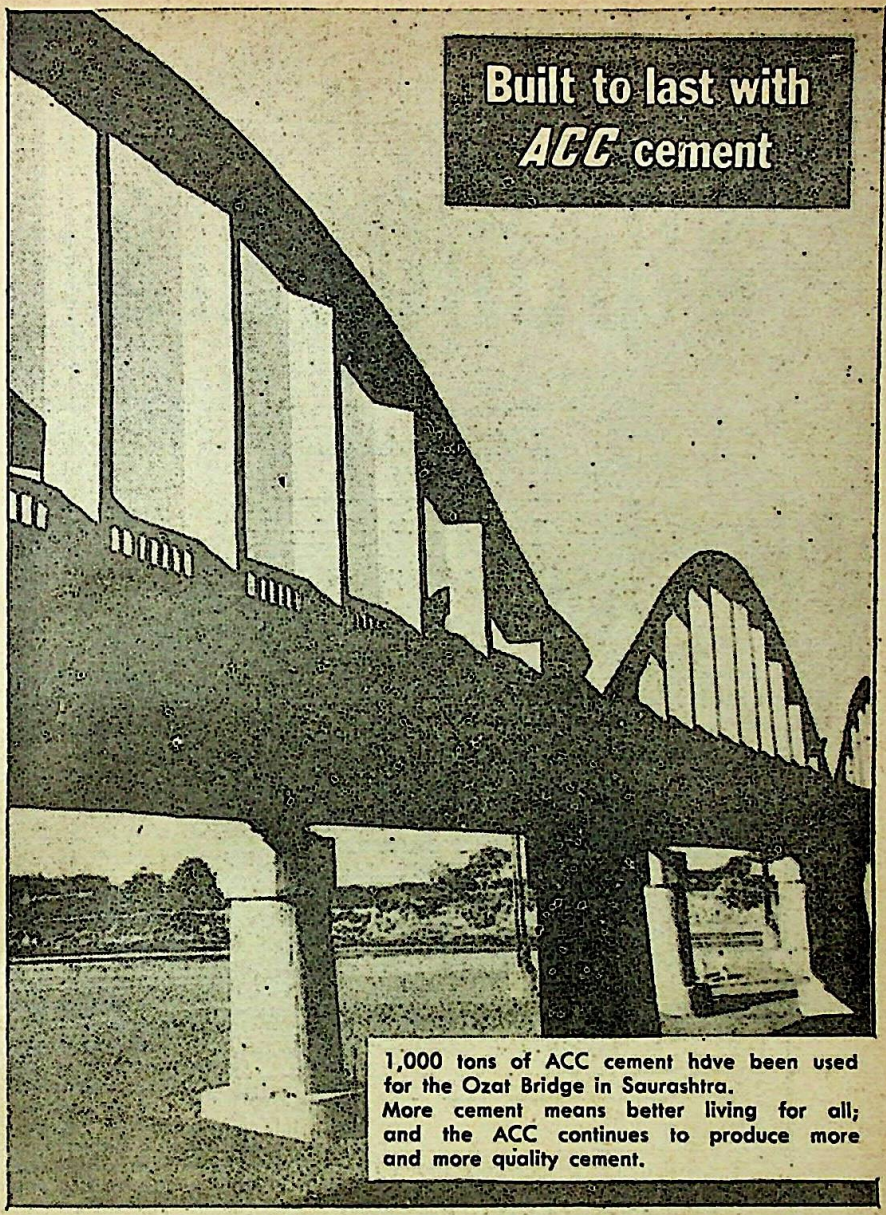
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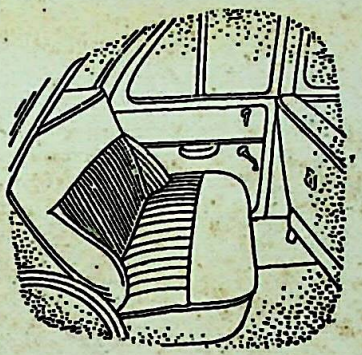
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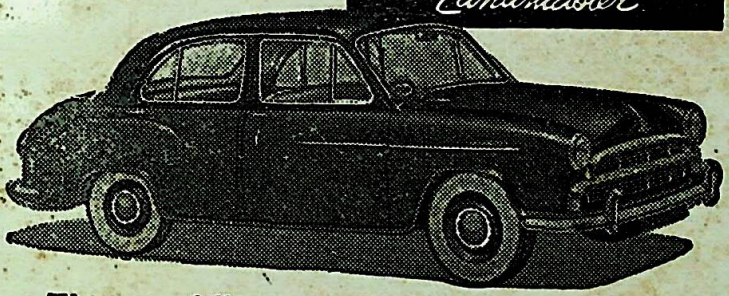
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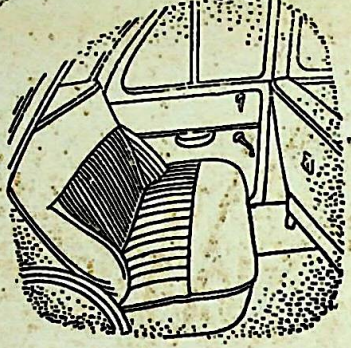
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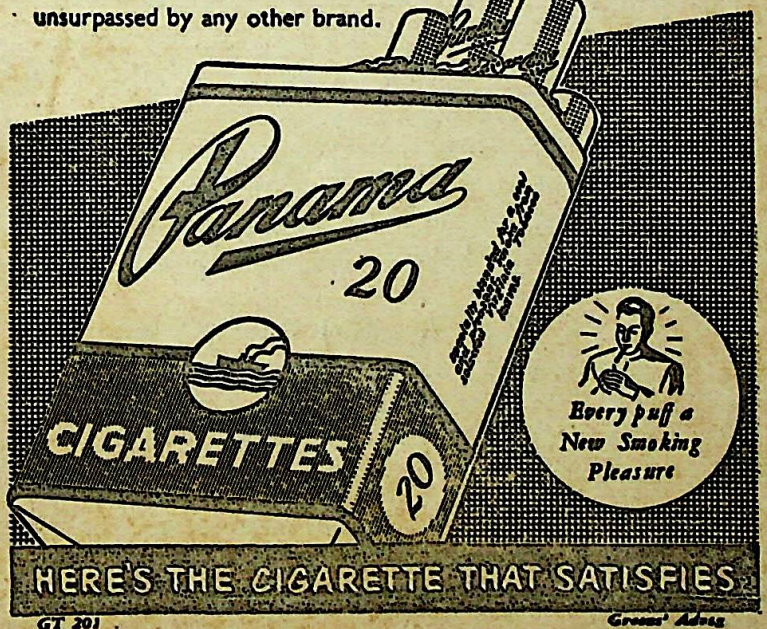
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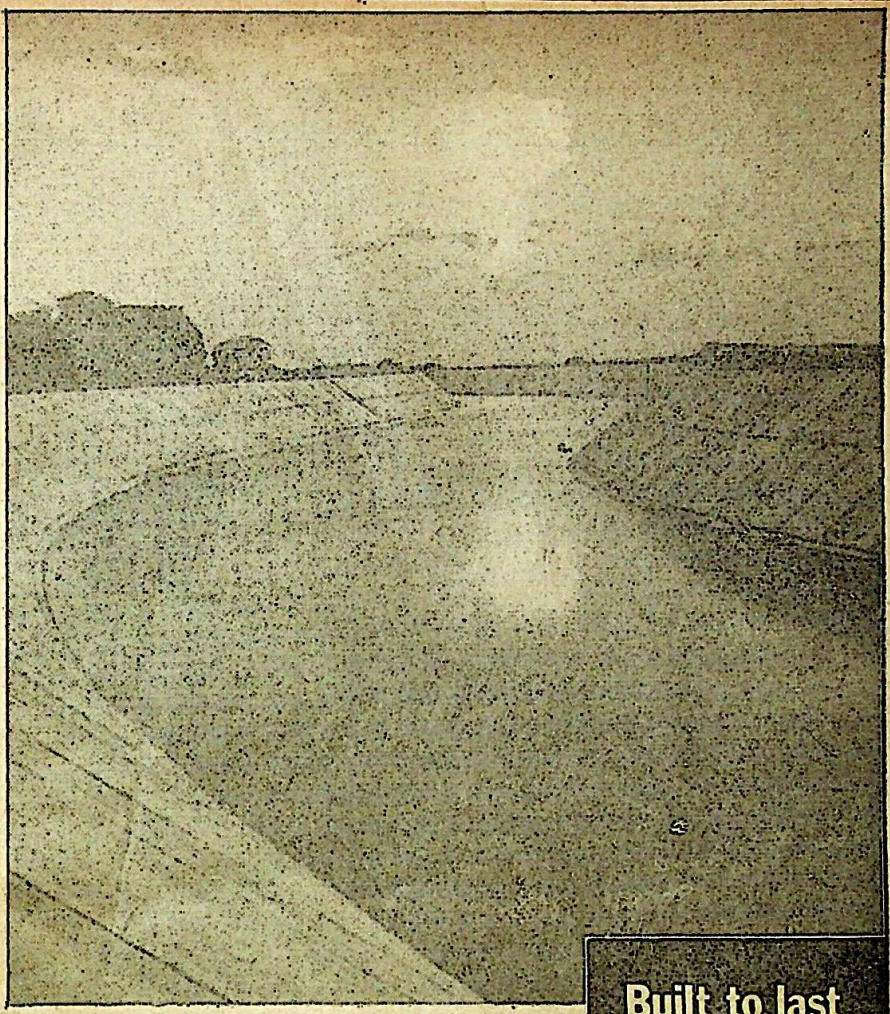
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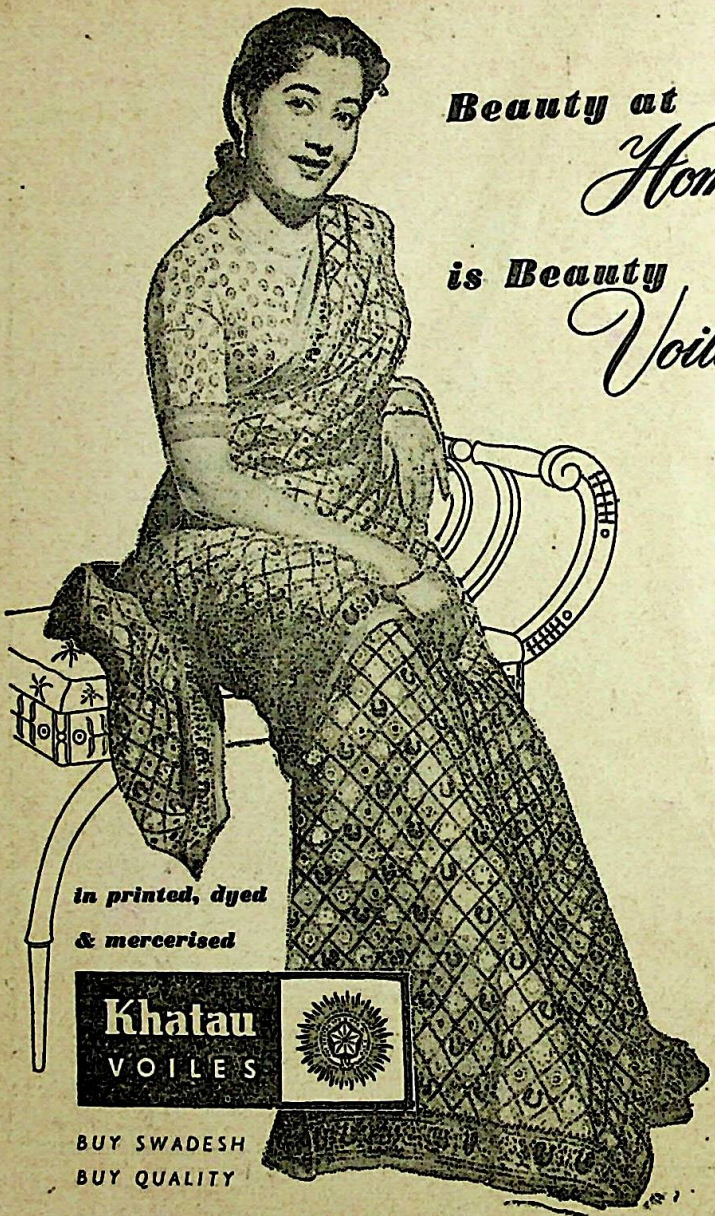


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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 6] [OCTOBER 23, 1955

ON WEALTH

परि चिन् मर्तो द्रविणं ममन्याद्
ऋतस्य पथा नमसा विवासेत् ।
उत स्वेन क्रतुना सं वदेत्
श्रेयांसं दक्षं मनसा जगृभ्यात् ॥

अक्षैर्मादीव्यः कृषिमित् कृषस्व
वित्ते रमस्व बहु मन्यमानः ।
तत्र गावः कितव तत्र जाया
तन्मे वि चष्टे सवितायमर्यः ॥

Let man think well of wealth and strive to win it by
the path of Law and by worship;
And let him take counsel with his own inner wisdom,
and grasp with spirit still greater ability.

Do not play with dice; cultivate thy cornfield;
Delight in that wealth, thinking highly of it.
O Gambler! there is thy cattle and there thy wife;
So the noble Savita has told me.

—Rig Veda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 86

★ A Landmark Novel ★ Its Author

★ Modern Attitude to Life

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow,
October 23, 1955

My Young Friend,

I AM writing to you about a great novel, a landmark in modern Gujarati fiction and its author.

Born in Nadiad a hundred years ago, Govardhanram belonged to the Nagar caste which has an ancient history going back to the Classical Age of the Gupta Empire. In the course of fifteen hundred years, it has thrown up statesmen, warriors and men of learning, the names of some of whom have survived in old records. Among them was Someshwar, the author of *Kirtikaumudi*, a historic *kavya* and the priest of the royal Vaghelas who saved Gujarat in the 13th century.

Thirty years before Govardhanram was born, a new life had dawned for Gujarat. In 1828, the first Gujarati daily newspaper was published in Bombay. Soon after that, the Elphinstone Institute was founded, where the first generation of Bombayites studied English and established intellectual contact with the West. Dadabhai Naoroji was their friend, philosopher and guide.

This handful of men who studied at this Institute, developed a burning zeal to re-build life on new foundations. Narmad, the first of the moderns in Gujarati literature and a darling of the Buddhi Vardhaka Sabha, founded by these young enthusiasts, revelled in rebellious thoughts and sang wildly of love and adventure.

Then came the Great Revolt of 1857 and the face of India was changed. In that year, the University of Bombay was founded

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and the intellectual horizon of Western India began to expand.

When Govardhanram was born in 1855, Nadiad, his home-town, was a citadel of high orthodoxy, dominated by devout Brahmans. Some of them were learned; some, specialised in state-craft in Kathiawad (now Saurashtra); some, like his father, carried on business in Bombay.

Govardhanram's father, however, lost heavily in business and, plunged from opulence into poverty, dedicated the rest of his life to the worship of God. Meanwhile his mother remained strong-minded and worldly-wise.

In 1861, Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya, the father of the modern Indian Renaissance, published his first novel, *Durgeshnandini* and it was at this time that the first breath of the new literary impulse also swept over Gujarat. In 1865 Narmad published a collection of his Gujarati works. In 1866 was published the first novel, and in 1867 the first adaptation of a Moliere play in Gujarati.

Govardhanram joined the Elphinstone College at the age of seventeen. There he was to receive the inspiring guidance of Dr. Bhandarkar, the most profound of Indian scholars, and of Principal Wordsworth, the great educationist. He also came under the influence of the budding patriots, Ranade and Telang.

In this world of high aspirations, Govardhanram acquired a zest for learning and an enthusiasm for the uplift of his world. His studies ranged over a vast field, which included Sanskrit literature, Old Gujarati and English, the history of India, England, Rome and Greece and the philosophy of both India and Europe.

The first object of the university curriculum in those days was the development of the mind and the formation of character. Restricted and specialised courses, more informative than formative, had not yet come into fashion.

Govardhanram also came under the influence of Mansukhram, an older cousin of his. A man of the world, a scholar and an author, Mansukhram had rescued old Gujarati literature from oblivion and founded the 'Astodaya' school of thought, which was pledged to the revival of the ancient order of things. His house in Bombay was a great centre of attraction, for the literary, men of learning, officials and ministers of states.

Though Govardhanram learnt many things from Mansukhram, he had a rare maturity of outlook even in his youth. His examination of all that was old and new was dispassionate enough to enable him to sift the eternal from the transient. He came to the conclusion that life and character could only be satisfactorily built upon old cultural foundations and that

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revolution was destructive, never creative.

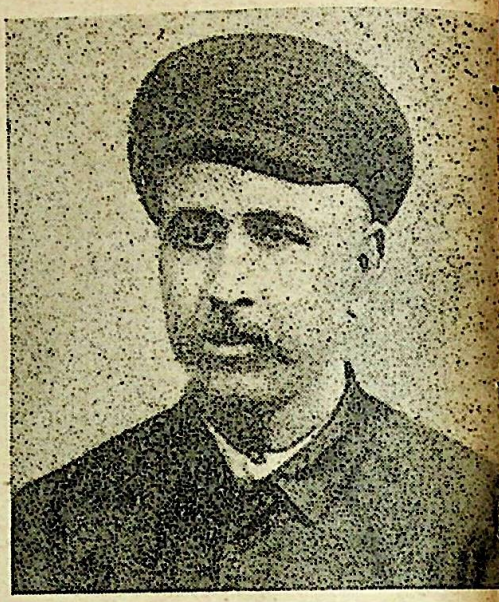
Govardhanram took his B.A. degree in 1875. For want of means he served in the Bhavnagar State for some years, so that it was 1884 before he took his LL.B. degree. He began his practice as a lawyer on the Appellate Side of the Bombay High Court in 1885 and in ten years he had risen to the top of the profession and earned enough to pay off his father's debts.

★

Even from boyhood, Govardhanram had to face trials. His family was poor; his home was dominated by a pseudo-saint and his mother could scarcely be said to err on the side of softness.

Before Govardhanram was born, his mother had agreed with a friend of hers that, should they give birth to children of different sexes, the two should be wedded. The children were of different sexes and the marriage duly took place in 1868. As is not uncommon in Hindu families, there was endless conflict between his mother and his wife and the soft-hearted son and husband suffered endless torture.

Govardhanram had a loving temperament. In the college he made friends to whom he was deeply attached. In his family circle, however, where he wanted to love and be loved, he was unfortunate. When he was only nineteen, his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died. This gave him a great shock. His tears found expression in Sanskrit and Gujarati verse. He almost made up his mind to leave the world and become a sannyasi. But this temporary mood gave place to a stern decision to dedicate his life to high purposes.



Sri Govardhanram Tripathi

At the age of twenty-one, when most men are looking forward to a life of happy adventure, he took three pledges: "I will not take service, but will follow an independent profession; I will earn enough to pay off my father's debts; when I reach the age of forty, I will retire and dedicate myself to literature." At the age of twenty-two, he took the decision to lead the ascetic life of *Pravritimaya Sanyasa*, that is to say, to dedicate himself to selfless

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activities. He became a *Karmayogi* and scrupulously fulfilled the pledges taken in immature years.

Govardhanram married again and had children, but fate had little mercy for the cravings of his heart. At the age of thirty, death took his sister, whom he not only loved dearly, but who had inspired him to write his great novel. The anguish of his heart again found expression in a poetic outburst and he sang: "The very purpose for which mine eyes saw light is gone."

At the age of forty-seven, one of his daughters, to whom he was passionately attached, also died. His diary records the event with pathetic simplicity: "At 5.30 p.m. my poor Lilavati died after a strainless, spotless life of suffering."

Govardhanram once wrote: "To the man who seeks pleasure in the work of others, work is duty". And in spite of financial struggles, family calamities, general ill-health and serious illnesses, he never allowed himself to be deflected from his goal. His life was one of unshed tears, but the sweetness of his temper remained unembittered and his sense of duty never wavered. Tirelessly he studied, wrote, and gave of his best to Gujarat.

★

Narmad, the first of modern Gujarat's literary men, had a romantic temperament which was characterised by free movements of the imagination, a deep-seated horror of convention and an inveterate tendency to exaggeration. He believed in the dignity of man and in his right to fight, struggle and love as he wished as well as in the divine right of the literary artist to be a law unto himself and to sally forth in quest of beauty on untrodden paths.

His temperament was egotistic; his creative power limited, and he was denied the sense of delicacy. Therefore, whatever he wrote was more or less superficial.

In 1887, a year after Narmad's death, two works of genuine creative art appeared in Gujarati. One was Govardhanram's novel, *Saraswatichandra,* Part I, and the other was Narsirao's *Kusum-mala,* a collection of poems.

Saraswatichandra, which was ultimately published in four parts, is not a single novel, but four different novels under one name, tied together as one work by a very thin plot.

Part I of this voluminous work is a novel by itself. It is a saga of the new life of India in the eighties of the last century, with all its beauty and ugliness. With this, Gujarati literature stepped into that glamorous world of Romanticism, which Rousseau had been the first to explore.

Saraswatichandra, the son of a rich merchant of Bombay and himself a young lawyer, loves his fiancee, Kumud Sundari dearly. He is however too sensitive to fight for

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her. Instigated by his step-mother, his father reprimands him for his fondness for Kumud. The hypersensitive young man leaves his home and bride-to-be to embark on an aimless journey under an assumed name.

On his disappearance, the sweet and accomplished Kumud is married to a stupid and dissolute son of Buddhidhan, a high official in Suvarnapura, a state in Kathiawad. Curious to discover how Kumud reacts to her new situation, the hero visits Suvarnapura under his assumed name. Once there, accident brings him into contact with Buddhidhan, whose hospitality he accepts.

The lovers meet under the roof of Buddhidhan, but Saraswatichandra's presence in the house makes Kumud doubly wretched. Tragic in her dignity and self-restraint, she seeks him at midnight to make a last appeal to him not to waste his life in aimless wanderings. Her pathetic struggle with herself is the great feature of the book.

When Kumud Sundari comes into Saraswatichandra's room, he pretends to be asleep. However, he lets her take from his hands some verses addressed to her. Some of them run as follows:

"My noble love! You have lived through untold sufferings. But forget the unforgettable. Submit to the decrees of fate....I am now irresponsible, moving about in changing guise. I am like a roving butterfly. I will wing myself at will as the birds do. I will do as do the waves of the sea. Neither high nor low, will I move; my flight will be like the clouds, unsupported and aimless."

Kumud begs the hero to go back to his normal life, but in vain. Next day he leaves Buddhidhan's house to resume his wanderings.



In this work Govardhanram portrays for us the little world of his times: diplomats steeped in the ruthless intrigues of Kathiawad; the noble old-world woman who loves her children and worships her husband, the typical selfish step-mother and the ill-educated businessman.

Saraswatichandra is the product of the new university education. A visionary, studious of self-perfection, awakened to an exaggerated sense of independence, he is too self-righteous to adjust himself to the realities of life and too timid to face its conflicts with courage. He always wishes to do right, but usually ends by doing wrong.

Kumud Sundari, the heroine, is a new woman. She is hypersensitive and is filled with the longings of ethereal love. But she has also the characteristic self-restraint and modesty of the Indian woman. In spite of the intensity of her passion, she keeps her love unsullied by any earthly lapse. She has the

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strength to face the emotional crisis with firmness.

In this novel the author has detached his inner experiences from the context of real life, has placed them in an independent world of their own and has recreated them for us in the experiences of his imaginary character. While this world, as it should be in genuine creative literature, is covered by an illusion of reality, it never sinks into naked realism and is never found devoid of the colour and harmony which imagination imparts to a work of art.

In a novel like this, romanticism is the appropriate medium. It is the positive expression of the modern attitude to life which accepts the intrinsic reactions of the human heart as fundamental.

This attitude, which constitutes modernity, arises from the courage of man to face emotional, intellectual, social and spiritual truths as they are.

With this courageous attitude, romanticism approaches the three mysteries of life: man's relationship to man; man's relations with the supernatural powers; and man's relations with woman. It finds life itself in all its varied richness the supreme end of creative art, and makes the inner life of the individual the central theme of literature.

Govardhanram, in this novel, was the first of the great authors of modern India to display the courage to face this inner experience and in doing so, to tear asunder the veil which had enveloped him. He opened the portals of his heart and in doing so made us masters of our own.

☆

It is in this novel also that Gujarati prose became, for the first time, a fitting medium for the conveyance of inner experience. In order to achieve this end, the author had to press into service the traditional style of Sanskrit prose works, the vigour and expressiveness of the English language, the idiom of the old-Gujarati masters and the homely phrases current in the ordinary life of the day. These elements, which often tended to flow apart in this novel, were to attain a vigorous harmony thirteen years later in Part IV of the work.

This book was hailed by Gujarat with great enthusiasm, for it was the first outstanding novel of real life in the language. Love, romance and adventure had at last been artistically presented to the growing reading public in a Gujarati form by means of full-length portraits of real men and women.

In 1892 Govardhanram published the second, and in 1896 the third part of his work.

In 1898, true to the pledge that he had taken years before, Govardhanram retired at the height of his professional career and devoted the rest of his life to literature.

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In 1900 was published the fifth and the final part of the work. Parts III and IV were intended, as the author himself says, to evolve a harmony out of "the varied conflicts of life and thought at present visible all over India" and to bring about a fusion, not only of the two civilizations of the East and West, but of a far different Indian civilization.

All his life Govardhanram had been preparing for the final effort. He had studied literature and philosophy. He had examined the underlying values in domestic relations and social and political institutions. He had tried to understand the urge towards religion and God.

His approach was characterised by a rare maturity. His early conflicts had given him the power to understand and appreciate conflicting points of view with sympathy. He had viewed the past and the new, and evolved a gospel of judicial adjustment with the new life and its problems. Naturally, therefore, before he had reached the age of fifty, he had come to be accepted as a sage in Gujarati life.

Alas that it was not given to him to feel the boundless joy which heeds no challenge, nor the sense of fulfilment which comes of the dreaming of mighty dreams, for this aspect of the romantic temperament was inaccessible to him.

In 1905 he was elected the president of the first Gujarati Literary Conference, and in his presidential address he gave expression to the new consciousness which had been coming over Gujarati.

In 1907 when he died, what he had planned, thought and taught, had become woven into the mind of Gujarat. And no greater success can a man achieve.

I consider it to be my great good fortune that it is given to me to pay my humble tribute to one of the great architects of Gujarati life, when Gujarat celebrates his centenary on October 26th.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

He that recalls the attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly said to advance the literature of his own age.

—Johnson

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God, the Sole Refuge

Loshta Deva

Loshta Deva was a Kashmirian poet of the 12th Century who lived in Banaras. Born of the famous philosopher-writer Ramyadeva, Loshta Deva became a "sannyasin" towards later part of his life. The extract given here is from his "Deenakrandana Stotra", meaning, prayer in the form of wails. The poet by choosing this medium points out, in unmistakable terms, all that stand in the way of God-realization.

FOR bringing up a family, wise though I am, I ignored all sense of propriety, accepted mean work and with a mind confounded by hundreds of insults (patiently borne), I cringed like a dog at the doors of low-minded rich men.

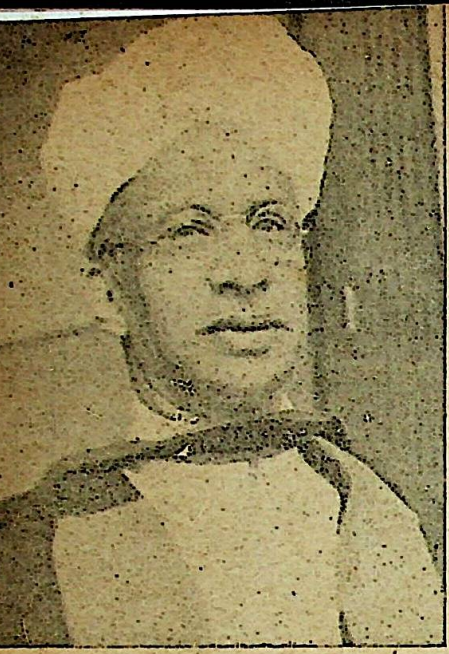
Master, previously, as long as my senses were active, they were engrossed in sense-pleasures; and, how is it, now when their powers have waned, they seek You? Thus has my life been barren, O Lord, Alas! What shall I do?

Committing sin, I nourished my body, not the poor man; losing myself, I rolled at the feet of damsels, not at the feet of the teachers; I was fond of wealth, not of doing good; hence, I repent deeply; (but) what can I do for that now? O Lord! You are my one and only refuge.

I have uttered with or without knowledge many a falsehood; I have contemplated with my mind many a harm to others knowingly or unknowingly, and this body of mine has ever so many times engaged itself in acts of crime, without any scruple. In respect of all these, O Siva, I have sought You alone as refuge.

O Sankara, I am a sinner and you are an expert in destroying sin: I am stricken with fear and your preoccupation is to afford security to the fear-stricken; I am depressed and you are ever ready for lifting up the depressed; more than this, I do not know to speak; show mercy towards me, pitied of all.

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Change & Progress

S. Radhakrishnan

TECHNOLOGICAL and economic development is bringing the peoples of the world together as members of one human family living on a shrinking globe. For the first time in history, man's dream of a world of freedom, security and peace has become a practical possibility.

Man has succeeded in changing things. If he succeeds in changing himself we will have disciplined leaders who can wield spiritual, mental and physical tools by which the new world can be built.

By ordering our inward resources we can order our relationship with other fellow human beings and thus build up a society which is non-violent and non-exploiting in character.

It is the obligation of this generation to serve the country and the world which has become their sacred home. If India has to become a great nation, its people must develop their character. We have to build men and women of good character. These are the qualities we are called upon to develop.

We must use our possessions as a sacred trust and make our life a spontaneous self-giving. Land, labour, and life itself are a trust and we have to use them for the good of the people and the glory of God.

The ultimates of human thinking, of the fundamentals of ethics are: love is better than hate, peace better than war, co-operation better than conflict, persuasion better than force, gentleness better than violence.

Mere improvement of environment is not enough. What we call progress is nothing if it is not accompanied by inner changes.

[Condensed from his speech at New Delhi on 11-9-55.]

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LIBRARY SYSTEM IN INDIA



Maulana Abul Kalam Azad

INDIA has a population of over 360 millions living in more than half a million towns and villages, but possesses only 32,000 libraries. In fact, many of them are libraries only in name for they lack some of the essential prerequisites of a good library. There is hardly one book for every 50 persons and more than 10 per cent have to content themselves with one book per year. Even if we make allowances for the huge mass of illiterate people in the country, a literate adult in India reads on the average only one book per year.

If we compare this with the situation in the United States or the United Kingdom, our weakness is shown up glaringly. With almost full literacy the *per capita* annual use of books in the United States is almost four while in the United Kingdom it is seven. In other words, a literate man in the U.K. reads at least seven times as much as a literate man in India.

Lack of adequate library facilities is both cause and effect of our low educational achievement. Countries which have elected the democratic way of life cannot afford to keep vast numbers of the people illiterate and ignorant. Ultimately it is the quality of manpower that decides the position, prestige and future of a nation. We must, therefore, make special efforts to improve our library facilities so that the opportunity of coming abreast with the rest of the world is offered to all our people.

This becomes specially clear if we remember our own past history. It is not that India lacked libraries in the past. There is the tradition of the magnificent libraries built up in the Buddhist universities and universities of old. During the middle ages, the Sultans and later the Mughal emperors were also

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great lovers of books. In fact during the Mughal times it was the fashion for every nobleman to build up his own library. One was in fact not regarded as an aristocrat unless he had a library of his own. Nevertheless, the benefits of these libraries were confined to royalty and the nobility. The result was that knowledge was not widespread among the masses. One main reason why India fell behind Europe is surely to be found in this restriction of libraries for the use of only a selected few. Today, democratic India has learnt from her past and is providing facilities for education and enlightenment to all her children.

The library system in India is weak not only because of the lack of finance but also because of an inadequate and inferior production of books. Unless special efforts are made to improve the available literature both in quality and quantity, any expansion of library facilities may, in fact, prove a disservice to the community. If cheap and sensational literature, which unfortunately has become only too common in recent years, is allowed to circulate freely among the masses the result will be the lowering in tastes and general harm to social and communal welfare.

All libraries aim at providing the greatest amount of most useful reading for the largest number of the people, but the mechanism which will achieve this ideal will differ with the different social and economic circumstances of the people. India is by and large a rural country. The rural people are in many respects less advanced than their fellow-citizens in urban areas. The need for a special library service is for these reasons far greater in rural areas than in towns. We are, therefore, seeking to devise a library system with the District Library as its pivot. The District Library will maintain a mobile service to take new books to the people in the villages and bring back to the headquarters books already used. Out of the 320 and odd districts of India, 100 have either already set up circulating libraries or are in the process of doing so. The programme that we have drawn up will ensure that by March 1961, there will be no district without its own District Library and circulating library service.

A district library service will in its turn require support and guidance from a central library in every State. These central libraries will also be linked up with one another and be part of an integral system with four national libraries in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras with the National Central Library in Delhi as the coping stone of the edifice.

[Condensed from his speech at Delhi in 6-10-55.]

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Language does not flow by push-button methods... We cannot be the slaves of a language, it is merely a means of expression.

Broaden Your Vision

S. K. Patil

ONE of the achievements of men in the modern age is the annihilation of distance. Everything in this world moves fast and man has kept pace with the times. In the next quarter of a century it seems possible to travel in aeroplanes which will fly more than 2000 miles an hour and at one filling will encircle the globe eight times in the time taken by a present plane. Facts have got to be faced and it is no use shutting one's eyes to them.

The changes during the past ten years are bound to be further revolutionised due to the use of atomic energy. We are now thinking in terms of Mars and the Moon though Yagnavalkya and Vishwamitra did not expect even to cross the seas. The movement towards progress is so rapid that we do not measure the progress of humanity in terms of centuries. There are other factors to be considered. Consequently, the need for coming together of diverse nations under something like a one-world government is being increasingly realised.

When we talk of the coming together of different nations, the dream of Wendell Wilkie of a one-world government presents itself before us. With Wendell Wilkie can be associated permanent peace for he stood for a one-world Government. The ultimate power must rest in one central organisation, something like the United Nations functioning as a World Government. A time will then come when we can re-evaluate our position and give up our national prejudices of caste, religion, etc. We should respect the other man's opinion. Intolerance or impatience has no place in a progressive community, much less in a democracy. Lincoln, in defining liberty said: "I may not agree with one word of what you say but I shall defend unto death your right to say it."

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A democratic citizen must be well informed. He should not lose his temper in tackling the language problem or the redrawing of provincial boundaries. These questions should never be allowed to overpower us.

It is not necessary to enforce or thrust a language on others. An air-hostess gives her instructions to passengers in English in London, in French in Paris and in German in Hamburg without any sense of inferiority or superiority complex. Because she is a practical person, she knows the language difficulties inherent in passengers.

A language should, therefore, be allowed to be learnt by individuals according to their practical needs. It should not be imposed. In this respect we should not be narrow or parochial in our outlook.

It is admitted that there must be a national language, which is capable of being the *lingua franca* of the country. Hindi has gained this position due to obvious reasons. There are no two opinions that Hindi should be the national language. But in the matter of knowledge, it is dangerous to ban any language. Language is like air, light, water or ventilation. It is a priceless possession.

Was it not to the credit of the English language that we fought our freedom's battle mainly in that language? The British brought English to our shores to make their rule firm. But we utilised the same language to shake them out of their foundation and make them quit India!

For the past hundred years or so, millions of our people have learnt English. It is no longer a British language; we have enriched that language and our languages have also been enriched by it. Our students go to Oxford, Cambridge, Columbia and Harvard and they earn distinctions there. How is this made possible? Because they learn in a language which the world understands.

Gandhiji wrote simple and beautiful English. But because Gandhiji thought and wrote in English, did it make him less patriotic? Is it, therefore, fair to think in terms of putting a ban on English? A man does not become less patriotic because he uses a language which he understands in the context of his relations in society.

Language does not flow by push-button methods. We must not be in a hurry insofar as the adoption of a language is concerned. We cannot be the slaves of a language. Language is merely a means of expression. Language belongs to nobody, just as light belongs to nobody. Language belongs to one who studies it.

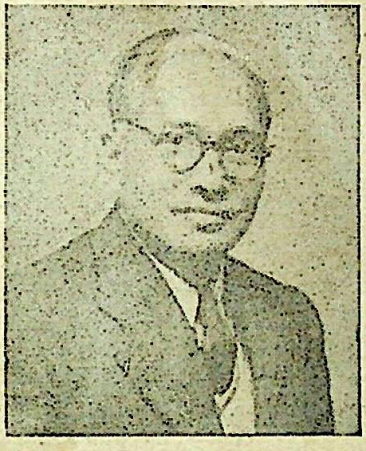
We should know three languages at least, the regional, the national and an international language. When I plead for retention of the English language, I am not against the claims of the national language.

(Continued on page 24)

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A. C. Bose

WOMEN IN THE VEDAS



WE find a number of women among the Vedic sages. They may not be very great, but their contribution cannot be ignored. Some have been called poets in a technical way, implying speakers in dialogues but there are others who are Rishis in the same sense in which men have been called so. Not only their names at the top of hymns, but also the internal evidence, point to feminine authorship. For example, Ghosha says of her hymn that she has "adorned it as they adorn a bride for the bridegroom" (*R.* X. 39. 14). In another hymn she speaks of herself and presumably of her expected marriage:

> To you, O Ashvins, came Ghosha, daughter of a king, and said, 'I ask this O Heroes!
>
> Be near me by day and by night, to help me gain a hero, car-borne, rich in steeds!"
>
> (*R.* X. 40. 5)

Love appears to be the chief theme of women poets. Indrani prays—

> "Make my husband only mine",

and further on, addressing her absent spouse:

> May thy mind rush to me like the cow after the calf, like water along its course.
>
> (*R.* X. 145. 6)

Godha does not sing about human love but speaks like a bride of God:

> Here we cling close to your sides, beneath your arms.
>
> (*R.* X. 134. 7)

If the status enjoyed by woman in society is a sure indication of the height touched by civilisation, there has been no higher civilisation than in the Vedic times. Woman has been an analogy for

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some of the noblest concepts of the sage's mind. The purity of the Deity has been compared to that of "the spotless wife beloved of her husband" (*R.* I. 73. 3). The holiest thing for the Rishi, the Vedic word, is said to have appeared before him "like the loving, finely attired wife appearing before her husband" (*R.* X. 71. 4). Ushas, the virgin Goddess, is asked to be to the poets, singing about her, "like the mother to her sons" (*R.* VII. 81. 4).

The indignation of a wife against the amorous advances of a stranger finds biting words in the mouth of Indrani:

> This obnoxious creature thinks I am without a heroic husband
>
> (*R.* X. 86. 9)

which remind us of similar words of Sita to Ravana in *Valmiki*, but she goes one better than the daughter of Mithila by threatening the offender with dire consequences:

> Let the boar-hunting dog seize him by the ear . . .
> I will rend his head, I won't be merciful to a wicked one.
>
> (*R.* X. 86. 4-5)

Even Urvashi, representing the votaries of free love, is at liberty to leave her kingly lover ("Like the wind, I am difficult to capture"; *R.* X. 95. 2).

The above are found in similes, metaphors and allegories; but a most lovely picture of womanhood emerges from the marriage hymn (one in *R.* V., two hymns in *Ath.*).

The wife is introduced to her new home as its mistress, and is desired to be a queen over her parents-in-law and her brothers- and sisters-in-law (*R.* X. 85). "A wife, verily is home" (*jayed astam*, *R.* III. 53. 4), of the Veda is a simpler aphorism than the later *subhashita* (wise saying).

BROADEN YOUR VISION - *Concld.*

What I mean is that one should be free to decide what is best for him.

India is known these days to take peace to places where it does not exist. To spread this message of peace, it is necessary for us to know the language which other people understand. The discouragement that is sought to be put on learning English, therefore, is not in keeping with this wider outlook.

The Chinese are the most enterprising people in learning languages. They get on well in any country.

Let us be generous; the whole planet is ours. May it be given to this generation to decide what is good for this country. A broad vision and a spirit of accommodation will go a long way in assuring our national progress.

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Immortal India—30 *J. H. Dave*

HARDWAR

एतस्याः सलिलं मूर्ध्नि वृषाङ्कः पर्यधारयत्।
गङ्गाद्वारे महाभाग येन लोकस्थितिर्भवेत्॥
एतां भगवतीं देवीं भवन्तः सर्व एव हि।
प्रयतेनात्मना तात! प्रतिगम्याभ्यवादत॥
—*Vanaparva* 144, 9 and 10.

Sage Lomasa tells king Yudhishthira,

"Lord Siva placed the falling Ganges on His Head at Gangadwara so that the people could be protected. This is the sacred divine river Ganga. All of you approach her with a pure mind and salute her."

THIS ancient and celebrated town of Hardwar also known as Gangadwara and Mayapuri, is situated on the right bank of River Ganges at the foot of the Siwaliks. Its position is 29° 58' N. and 78° 10' E.

Mahomedan historians use the word Gangadwara. Hardwar is called Haridwara by Vaishnavas and Haradwara by Saivites. Tom Coyrat who visited the place in the reign of Jahangir called it "Haridwara, the Capital of Siva". The seven sacred cities include Hardwar, but there it is called Maya or Mayapuri—the seven cities being Ayodhya, Mathura, Maya, Kasi, Kanchi, Avanti and Dwaramati. The Chinese pilgrim Hieun T-sang describes it as Moyulo or Mayura, as situated on the North-West frontier of Madawar and on the eastern bank of the Ganges. At a short distance from the town there was a great temple called the "Gate of the Ganges" or Gangadwara. The Ganges here is divided in many shallow channels.

River Ganges moves for about 200 miles in the mountains and gushes out at this place in the open plains. The famous legend of Bhagiratha is associated with Ganga. On account of the curse of Sage Kapila, the ancestors of Bhagiratha were burnt here. For their salvation, he brought down Ganga; in order to lessen the force of the falling river, Lord Siva held her in his matted hair. Thereafter she was led by Bhagiratha to liberate his ancestors. The river told Bhagiratha:

दर्शयस्व महाराज! मार्गं केन व्रजाम्यहम्।

"Please show me the way by which I shall now flow" (*Vanaparva* 109-15). It was Bhagiratha who laid down the way for the river perhaps with his engineering

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feat and brought river Ganga at the place where she now flows.

Bhishma's father Santanu was married to Ganga. *Adiparva* Ch. 103 records the legend that Santanu's father Pratipa was once performing a penance at Gangadwara or Hardwar. Ganga appeared before him as a beautiful lady, sat on his right thigh and requested him to consort with her. Pratipa said that he would like to be faithful to his wife, that he treated her like a daughter and that if she was so inclined she might marry his son Santanu. Pratipa gave this interesting reply:—

प्राप्य दक्षिणमूरुं मे त्वमाश्लिष्टा वराङ्गना।
अपत्यानां स्नुषाणां च भीरु विद्ध्येतदासनम् ॥
सव्योरु : कामिनीभोग्यस्त्वया स च विवर्जितः।
तस्मादहं नाचरिष्ये त्वयि कामं वराङ्गने ॥
स्नुषा मे भव सुश्रोणि! पुत्रार्थं त्वां वृणोम्यहम्॥
—*Adiparva* 103, 10-12.

"Lovely Lady! you have come and sat on my right thigh. Now please note that one's right thigh is a proper seat for one's own children and daughter-in-law. It is the left thigh of a man where his consort sits and you have avoided that. Good lady! I do not look at you with the eye of a lover. I invite you to please become my daughter-in-law."

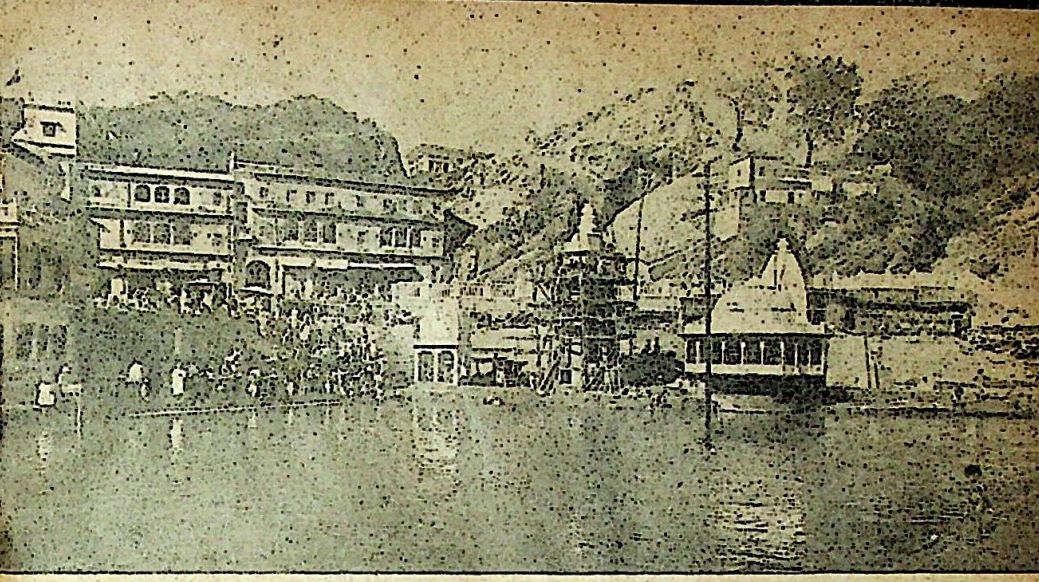
Drona's father Bharadwaja saw damsel Ghritachi at Gangadwara and through her he had a son who became the famous Drona Acharya of the Mahabharata time.

Arjuna was on a pilgrimage in a big company. He came to Gangadwara and stayed there for a few days. Once while taking a bath in the river he was dragged away by Ulupi, the daughter of one Naga King, Kauravya by name. She requested Arjuna to marry her. Arjuna pleaded that as a vow of celebacy was forced on him for an year, she would have to wait. She explained that the vow was limited only with reference to Draupadi—as Arjuna had violated the agreed rule and entered Draupadi's apartment when she was with one of Arjuna's brothers. Arjuna very conveniently accepted the argument and through her he had a son named Iravat. After some time he again emerged at Gangadwar from her residence.

Hardwar, Kankhal and Jwalapur, all these three towns are situated near each other and they form one single municipal area.

Hardwar is known as the place where lived the famous Sage Kapila, who burnt the sons of Sagara. The latter had been in search of their sacrificial horse which was stolen by Indra and tied by him near the hermitage of Sage Kapila. Taking this sage to be the thief, the sons of Sagara prepared to attack him. Kapila came to know of their resolve and burnt them. Subsequently Bhagiratha brought down the Ganga and liberated them. The abode of Sage Kapila is still pointed out at a place called Kapilasthana.

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Bathing ghat at Hardwar

Ganga at Hardwar has the width of a mile and on the river bank there is a succession of ghats and temples. The waters are very clean and pure. One can see the bottom very clearly. From Hardwar starts the route for going up to the Himalaya region, particularly to Kedar and Badari. The pilgrimages start in summer and every year in the month of Vaisakha pilgrims collect together at Hardwar. Vaisakha Sukla 1st (of the North Indian calendar) is the time when the Sun is usually in Aries. Every twelve years when the Jupiter is in Aquarius, there is the big Kumbha Mela. Lacs of people attend it. It is stated that:

गङ्गाद्वारे कुशावर्ते बिल्वके नीलपर्वते।
तीर्थे कनखले स्नात्वा धूतपापो दिवं व्रजेत् ॥

—Viramitrodaya, Tirthaprakasa p. 377

"One bathing at these five places becomes purified and goes to heaven—Gangadwara, Kusavarta, Bilva Tirtha, Nila Parvata and Kanakhal".

All these five places are also pointed out near Nasik where Godavari is taken to be the Ganga of the South.

All the five places are situated in the vicinity of each other. Gangadwara is so called because the Ganges starts flowing on the plains at this place—Hardwar. Kankhal is situated two miles away from this. Nila Devi temple is on the Nila Parvata on the opposite bank of the Ganges. At Kusavarta, people perform the sraddhas. In the Bilva Thirtha, there is the temple of Bilvesvar Mahadeva.

Hardwar has been, since time immemorial, a sacred abode of sadhus

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and saints. The place is famous for a bath in Ganges, darsana at temples and sraddha to be performed at Kusavarta. The main ghat at Hardwar is called Har-ki-Pairi—so called because it is said to have the imprint of Lord Vishnu's feet shown on a stone built on a wall. This most sacred ghat at Hardwar was at one time very small—only 34 feet wide at the top and with 39 steps. In Kumbha Mela, on eclipse days and other auspicious occasions, there is a great rush of pilgrims. They vie with each other in having the bath at the appointed propitious moment. A number of people used to get crushed to death and even the guards found it impossible to check the onrush of the crowds. The Government is now taking necessary precautions and the width of the ghat and the number of steps have been increased and improved. Sanitary reforms have also been introduced to avoid cholera and other epidemics. The bathing place is also improved. The bottom of the pool is paved and an iron railing is put on the outer edge to protect the bathers.

Near the Har-ki-Pairi is the Gangadwara temple, the biggest and the most important temple here visited by lacs during the Mela days.

The Bhimgoda tank has also its legend. Bhimasena, the second Pandava, was asked to stay here to guide river Ganga in her descent. A kick from the horse of Bhima created a hollow in the rock and this is now known as the Bhimaghora or Bhimgoda tank.

Near the river and in the town is the Brahma Kunda.

South of Gangdwara are a number of temples and monasteries. At a little distance from Har-ki-Pairi, is the Saiva temple of Sravannath. About a mile from Hardwar is the town of Mayapur. There are three old temples there—one of Mayadevi, the other of Bhairava and the third of Narayana. In the seven sacred cities it is Mayapuri that is mentioned. Perhaps this may be the old site of Hardwar. Cunningham says that it is a very ancient site identical with that of the populous city three and a half miles in circuit described by Hieun Tsang. Beyond the old Narayan Bali Temple is a large mound 750 feet square which is said to mark the fort of the mythical King Vena.

About a mile South of Mayapur is the town of Kankhal. The meaning of this name is stated to be "who is that Khala or Villain who does not obtain liberation at this spot?"; i.e. every one is liberated here. It is populated mainly by brahmins and sanyasins. It is bigger than Hardwar and its appearance is more clean and picturesque. The well-to-do section of Hardwar stays here.

Legend says that Daksha Prajapati performed a *yajna* here. The place is still pointed out as the Daksha-sthana. There is also a temple of Daksha here. In this

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yajna which was performed by her father Daksha, Sati, the consort of Siva, came of her own accord, though she was not invited. As Daksha did not properly respect her husband Siva, and as she too was coldly treated, Sati burnt herself. Siva came to know of this and destroyed this *yajna* through Virabhadra. The latter cut the head of Daksha. Gods then propiated Siva who ultimately revived Daksha.

Another legend states the reason why Sati burnt herself. Siva once bowed to Rama in the presence of Sati. She asked for the reason. She was told that Rama was not a mortal but an incarnation of Vishnu whom Siva himself saluted. Sati wished to test Rama. She disguised herself as Sita and met Rama who immediately recognised her and bowed to her. Sati returned home. Siva came to know of the incident and as she had disguised herself as Sita whom Siva held in veneration, Sati found that Siva was growing colder to her. In the meantime she went to her father's place where also she was insulted. She, therefore, burnt herself. She was reborn as the daughter of Himalaya. All these legends are connected with Kankhal. Kankhal has a larger number of temples. Daksha temple is the chief one. It is called Dakshesvara. This is the place where Daksha's *yajna* was spoiled. There are a number of small deserted temples round about. Pilgrim houses are also constructed in the vicinity.

It was at Kankhal that Sanatkumar became a *siddha*. The place where Sati was burnt is known as the Sati Kund.

About four miles from Hardwar is Jwalapur. The priests of Hardwar mostly stay there.

Hardwar and Kankhal mark the bottom of the Himalayas. Ganges flows with great force here. The natural sights, nearness of the mountain region and the cool and resounding flow of India's mighty river Ganga create an atmosphere suited for mental peace and spiritual sublimation.

About 24 miles from Hardwar is Hrisikesa, on the line from Hardwar to Dehra Dun and it leads to Gangotri, Kedar and Badari. Hrisikesa is famous for the Bharatji's temple said to have been established by Sri Sankaracharya. There are numerous pilgrim houses and the place is full of sadhus and sanyasins. There are quarters of the celebrated Kali Kamliwala. The men in charge here take care of the extra luggage, also act as bankers and try to be as helpful to the pilgrims as possible. Those who want to proceed from here for the Himalaya Yatra have to engage here their Jhampan, Kandis, etc. The forest University of Swami Sivanandaji and his Divine Life Society are quite famous for the excellent work they are doing.

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Kubjamraka is sometimes identified with Hardwar while *Varaha* 140; 60 to 64 identifies it with Hrisikesa. At Kubjamraka, Vishnu gave darshan to Sage Raibhya. The sages saw Vishnu as Kubja or in a crooked form on the mango tree; therefore the place is called Kubjamraka.

यत्राम्रे कुब्जरूपेण दृष्टो मुनिभिरच्युतः।
ततः कुब्जाम्रकं तीर्थं सर्वपापप्रणाशनम्॥
—*Skanda.*

It became famous as a Vishnu Thirtha.

At Hardwar Siva stays with Parvati. Those worshipping Siva here are purified. Great merit accrues to one who takes a bath at Gangadwara (*Tirthaprakasa* p. 377)..

The limits of Maya-kshetra are given as from Gangadwara to Ratna-stambha and from Nandagiri to Kashthagiri (*Skanda*).

In the Kumbha Mela that takes place at Hardwar, Prayaga, Ujjain and Nasik, people collect at Hardwar in Aquarius Jupiter when the sun is in Aries. Lacs of people come from all parts of India for bath, darshan in temples, sraddha and meeting the sadhus, saints and sanyasins.

In the reign of King Harsha in the 7th century A.D. such religious festivals were celebrated with great pomp at Prayaga when the Chinese pilgrim Hieun Tsang was also present. Heads of various, religious sects had collected there and there were discourses on philosophical and religious subjects. The Emperor lavishly distributed large dakshinas on these occasions.

Sri Sankaracharya is said to have regularised this institution of periodic Melas of a religious and philosophical nature and brought order among the the ranks of the sadhus. He classified them in ten orders called the Dasa Nami Sannyasins—Saraswati, Puri, Vana, Tirtha, Giri, Parvata, Bharati, Aranya, Asrama and Sagara. The scheme proved highly successful. The religious heads would travel periodically to these 4 places of Kumbha, come in touch with the lay followers and be their moral guides. They were selfless seekers after truth imbued with high spiritualism. They exercised great influence on the masses of people. There may be faked sadhus who delude others but that does not negative the existence and the excellence of the genuine saintly sadhus. The Kumbha gives opportunities for holding a religious parliament:

गङ्गाद्वारसमं तीर्थं न कैलाससमो गिरिः।
वासुदेवसमो देवो न गङ्गासदृशं परम्॥

* * *

अस्मिन् क्षेत्रेऽर्धमासे तु शिवसन्यस्तमानसः।
प्राप्नोति शिवसायुज्यं किमन्यैर्बहुभाषितैः॥

"There is no Tirtha equal to Gangadwara; no mountain equal to Kailasa; no God equal to Vasudeva; no river equal to Ganga. He who contemplates on Siva at this place even for a fortnight becomes one with Siva. Why more be said?"

—*Skanda*

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Adapa Ramakrishna Rao

RADHA, THE QUEEN OF RASA

भाद्रे मासि सिते पक्षे अष्टमी संज्ञके तिथौ
वृषभानुर्यज्ञभुमेः जाता सा राधिका दिवा ॥
—*Padma Purana.*

RADHA, the chief play-mate of Krishna in His Rasa Lila at Brindavan, is held by many as the sole embodiment of the highest form of love. According to *Padma Purana,* She was born on the eighth day of the bright fortnight in the lunar month Bhadrapada, which corresponds to the 24th of September, this year. This festive occasion, known as Radhashtami, is celebrated with fitting reverence by devotees of Krishna all over India.

Krishna's love-sports with the Gopis of Brindavan are well known, and the sweet fragrance of their blissful love is richly pervading our literary world. Radha is the leader of the Gopis, and the main cause for Krishna's play at Brindavan. *Sri Radhikopanishad* proclaims Her as Gopi, as the Chief of the countless Gopis, and as the Queen of the exquisite Rasa dance. Why, then, does *Srimad Bhagavata,* which is dedicated to the delineation of the sports of Krishna, not mention Her name even once? It is true that the great work presents many a delightful picture of Krishna's diversions at Brindavan and praises highly the ecstatic love of the Gopis, but Radha's name is not found in it. It appears rather odd that no mention is made of Radha in *Bhagavata,* while *Garga Samhita,* believed to have been written by Garga, the family-priest of Krishna, presents a very colourful pageant of Krishna's love-sports with Her.

A very interesting explanation to this mystery is offered by *Bhagavatamrita,* a Vaishnav treatise by Sanatan Goswami, an apostle of Sri Chaitanya. As Radha represents the sublime passion for the Supreme Lord in its full bloom, the very mention of Her name would throw Maharishi Suka, the narrator of the Bhagavata story, into a rapturous state, and, it seems, he would remain unconscious for a period of six months. Himself a highly evolved soul, he would lose his consciousness for months at a stretch, whenever he meditated on the intensity of Radha's love for Krishna. King Parikshit, his listener, was then under a curse, and had only a week more of his earthly life left. Maharishi Suka had graciously agreed to narrate to him *Bhagavata* within that period,

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and thereby enable him to attain salvation. So Suka could not utter Radha's name even once while describing Krishna's playful acts, as he would then lose consciousness for six months, and Parikshit had only a little over six days of his life left. This, according to Sanatan Goswami, is the reason for the absence of Radha's name in *Bhagavata*, though in describing the intense passion of the Gopis, it does treat of the supreme love of the Chief of the Gopis.

If *Bhagavata* remains silent about Radha, Her glories have been sung with great felicity by many a poetical work of high artistic excellence. She is so passionately attached to Krishna that He considers Himself fortunate on account of Her love, and declares to Her:

"त्वमसि मम भषणं, त्वमसि मम जीवनं,
त्वमसि मम भवजलधिरत्नम्";

i.e., "You are my jewel; you are my life; you are the precious stone in my ocean-like existence."

It is a fascinating tale of love, which will ever remain fresh, bringing to many a seeking soul sweetness and light.

Oil can be obtained even from sand; thirst can be quenched with the waters of the mirage; even a horn can be found for the rabbit but it is impossible to teach an imprudent man.

He who tries to bind an elephant with the tender threads of lotus flower, to cut a diamond with the sharp edge of a Sirisha flower, to sweeten the salt waters of the deep sea by spilling a drop of honey, is like the man who tries to get round with sweet words a foolish man.

—Bhartruhari.

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Cardinal Newman

THE GENTLEMAN

IT is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home.

He has eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome.

He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.

If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better though less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive.

[Condensed from *Idea of a University*]

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AJANTA FRESCOES

The 1500th Anniversary of the famous Indian paintings of Ajanta is being currently celebrated all over the world. These frescoes which are unique, symbolise not only the grandeur of Indian art and culture, but also enshrine the 'message of peace'.

THE AJANTA temples are situated near the source of the Waghora River in the State of Hyderabad, about three miles from Ajanta village. They were cut on the rough face of a gorge at heights ranging from 30 to 100 feet above the raging torrent below which pours down into the valley in a series of waterfalls over 120 feet high with a noise that reverberates through the cave-temples. Here Indian artists patiently chiselled the precipitous rocks and through the centuries laid the foundation of the great art tradition of Ajanta.

There are Ajanta cave-temples constructed between the third century B.C. and the seventh century A.D. Architecturally, they are rock-cut replicas of the wooden architecture of the day and include many traditional folk elements.

Ajanta was a kind of monastery and college, and in the early period the temples were inhabited by several hundred teachers and pupils, including the famous Buddhist philosopher and polemist, Dinnaga, who wrote studies in logic.

The cave-temples are of two main kinds: the Viharas (monastery or living caves) and the Chaityas (cathedral or assembly caves). The first type open onto the path along the cliff with a broad gallery supported by pillars; from the centre of the gallery a door leads to a central hall 18 feet square, surrounded by fourteen caves; the hall leads to a shrine about 20 feet square. The Chaityas have no cells and are bigger. Cave No. 10, for example, is a big assembly hall with a barrel-shaped roof supported by 39 pillars dividing the aisles from the nave. The hall is 95 feet 6 inches long, by 41 feet wide and 36 feet high; it was used for Buddhist services.

Forgotten for a thousand years, the Ajanta caves were rediscovered in 1819, and the first description of the temples built in the rock was written in 1829. The murals which originally decorated all the caves are still to be found, in various stages of preservation, in only a few of the caves. Since 1819 many efforts have been made to preserve reproductions particularly at the Bombay School of Fine Arts from 1875 onwards under the direction of J. Griffiths.

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An Ajanta fresco painting by Sri R. M. Rawal

For Asia and the history of Asian art the Ajanta paintings have the same fundamental importance as Italian paintings have for Europe and European art. By land and sea the traditional art of Ajanta, linked with successive phases of the history of Buddhism, steadily spread to Indochina, Indonesia, Malaya, Korea and Japan. In China it influenced and stimulated the art of the T'ang dynasty; and the discovery of frescoes in Central Asia has increased the interest aroused by the Ajanta paintings.

Historically the Ajanta caves are connected with the influential Gupta dynasty under whose auspieces Indian painting and sculpture reached new heights and whose period became known as the golden age. This artistic renaissance went on after the Gupta dynasty until the sixth century, as is shown by the elegance of architecture and the vigour of design and colour in cave No. 1 and No. 2 which dates from the end of this century.

Between the 2nd century B.C. and the end of the sixth century the masters of Ajanta created works of art that revolutionised not only the Indian conception of art but that of all Asia.

The central theme of the Ajanta frescoes is the legend of Buddha's reincarnations, through which all life is represented: human life with its various emotions, nature with its plants, flowers and animals, all intermingled with a feeling of deep and intimate spiritual kinship. The simplicity of the subjects of the Ajanta frescoes is reflected in the technique used in the preparation of the surfaces and the choice of colours.

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Swami Sadananda

NARASIMHA AVATARA



HEARING that his brother had been killed by Mahavishnu, Hiranya Kasipu blazed with anger and gave orders to his Asura attendants to destroy all places where Brahmins, cows and Varnasrama Dharma were being protected. After that he went for most severe penance in a narrow gorge of the Mahendra mountain. In time, Brahma granted him the sought-for boon that Hiranya Kasipu was to become, like Brahma Himself, the unrivalled master of the three worlds and was not to be killed by any of Brahma's creations, men, Asuras or Devas, by day or night, inside or outside a dwelling, on the ground or in the air.

After securing the boon, he drove away Indra from his throne and began his reign of unrighteousness, confident that he had secured immortality and invincibility. He declared himself the inveterate enemy of Mahavishnu and for that reason became bent upon destroying Dharma. The Devas then appealed to Vishnu for protection and Vishnu promised to appear in due course.

After some time Prahlada was born as the son of Hiranya Kasipu. From birth he manifested his deep devotion to Vishnu much to the annoyance of his father. After vainly attempting to change the nature of his son, the Asura decided to put him to death. Even then, through the undetected support of Mahavishnu, Prahlada escaped the different forms of cruelty that were devised. At last when in an altercation, Hiranya Kasipu struck a pillar with his fist and asked Prahlada to prove the omnipresence of Vishnu by showing Him in that pillar, Vishnu came out of it in the frightful form of half-man and

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half-lion. Standing on the door-step, the Man-Lion placed the Asura on His lap and tore off his bowels, thus making an end of him.

The points worth examining in this account are (1) the type of person that Hiranya Kasipu symbolises, (2) the significance of Prahlada appearing as his father's foe, (3) the appearance of Mahavishnu as Man-Lion and (4) the lesson we have to learn from this incarnation.

Hiranya Kasipu had been Vijaya, the door-keeper of Vaikunta before his curse, and so was a person of advanced intelligence and great mental strength. Having taken birth as Vishnu's enemy, he had to function as the destroyer of Righteousness and for that purpose he achieved unlimited power through unmatched penance. He also assumed the golden form so as to become the greatest tempter of mankind. By lavish gifts of gold he could buy the services of almost every one. Thus Hiranya Kasipu symbolises the type of the highly intelligent, highly powerful and highly efficient evil genius who employs all his talents for destructive purposes. If one exercises all his specialised scientific knowledge for the production of destructive atom bombs and uses them, he is Hiranya Kasipu reborn in our age. It was only just that such a person should be got rid of by God as he ought to be if the world is to be saved.

Prahlada is the gift of God to the human race to evidence the inevitable triumph of Righteousness over unrighteousness. Even the worst evil-doer hears the thin little voice of conscience upbraiding him. The voice comes not from any region outside but from within oneself. Prahlada was the son of Hiranya Kasipu and was thus, physically none other than his own extended personality. In a manner of speaking, he is the conscience of the sinning father.

Again, though the killing of Hiranya Kasipu could have been done by Vishnu even if there were no Prahlada, the lad is introduced into the scene to demonstrate that *Krodha* or wrath is more powerful than even filial love and therefore is the arch-enemy to be conquered if one wishes to escape destruction.

The appearance of Vishnu as Man-Lion was inevitable because of the peculiar nature of the boon obtained by Hiranya Kasipu. When Hiranya Kasipu made his boon all-comprehensive, he did not know that Vishnu had not to depend upon Brahma for the form He was to assume. He had only to resort to His own Prakriti and come into being through His own inscrutable Maya *(Bhag. Gita* IV. 6). The truth is that Vishnu is in every created thing (*B. G.* X. 20) as the Atma and that when the need arises He manifests Himself *(B. G.* IV. 7). It was necessary to

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protect Prahlada who was threatened with death if he did not reveal Vishnu in the pillar and so He appeared in the most terrible form.

The moral of the story is that even the best of brains cannot foresee and provide against all possible contingencies. If it were possible, Hiranya Kasipu would have safeguarded himself against such a danger. No one—man, Asura or Deva—can outwit the Lord.

The lesson we have to learn from this incarnation is that he who wholly trusts in the Lord knows no fear. Prahlada was subjected to such terrible dangers as would make even the boldest of beings shake with fear. But he never evinced even the slightest trace of fear. Even Hiranya Kasipu was astonished at the courage of his son and asked wherefrom he got that strength (*Bhagavata* VII. 8. 7.). Prahlada promptly replied it was from the omnipresent God. Thus, we are assured that the true Bhakta need have no fear. We are also assured that the true Bhakta is protected from the worst of dangers even as Prahlada was protected by Narasimha. Prahlada is the ideal to be kept in mind by all Bhaktas.

The Mahashakti is the universal way of being of the divine Conscious Force. She is the Universal Mother who creates all these beings and contains and enters, supports and conducts all these million processes and force . . . She works out whatever is Supreme and enters into the worlds that she had made; her presence fills and supports them with the divine spirit and the divine all-sustaining force and delight without which they could not exist.

—Sri Aurobindo

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Our Vedic Seers—12 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE AGASTYA

EVEN like Vashistha, sage Agastya also traces his parentage to Mitra and Varuna, and is called *Kumbhasambhava*. Several Suktas in the *Rig Veda* are attributed to his authorship. The *Rig Veda* speaks of him as Sumedha, Manya and Mandara being the other names by which he is designated.

The *Kayasubhecya Sukta* portrays the sage in the character of one endowed with much forensic skill and persuasive eloquence. It relates the story of how he brought about the reconciliation between Indra and the Maruts. At a sacrifice the sage performed, the oblations meant for the Maruts were appropriated by Indra. This so provoked the Maruts that they decided to put an end to Indra's life. But the sage, with utmost skill, talked the rival parties out of the quarrel and hatred, and brought about amity and concord between them. The sage and his wife, Lopamudra enjoyed their married life to a ripe old age.

Many are the hymns we come across by the names of Agastya Sishya and Agastya Swasri, in Vedic literature. He is reputed to be the oldest among the Rishis. Indra is said to have taught him the *Gayatri-Upanishad*. The sage, in his turn, taught it to one of his disciples. Thus was continued this tradition, from generation to generation. This Upanishad is also otherwise called *Jaiminyopanishad Brahmana*.

A race of Asuras, called the Kalakeyas had their abode in the sea. They were a cruel and haughty race. They subjected people to much suffering. They started troubling even the Devas, Indra also being not spared. The Devas, in consequence, prayed to Varuna and Agni, to come to their rescue, by killing the Asuras. The gods would not help the Devas as the destruction of the Sea would cause the death of all living things there. It was then the sage came on the scene. He proved equal to the occasion by drinking the oceans dry, without experiencing any difficulty in the process!

Agastya is said to have been diminutive of size, very philosophical and detached in outlook and that he would not have married, had it not been for the fact that

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his manes had insisted on his marriage with one Lopamudra, daughter of the Vidarbha King.

Being a king's daughter and having rolled in wealth, Lopamudra on becoming the sage's wife desired to have plenty of money. This was nothing for her sage-husband with such vast occult powers. But he would not waste his knowledge on such base ends. So he approached Srutarvan, Bradhnashwa and Trasdasyu to help him get money. But they failed to get all the money the sage wanted. Ultimately, he got pots and pots of gold with the help of one Ilwala. But the *Valmiki Ramayana* states that this Ilwala was a Rakshasa whom the sage killed.

Ramayana speaks of the sage with great respect and veneration. It is said that even the mountains learnt at the feet of our sage, that the Vindhya mountain standing tall and erect, bowed down out of respect to him when the latter was there, on his triumphal cultural conquest of the south. The mountain became his disciple. The sage commanded that the mountain should stay in that obedient reclining position till after he returned from the south.

Agastya visited Banaras before he commenced his trek down south. Lord Visweswara, the presiding Deity of Banaras, chose to accompany him to Rameshwara, and lived there, where the sage went. But the sage longed to live in Banaras, the most sacred place in India, but his wish could not be fulfilled with all his other preoccupations. So the sage commenced praying to Goddess Lakshmi by a sacrifice on the banks of the Godavari that he be enabled to live there. Thus in the 29th Dwapara, like Sage Vyasa, Agastya came to live in Banaras. He caused Nahusha, a proud Indra, to live the life of a serpent for a thousand years by his curse.

Sri Ramachandra met the sage when he retired to the forest in obedience to his father's commands. Agastya gave Rama many arrows, made of gold. He taught him the *Aditya-Hridaya* on the eve of his final battle with Ravana, through which he conquered Ravana. Bharadwaja is reported to have learnt the *Gita* from him.

Aswamedha Parva of the *Mahabharata* describes Agastya as a person of wide sympathies and humanitarian urges. Once, when the sage was about to taste of the roots of a lotus plant, he espied a hungry person of low caste. Being moved to pity, he passed on the root to him, himself electing to go without it. Agastya performed a sacrifice, which was conspicuous by the fact that no animal was killed in it. Pleased with his sacrifice, Indra caused rain to come down in torrents.

He was a "seer" of hymns, a Mantra Drashta and a Brahma

(Continued on page 42)

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Our Fortnightly Profile—31

JOSE MAZA

SENOR Jose Maza, recently elected President of the tenth Session of the U. N. Assembly is a seasoned diplomat who has the reputation of an unrivalled mediator, having been a leading figure in the top hierarchy of Chilean politics for well nigh 35 years. With Dag Hammarskjoeld as the Secretary General and Ralph Bunche as the next in command the trio form an ideal team for the pursuit of international peace, the will-o'-the-wisp of humanity; for, if it eludes their grasp, no better hands can possibly do it.

Gray-haired, thick-set, six-footer Maza, is 66, but looks much younger. Son of a farmer, young Maza took up teaching and the law in Santiago. In Chile, teaching evening classes is a kind of unpaid social work and that is how we find young Maza putting his soul into this work. Intimates of his student-days remember that he had a bit of rebellious fire in him; for, he was a student-leader, among others.

Soon after taking his doctorate in law, he became a National Deputy. Three years later he was



U.N. President Maza with the gavel

appointed Minister of Justice and Public Education. The following year, he became Chief Minister. Entering the Senate in 1925 he served it till 1953. This term included those of the Presidentship of the Senate and as Head of the Senate Foreign Relations Commission. He has been Ambassador to Uruguay, Brazil, Panama and Peru and has headed Chile's U. N. delegation at least in four sessions.

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Described as co-author of the Chilean constitution, Maza is widely known as a versatile law-maker. In the Chilean constitution, he has made it obligatory on the part of a land-owner to cultivate it, the State reserving the right to confiscate it when the rule was broken. Women enjoy full political right in Chile.

Maza has written many legal works in Spanish including a study of the U. N. Charter. He speaks fluent French but knows only a smattering of English. People who happen to know him during his long career as a Senator report that his interests have always been on the scholarly side.

A remarkably even-tempered man, his powers of discernment and persuasion have never been more in demand than now in the U. N. arena. There are plenty of chances for displaying the qualities of his head and heart and one can be sure, he will.

As some one put it "The Maza temperament is not to try to be the game-cock; rather it is to try to be conciliator, the arbitrator, and the good-will Ambassador."

Senor Maza carries on his person a medal, made of gold, silver and bronze, struck when he completed thirty-five years of parliamentary career, as a luck-piece.

SAGE AGASTYA—*Concld.*

Rishi. He is associated with the south of the country in general, and in particular with Ceylon or Lanka as it was then called. The *Matsya Purana* calls him a Lanka Vasi, whilst the *Brahmanda* hails him as the master and ruler of the entire south. The *Matsya Purana* locates his hermitage in the Malaya Mountain. It is said that he met Indra on the banks of the Mahanadi. Even today there are some temples dedicated to him. In Java, and other places in the East Indies, he is said to have places of worship. Near Nasik, there is a place called the Agastya Puri. Some think that Lopamudra was a southern Princess. But several accounts connect him with the rivers Ganga, Yamuna and Prayag.

Agastya Gita, Agastya Samhita, Shiva Samhita are some of the more famous texts whose authorship is attributed to Agastya.

The sage is credited with originating the Tamil language whose grammatical and syntactical rules are supposed to have been laid down by him. He is called the sage of the Tamil. A Tamil work, called *Agastya Gyana* is said to have been written by him. He is described in Tamil texts that he lives in a mountain, by name Podiya in the south.

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KALI'S BOON TO BHATTI

THE first act of Vikramaditya on arrival at Ujjain was to hurry to the temple of his favourite deity, Bhadra-Kali, before whom he prostrated full of gratefulness for her grace in giving him an opportunity to go to Indra-loka and for becoming the recipient of Indra's gift of the divine throne which he placed before her.

Reaching his palace, he retired for a few hours and came out dressed for the durbar. Bhatti was waiting for him to come out. Beaming broadly, Vikramaditya ordered Bhatti to bring the divine throne from Bhadra-Kali's temple which was done.

Vikrama recounted in detail what he saw and heard in Indra-Sabha and related how he adjudicated in the case of the rival danseuses in modest terms and how Indra complimented him.

Bhatti replied: "I congratulate you, your Majesty, on this unique distinction conferred by the King of Devas," and turning aside, put on a thoughtful face.

Vikrama asked: "What ails you Bhatti? You wear a look of disappointment! Tell me."

THE STORY SO FAR—

When King Bhoja tried to ascend the divine throne, the first statuette stopped him and started relating the story of King Vikramaditya—how he established his new capital at Ujjain and how Indra, Lord of the Devas, invited him to Indra-Loka to decide on the relative merits of the rival divine danseuses Rambha and Urvasi. Indra after presenting him with a divine throne, sent him back to Ujjain in his own chariot. Now read—

"You are right in your presumption, my Lord. I wanted to know what your majesty has brought me, your poor servant and brother, from Indra," replied Bhatti.

"Oh, I am so sorry, I completely forgot to ask anything for you! But, surely, whatever is vouchsafed to me, is yours as well!" said Vikrama.

"You are right, perhaps," replied Bhatti, crest-fallen.

Bhatti, despite his learning and affection for his brother could not

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help feeling that he was let down by his august brother and therefore became twice intent on earning the blessings of Bhadra-Kali.

At about 10 p.m. that night Bhatti started towards the temple of Bhadra-Kali, sword in hand. At that time the deity had gone out in her routine round of the town. In her absence, the minor deities were on parole about the temple. Dodging them cleverly, he entered the sanctum and started praying.

In the meantime Bhadra-Kali, herself returned and on seeing Bhatti prostrate before the sanctum, she raised him and asked solicitously "Bhatti, what made you come here at this time of the night?"

"Oh, Mother!" cried Bhatti and said "Whoever can help me beside you? My brother went to Indra-Loka and obtained for himself everlasting fame and a thousand years of rule. But he did not ask of Indra anything for me!"

"So what?" interjected Kali.

"May it please you, Mother, to bless me with two thousand years of life and equal prestige, as the Minister to Vikrama for the duration," asked Bhatti.

"Oh no! That is going to be a very difficult task for me," protested Kali.

"But you must bless me, Mother, or else who can help me?" replied Bhatti.

"If help I must, on the above terms, it will be on this condition that you place before my feet the head of your King Vikrama, after beheading him" said Kali.

Bhatti said "Yes" and walked in the direction of the palace.

The King was fast asleep. On his side lay Queen Mandakini and on the opposite side lay Vikrama's famous sword in its sheath.

Without raising the least suspicion or opposition Bhatti entered the King's bed-chamber. Walking on tip-toe, he took hold of Vikrama's sword and with his fingers roused Vikrama. Vikrama woke up immediately but Bhatti signalled him not to make noise and rouse others.

"What brings you here now?" asked Vikrama in a whisper.

"I want your head for an important purpose," replied Bhatti nonchalantly.

Laughingly Vikrama lay down and asked Bhatti to cut his head asunder and take it off. Bhatti, after cutting it off, took the head in hand and hurrying to Kali's temple, offered it at the feet of the goddess, and fell down prostrate.

Pleased with the offering, the goddess blessed Bhatti with 2000 years of life and equal glory.

As soon as he rose up, Bhatti laughed. Kali was visibly annoyed and asked him, "What made you laugh?"

"Oh, Mother! Indra gave my King-and-brother Vikrama a thousand years of rule the day before, and here his head lies before your

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feet! And now you are pleased to bless me with 2000 years of life. I don't know how far this is going to prove effective" replied Bhatti.

"Oh, you mean that," said Kali smiling. "Don't think I am as effete as Indra. Take it from me, my boon will never go wrong. You may put it to the test if you like," challenged Kali.

"Mother! Not that I doubt your powers. But under the circumstances, my belief in gods has been shaken to its foundations. However, I can believe your boon if you kindly revive my King this instant before my eyes!" asked Bhatti.

"Take this *bhasma* and the head back. Put the head and trunk together and smear the *bhasma* all over and Vikrama will come back to life," replied Kali.

Bhatti literally ran to the palace with the head in hand and placing the head and trunk together and smearing the sacred ashes, saw to his immense joy Vikrama rousing as if from deep slumber.

"What is all this about?" asked Vikrama rubbing his eyes.

Then Bhatti related to him his adventure and the blessing of Kali and how it came about. Vikrama embraced Bhatti in sheer joy saying "I was really much worried that I did not ask of Indra any boon for you. And now you have by your ingenuity earned 2000 years of life whereas mine is only 1000 years!"

Bhatti rejoined, "My Lord, you need not worry; you will also live for 2000 years. I shall guarantee it!" said Bhatti flourishing his hands.

"How is it, Bhatti? You cannot possibly improve on what Indra has thought fit to confer?" asked Vikrama doubtfully.

"I shall tell you how, my Lord. What Indra gave you was 1000 years of rule. Now I am going to advise you to sit on this throne for six months and rule, and go away to the forest for the next six months! Thus you will extend your life to 2000 years!" explained Bhatti.

"Well said!" agreed Vikrama and praised Bhatti for his wisdom.

Thus did King Vikrama and his minister Bhatti love and appreciate each other and for the full span of 2000 years rule over Ujjain in a manner that was the wonder of all countries and ages to come.

"Do you think, Bhoja, you have a hundredth part of the valour of Vikramaditya, to be able to rule from this throne?" asked the first statuette concluding the story of Vikramaditya.

It was dusk by then and King Bhoja and his minister who heard this story were wonder-struck by it. They returned home for the day.

[*To be continued*]

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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

TIRUPATI SESSION: ARRANGEMENTS

The fourth session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad will be held at Tirupati from the 11th to 13th November 1955. The following is the tentative schedule of work:

11th November 1955 (Friday)

10-00 a.m. to 11-00 a.m.
Informal meeting of the delegates to be addressed by Shri K. M. Munshi and a meeting of the Subjects Committee.

11-00 a.m. to 12-30 p.m.
Visit to exhibition.

5-30 p.m. to 8-30 p.m.
Inauguration of the Parishad by the President

12th November 1955 (Saturday)

11-00 a.m. to 12-30 p.m.
Shastrartha—(Timings fixed to suit the President after his visit to the Venkateswara University — subject to slight modification).

3-00 p.m. to 5-30 p.m.
Parishad Session.

6-00 p.m. to 7-00 p.m.
Meeting of Governors, Chief Ministers, Education Ministers and other prominent personalities.

8-30 p.m. to 10-30 p.m.
Entertainment.

13th November 1955 (Sunday)

10-00 a.m. to 12-00 noon
Closing Session.

Shri K. Chandramouli, Minister for Revenue & Endowments of the Andhra State is the Chairman of the Reception Committee; Shri C. Anna Rao, Secretary of the Tirumalai Devasthanam is in charge of the Executive Office at Tirupati. The Reception Committee has made elaborate arrangements to make this Conference a memorable one and is understood to have budgeted Rs. 50,000/- for necessary arrangements.

Exhibition

At the Oriental Research Institute, Tirupati, an exhibition will be organised where rare Sanskrit Manuscripts, outstanding Indological publications, ancient coins and other antiquities will be exhibited.

Entertainments

Delegates will be treated to a violin recital by Shri Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu and performances of Bharat Natyam by talented artistes. A number of items such as Burra Katha, typical South Indian folk-dances, scenes from Sanskrit dramas of Kalidasa and others will also be arranged.

Boarding & Lodging

The Mess-Committee has arranged for catering to about 1000

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delegates and invitees. Very important persons like the President of the Republic, some Raj-Pramukhs, Governors and Chief Ministers and Education Ministers of the States will be accommodated in special bungalows atop the hill with boarding arrangements. Meals will be completely vegetarian and quite a number of typical Andhra dishes will be served (but with less chillies!) in addition to sweets, etc.

Delegates to the Parishad will be provided accommodation in the Sri Venkateshwara University College Hostels. Delegates coming with families and those who would like to have their own cooking arrangements will be provided accommodation in the Tirupati-Tirumalai Devsthanam Choultry.

The latest information reaching the Head Office says that the Pandal Committee proposes to erect a huge pandal which would accommodate more than 15,000 persons who are expected to attend the Opening Session of the Conference.

More than 30 cars and 10 jeeps will be placed at the disposal of the delegates. Buses will also ply between Renigunta Station and Tirupati for bringing the delegates and for taking them on top of the hill to the Temple, for worship.

This fourth session at Tirupati has evoked country-wide enthusiasm. Besides Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Sri K. M. Munshi, President and Chairman respectively of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, eminent persons like Sri C. M. Trivedi, Governor of Andhra, Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras, Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, Pandit Ravi Shankar Shukla, Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, Sri K. Hanumanthayya and Sri A. G. Ramachandra Rao, Chief and Education Minister respectively of Mysore State, Sri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Dy. Speaker, Sri M. Patanjali Sastri, former Chief Justice of India, are expected to attend the Parishad. In the previous sessions the average number of delegates attending was 300, but Tirupati is setting up a new record. Already the number of delegates enrolled exceeds 600 and from the present rush, it seems the number may go over 700.

Invitations have also been sent to Sanskrit Scholars abroad and representatives of foreign Universities as also Ambassadors accredited to India.

The Government of India, Ministry of Railways (Railway Board) has sanctioned Railway Concession to *bona fide* delegates attending the Session.

Individuals interested in the study and promotion of Sanskrit are invited to participate in the Parishad, on payment of the delegate fee of Rs. 5 to the Hon. General Secretary, Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay 7.

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NOTES & NEWS

GUJARATI Sahitya Parishad is completing 50 years this year. During this long span of its useful existence it has enriched Gujarati Literature and contributed to the cultural life of renascent Gujarat by its Sessions and other activities.

Associated as it has always been with illustrious persons, to name a few, Gandhiji, Shri Govardhanram M. Tripathi, Acharya Anand Shankar Dhruv, Shri K. M. Munshiji and Sir H. V. Divatia, the Parishad was moulded to be the premier institution representing life and literature of Gujarat.

This month the 19th Session of the Parishad is to be held at Nadiad under the Presidentship of Shri K. M. Munshiji, Governor of Uttar Pradesh. This session, taking place after completion of 50 years, will be preceded by Sri Govardhanram Shatabdi Mahotsava, celebrating the birth-centenary of Shri Govardhanram M. Tripathi, author of *Saraswatichandra* and the President of the First session of the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad at Ahmedabad in the year 1905.

A great number of problems affecting the whole life of Gujarat will come forward for discussion and resolution by eminent intellectuals, litterateurs, educationists and other public workers who will participate in the Session which is most likely to be interesting.

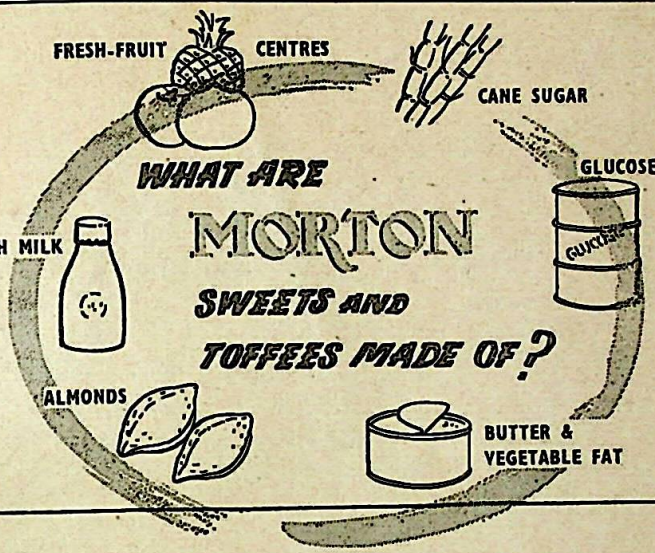
GOVARDHAN CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

As mentioned above, Gujarat is celebrating on October 26, 1955, the Shatabdi of Shri Govardhanram, who has done yeoman service to Gujarati Literature. The current number of Kulapati's Letter deals with this doyen of Gujarati Literature.

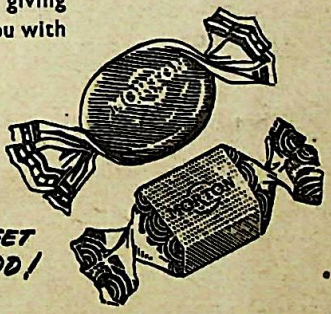
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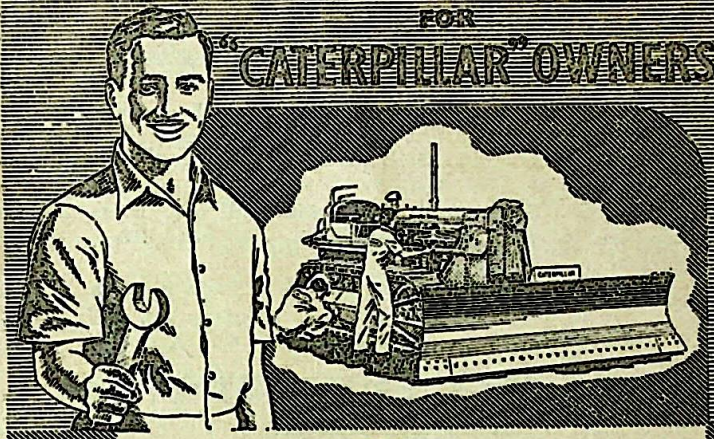
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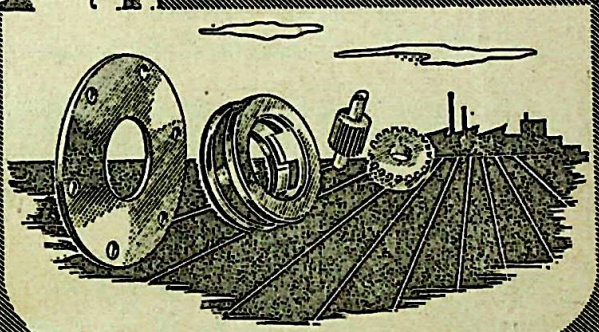
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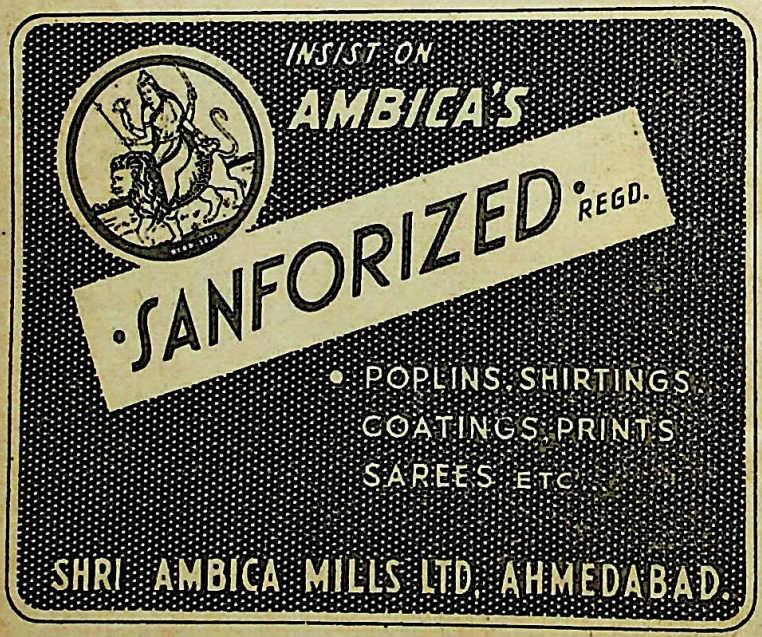
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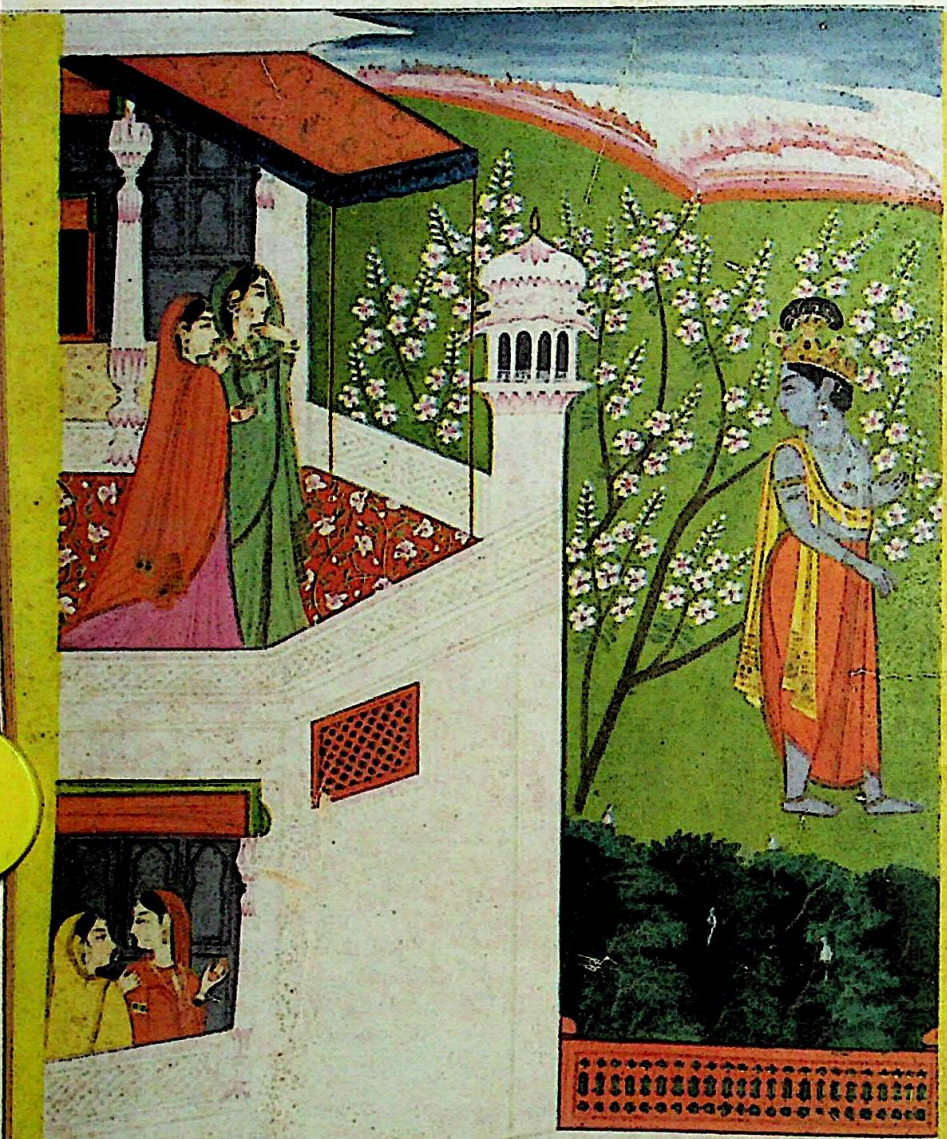
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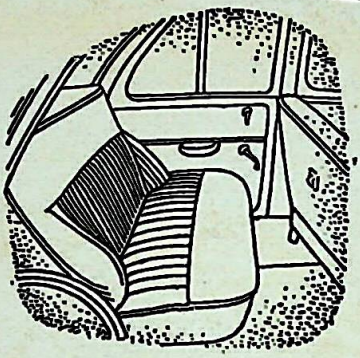
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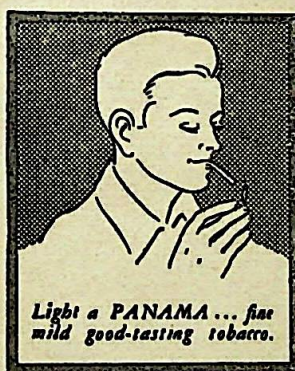
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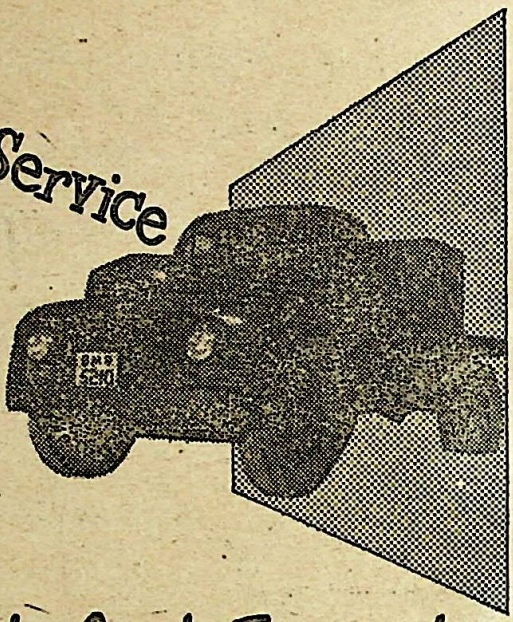
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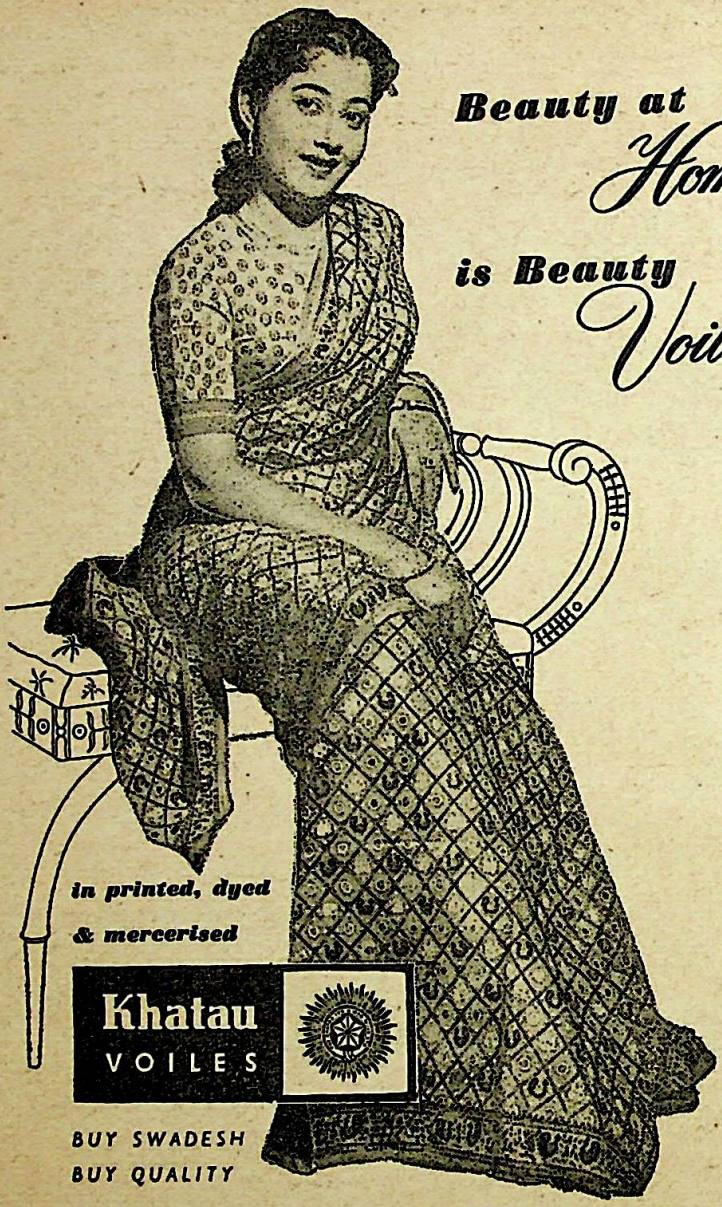
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 7] [NOVEMBER 6, 1955

INTELLECT

मेधा देवी जुषमाणा न आगाद्
विश्वाची भद्रा सुमनस्यमाना।
त्वया जुष्टा नुदमाना दुरुक्तान्
वृहद्वदेम विदथे सुवीराः॥

त्वया जुष्ट ऋषिर्भवति देवि
त्वया ब्रह्मागतश्रीरुत त्वया।
त्वया जुष्टश्चित्रं विन्दते वसु
सा नो जुषस्व द्रविणो न मेधे॥

May the Goddess of Intellect come to us in love, She who comprehends everything, is auspicious and is favourably disposed to us; being blessed by you, we shall, with our heroic following, shun lowly talk and speak at the end of the sacrifice about the Supreme.

O Goddess of Intellect, the person who is blessed by you, becomes a man of vision; he becomes Brahma Himself; through you, splendour comes to him, he attains wonderful riches; bless us, O Goddess of Intellect, with (such) riches.

—Krishna Yajurveda.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 87

★ A Fantastic Case ★ The Ratlam Conspiracy
★ And the Court

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow,
November 6, 1955.

My Young Friend,

OF the several strange cases which I have conducted, the strangest was that of the "Kachauri"; a case in which one of those eatables was a deciding factor. If you come from Gujarat or Rajasthan, you would at once know what a delicacy a *kachauri* is. If you do not, go there and eat it.

The manner in which I undertook, argued and won the "Kachauri" case was more fantastic—believe it or not—than anything in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

★

In the middle of December 1941, Kanaiyalal Vaidya, an office-bearer of the States Peoples' Congress, brought me a letter from Gandhiji. It asked me to appear on behalf of the appellants in the conspiracy case, then before the Privy Council of Ratlam, a small princely state now merged in Madhya Bharat. "By advocacy you can only achieve what is possible", wrote Gandhiji, "but by your going there the poor prisoners will find some comfort. Meet the officers there and spread the cult of mercy even by going out of your (professional) field".

The case was fixed—I think—for December 20th; I may be in error by a day or two.

In this case, seven or eight persons, including a local doctor and lawyer, had been tried, convicted and sentenced, some to no less than seven years' rigorous imprisonment. The charges against them included the charge of attempting to overthrow the lawfully-established Government of His Highness the Maharaja Sajjan Singh of Ratlam. One of the ac-

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cused had died in jail. The people were terror-stricken. The Praja Mandal was practically dead. No local lawyer had the courage to come forward to defend the accused. Even a Bombay lawyer who had come to defend the accused in the Sessions Court had to leave Ratlam in a hurry because of a threat conveyed to him. The less said about the nature of this threat the better.

With these words, Kanaiyalal flung at me—no other word is appropriate—a huge pile of papers. The judgment—thank God—was in English. The depositions of dozens of witnesses and scores of the documents were in Hindi; not typed or well-written, but scrawled in those hieroglyphics which each individual writer of Hindi invents for himself when he begins to write the Devanagari script without the top-line.

What prevents them from adopting the clear, legible Gujarati form of the Devanagari script without the top-line is difficult to understand. At a recent Conference held at Lucknow, the general opinion was that the standardised Gujarati form should be adopted whenever Devanagari was written without the top-line. There was considerable opinion in favour of it; but there was strong opposition, too. Perhaps it was a case of local pride.

I was in despair. I had to be in Idar to conduct a heavy appeal the day following the date on which the Ratlam case was fixed. How on earth was I going to do the two heavy cases at the same time? And how was I going to wade through this huge pile of indecipherable documents? But Gandhiji's wishes were always commands.

I wired to the Maharaja of Ratlam—I did not know him personally then—to grant me an adjournment of the case. In a few hours the reply came that no adjournment would be granted.

I then wired to His Highness to be kind enough to accommodate me in the State Guest House. The next day came the reply. The State Guest House was not available, but accommodation was reserved for me in a hotel with the distinguished name of 'Savoy'.

I also contacted on the phone Moolji Sheth, the proprietor of the Sajjan Mills at Ratlam, who was a great friend of mine. He had considerable influence with His Highness and knew Ratlam inside out. I had committed a mistake in taking up this brief, he said. No one in Ratlam could associate himself with the defence. The State was determined to dismiss the appeal. A trial had only been staged because there was an uproar in the Press and the Resident wanted conviction in proper form. But, as a result of my telegram, His Highness had personally come to the Savoy Hotel and seen to it that rooms were reserved for me.

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I sought the assistance of J. M. Shelat, one of my ablest juniors—we call them "devils" in Bombay—now the Principal Judge of the City Civil & Sessions Court there, and handed him the file of papers in the case.

★

On the morning of the 20th—I will take that as the date—Shelat and I arrived in Ratlam. Moolji Sheth was at the Station to receive me; so was Kanaiyalal. No one else was there; not even the *munim* of a leading Marwari firm, who for years had never failed to bring me a hot cup of milk whenever I passed through the Ratlam station by the Frontier Mail. Evidently the authorities had made it plain to Ratlam that I was as much an "untouchable" as my clients had been during the trial. His Highness, however, had been good enough to place a car at my disposal.

In spite of all this, Kanaiyalal had secured the services of two lawyers from Indore to help me. But when we went into our first consultation, the prospect appeared dismal beyond words. We were told that His Highness was a good-natured and soft-hearted man, but the British Resident had dropped a hint that something must be done about the Praja Mandal leaders. The Maharaja had therefore entrusted the affairs to Shivji, his Defence Minister, who, charged with this all-important commission, had outdone himself. Local lawyers were prevented from appearing for the accused and the entire machinery of the State had worked to secure their conviction. During the trial of the case, no member of the public had been allowed to pass by the Court premises and the trial had lasted for a whole year. Bail not having been granted, the accused had been in jail all the time and one of them had died. The judgment of the Sessions Court, I was told, had been written by an Indore lawyer under the direction of the Home Minister of the State himself. One of the accused had drawn the portrait of the first accused and that had been sufficient evidence to convict him.

Shivji, the central figure in the prosecution, belonged to that caste, which has for generations supplied trusted palace adherents to the princes of Saurashtra and their families. In the Sirohi case, a few years later, I learnt how the grandparents of Shivji had come to Ratlam with a Saurashtra princess who was to be married to the ruler.

Shivji was the confidant and life-long companion of His Highness; also his comrade on the battle-fronts of World War I and on the innumerable polo-grounds where His Highness had led Indian teams to victory. However, Shivji had not wasted his youth in receiving much in the way of education. He had been brought up with the Maharaja, was loyal to him to the core, and was the only

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person upon whom His Highness could implicitly rely. Shivji was a mighty person; for, he rarely forgot that, by virtue of the Maharaja's confidence, he had absolute rights over the people of Ratlam.

The hotel in which we were lodged belonged to Shivji. Spies were all over the place. It was impossible to hold consultations without some obliging waiter hovering about us. The situation was to the last degree intriguing.



I secured an immediate appointment with the Dewan, a retired officer of the U.P. cadre, who was politeness itself.

"I feel very proud, Mr. Munshi, that you are going to appear before me", he said. "I once had the honour of having Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru argue a case before me".

"I never had the honour to appear with or against Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru in a court of law", I replied, not to be behind-hand in courtesy. "But I am proud that I am appearing before a judge in whose court Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru once appeared".

Then I told the Dewan the plight I was in. I could not do justice to the case in the four or five days that had been given to me for its preparation. I wanted an adjournment.

"I cannot give you any adjournment, whatever happens", he said.

"Then you must make your choice", I said. "You know that the case has created a sensation in the Press. I am appearing for the accused at the instance of Gandhiji. If you do not give me time to read my brief, I shall ask for an adjournment in open Court. If you still refuse to give me an adjournment, I shall withdraw from the case altogether. This—your refusal—will be advertised all over the country and I assure you that neither the Ratlam Government nor the Court will come out well of the encounter".

My argument went home. The Dewan thought for a while. "Look here, Mr. Munshi", he said, "we are in a difficulty. On the 1st of January, if the appeal is not being disposed of by us, it will go before a joint bench under a new arrangement. So whatever happens, we are determined to decide this case before the 31st of December."

I grasped his point; the case was too bad to go before an outside bench.

"I am not here to inconvenience you", I said. "Give me an adjournment for five days. I shall finish my case at Idar and return to Ratlam. And I promise you that even if it takes whole days and nights we will finish the appeal before the 30th. You can then deliver your judgment on the 31st." The Dewan agreed.

In the evening I paid my courtesy call on His Highness. His

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mother having come from Saurashtra, he spoke Gujarati fluently. Our conversation revolved round polo, of which I knew next to nothing. He showed me with pride the trophies which he had won in tournaments all over the world. His Highness impressed me considerably. I was sure that if he had had the choice, he would not have made his people unhappy.

I wanted to call on Shivji, the formidable Defence Minister also, but he had gone on a tour.



The same evening we left for Idar. With the assistance of a Hindi-speaking assistant, Shelat began to struggle bravely with the record. His knowledge of Hindi was even more limited than mine, for it extended only to the Sanskrit words common to Hindi and Gujarati—what may be termed the basic national language. North Indians do not seem to appreciate this fact, but the only element in Hindi which has led us to accept it as our National Language is the Sanskrit vocabulary.

Shelat—my "devil" for some years—had mastered the technique of wading through many ponderous briefs of mine and making accurate notes in a manner suited to my requirements. Many a time I have conducted long cases with the aid of his notes, as he well knew the processes of my mind. While I was busy with the Idar case, I thoroughly enjoyed his frantic efforts, morning, noon and night, to evolve some sense out of that prolix record.

As soon as I had finished the Idar case, he began to spoon-feed me from his notes. This process continued that same evening at Idar; as also in the train and during the four-hour halt in the bug-ridden waiting room at Baroda where we changed trains for Ratlam. When we reached our destination, we had scarcely a wink of sleep; my eyes were burning and my body, aching.

On our return to Shivji's Hotel in Ratlam, the atmosphere had changed a little. Some Gujarati residents were waiting for me with garlands. Moolji Sheth told me that the lawyers wanted to attend the Court to hear me; would I please make some arrangement for them? I conveyed a message to the lawyers to apply in a body to the Dewan for permission to attend the Court. The application was granted.

Immediately we were faced with —what is called in the language of the U.N.O.—procedural difficulties. The Dewan had decided that the Court should be held from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. With the greatest difficulty I induced him to change the time from 8 to 11 a.m.

"Would you mind Mr. Munshi, if, while hearing your arguments, I glanced through the columns of

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the *Times of India*?" asked the Dewan. "I do not like the idea of being late with the current news." I said I had no objection.

The other difficulty was about our dress. We were expected to be garbed in the formal dress of the State with a saffron safa (turban) tied over our heads. However, the rule was relaxed on our paying a fee of Rs. 3/- each. Shelat was miserable. He had never seen me in a saffron safa and as a loyal junior, he wanted to have the luxury of his senior adorned with a flaming headgear.

The Court had been set up in a small ante-room of His Highness's Palace. But in order to invest it with judicial dignity, the huge gold-plated sofas and chairs and velvet curtains had been removed. Furniture of a kind generally found in cheap restaurants in a small town, had been moved into the court room. Forensic dignity had been provided by the spreading of a red cloth over our shaky table.

Our opponent was a lawyer from Indore who had been specially engaged. He took Shelat into his confidence; the fees he would be earning in this case were to be adjusted against the debt owing to the State by his father.

★

Dressed in gown and bands and a Gandhi cap, I made my bow to the Court. Of the three Judges who formed the Bench, the Dewan busied himself now and then with the *Times of India* which he out of courtesy held below the table. Throughout the trial the Revenue Minister contributed an unfading, pleasant smile; he was little but a cheerful spectator, out to enjoy whatever happened.

The Home Minister, however, to whom a wicked rumour—I am sure, untrue—had attributed the final shape of the lower court's judgment, knew the case inside out. In the beginning he did his best to lose patience, but I soon succeeded in injecting some into him.

The Dewan was an outsider. Forced as he had been in the State by the Resident, his presence in Ratlam had been deeply resented by the party led by the Defence Minister, and I could see that any hit at the prosecution provoked an ill-concealed chuckle on his part. Once when I characterized the prosecution as "baseless and a waste of public time and money", the Dewan with evident disgust, turned to the Home Minister and whispered, loudly enough for us to hear, "Saksena, that is one for you." I was not slow to utilise these revelations.

At the end of the first day's hearing, the local lawyers who had been permitted to listen to my arguments, introduced themselves to me and I invited all of them to tea next evening.

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From the Court I straightway drove to the *pedhi* of my Marwari client. The whole bazar had collected on the roadside to see me step out of the car. The *munim,* who had been informed of my intended visit, was profuse in his apologies for not having received me before. He had cups of hot milk waiting for us.

When we returned to Shivji's Hotel, we found that there was no chance of our being able to hold consultations in privacy. So we, the lawyers, went for a long, long walk, holding consultation in the manner of the peripatetic philosophers of Greece.

★

Naturally you will ask: "But where is the *kachauri,* the deciding factor in the case?" You cannot have it unless you have the patience to wait for my next Letter. I shall then continue the narrative of this case and its Gilbertian finale.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

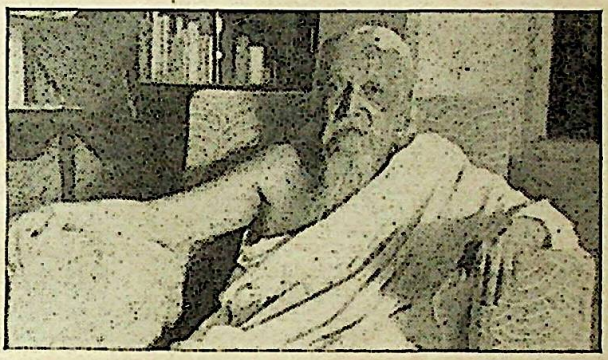
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Sri Aurobindo

THE WAY TO DIVINITY



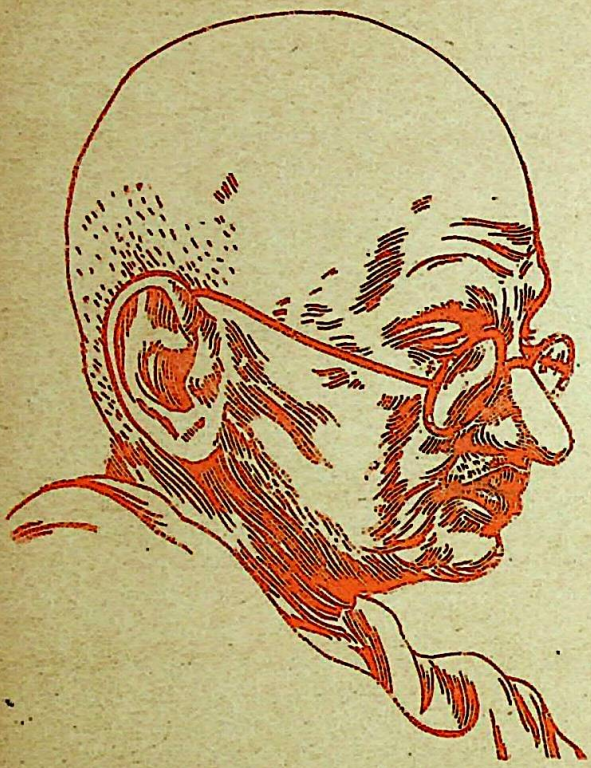
Sri Aurobindo

The personal effort required is a triple labour of aspiration, rejection and surrender—an aspiration vigilant, constant, unceasing—the mind's will, the heart's seeking, the ascent of the vital being, the will to open and make plastic the physical consciousness and nature; rejection of the movements of the lower nature—rejection of the mind's ideas, opinions, preferences, habits, constructions, so that the true knowledge may find free room in a silent mind—rejection of the vital nature's desires, demands, cravings, sensations, passions, selfishness, pride, arrogance, lust, greed, jealousy, envy hostility to the Truth, so that the true power and joy may pour from above into a calm, large strong and consecrated vital being—rejection of the physical nature's stupidity, doubt, disbelief, obscurity, obstinacy, pettiness, laziness unwillingness to change, tamas, so that the true stability of Light, Power, Ananda may establish itself in a body growing always more divine; surrender of oneself and all one is and has, and every plane of the consciousness and every movement to the Divine and the Shakti.

—(Courtesy: Aurobindo Ashram)

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HINDUISM



Mahatma Gandhi

IT is the good fortune or the misfortune of Hinduism that it has no official creed. If I were asked to define the Hindu creed, I should simply say: "Search after Truth through non-violent means." A man may not believe even in God and still call himself a Hindu. Hinduism is a relentless pursuit after Truth. I believe it to be a religion of Truth. The essence of the Shastras and the Vedas is that God *is* and He is One without a second.

I can no more describe my feeling for Hinduism than for my own life. Nothing elates me so much as the music of the *Gita* or the *Ramayana*. When I fancied I was taking my last breath, the *Gita* was my solace.

I have no other wish in this world but to find light and joy and peace through Hinduism.

[Courtesy: Navajivan Trust]

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Vehicle of World Culture

H. H. Sankaracharya of Kanchi

A great, peerless scholar and distinguished savant, the senior pontiff of the Kamakoti Peeth has a great reputation for his catholicity of views. His followers are legion, in the South in particular.

THE necessity for one international world-Government which has already begun to be felt, presupposes one world-culture capable of elevating humanity to the heights of ethics, morality and spiritualism. Sanskrit culture, ranging from the earliest extant literary records of the world to the loftiest productions of Sri Sankaracharya and Kalidasa and being continued today by many a contemporary seer and scholar, a culture which gleams through a vast range of climes from Central Asia to the Pacific Archipelago, can render this service of evolving a lofty world-culture suited to all times and climes.

The very preservation from times immemorial of this Sanskrit culture, which has been the solace of many a deep thinker all over the world up to this day, is enough to help in the evolution of such a universal culture.

The secret of this preservation lies in the fact that it never set itself to any utopian task of mechanically levelling humanity. It knew that Nature was never destined to be monotonous. It tried to discover the linking vein of unity in every difference and eleva-

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ted humanity to such a level, that it would not waste its energy on the inevitable points of difference in the natural evolution of man.

If language proves to be a barrier to material unity, if religion divides man from man, and if religion and opposing ideologies of Government hold their various groups apart, it cannot follow that we can discard language, religion or Government. We should try to understand the differences of the other side and be ready to serve them as our own kith and kin.

Direct literary records in Sanskrit have been found in regions ranging from Khotan in Central Asia to the islands of Java and Bali in the Pacific region and true translations of Sanskrit works have been preserved in Tibet, Japan, China and South-East Asia; relics of Sanskrit culture are being discovered every day from both the hemispheres. Cambodia contains, in the walls of its deserted temples, many hundreds of Sanskrit inscriptions, the elegance and chasteness of their language not being surpassed in any such contributions in our mainland.

The worship of Mitra-Varuna which Sri Sankaracharya interprets as the positive and negative forces controlling the Universe as well as the individual soul and the horse-sacrifice, Asvamedha, the highest meritorious act of duty enjoined on the Sovereign of the land seem to have been in vogue throughout Asia and Europe.

The scanty evidences which have come to us of the Aztec and Inca cultures of the New World bear close testimony to their affinity to our culture. In fact all our scriptures speak of our Vedic culture as guiding the seven ring-like consecutive Dweepas encircled by seven similar ring-like oceans, being probably the original formation of land and water in our globe from the North Pole to the South!

Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Muhammadanism, those four great religions of the world can be better understood with the help of our Sanskrit culture. It is clear that the philosophy of Buddhism is based on the negation, in the Upanishads, of the permanency and reality of the worldly phenomenon, Buddhism in all its aspects being an offshoot of Vedic culture. The Old Testament containing the common traditions of the Jews, Christians and Muhammadans in its very beginning alludes unconsciously to the famous passage in our *Rig Veda* and the Upanishads beginning with the words *'Dwa Suparna'* wherein the individual soul and the supreme *Atman* are depicted as sitting on a peepul tree, the one eating its forbidden fruit and the other shining in its full glory without eating the fruit.

The real purpose of this passage is that the individual soul eats the fruits of its good and bad actions, being tempted to do so by *Rajoguna,* whereas the supreme *Atman* is *gunatita,* beyond all *gunas.*

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Instances are not wanting in our devotional literature of allusions to the *Jeeva* or individual soul as a woman and to the supreme *Atman* as *Purusha,* her male counterpart and the object of her intense love. The very naming of the original pair as *Adam* and *Eve* corresponds philologically to our Sanskrit words *Atma* and *Jiva.* The fruit of the peepul tree is a forbidden one, according to our Sastras! Thus the ideas of the Upanishads find place in the sacred books of all the religions of the world, in however mutilated a form, and our Sanskrit lore, when dived into deeply, may enlighten many a lofty idea buried in the their sacred texts and may pave the way for the re-affirmation of the universal culture.

Turning towards our own part of the country, the effect of philological researches in our southern languages which were started by foreign Christian missionaries in the middle of the last century and which has created a spirit of aloofness in language and race and consequently in religion and has succeeded to some extent in disintegrating the society in the south, have already been neutralised by deeper studies on the subject by academic institutions like the Andhra Historical Society and individuals like the late Sambashivam Pillai, a Magistrate of Trichinopoly, Namakkal Ramalingam Pillay, the poet laureate of Tamil Nad, and the late R. Swaminatha Iyer of Madras. The labours of the last gentleman were duly recognised by the late Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee in his capacity as the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University.

The very order of arrangements of the alphabet, both vowels and consonants, in all the southern languages, goes to prove the cultural affinity between the North and the South even from the hoary times of the inception of the alphabets.

The fact of there having been an original culture all over the world may be inferred from the fact, that in almost all the countries of the world, the week-days are counted as seven, the names of the days are synonymous and their order is the same.

The popularisation of Sanskrit throughout the world which will play an important part in correcting and elevating human nature is an imperative duty imposed by Providence, at this juncture on all our countrymen. For the proper implementation of this duty all our countrymen should first equip themselves with at least an elementary knowledge of Sanskrit, the manuscripts in which, far exceed the number of all such records in all the languages of the world put together.

We should not allow these Sanskrit manuscripts to seek refuge only in museums but should try to understand the thoughts therein which are as deep as the ocean washing the feet of Kanyakumari and live up to the ideals therein which are as lofty as the Himalayas, Her beloved father.

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Although many worship God in some physical form or other the rationale behind it may not be apparent to all of them. If that were understood there is little doubt our worship will become more enthusiastic and consequently more fruitful. An attempt is made in this catechism to explain the different items of temple and home worship which will show the great thought that had been bestowed by our ancients in our spiritual evolution.

WORSHIP

Q. While the Vedanta proclaims that God is formless, colourless, etc., why should we worship the idol, or picture or any physical form, for that matter?

A. In a popular concert some one sings, others accompany him on instruments, the combined result of which transports us to the heaven of delight. Suppose there was only the music without song, or the accompanists, many would not have enjoyed the concert so well. In the same manner, many would not be able to enter into the spirit of worship without the paraphernalia of the idol, the picture, the gong, flowers etc. According to our *shastras, saguna* form of worship automatically leads to *nirguna* form of worship.

Q. Why is Shiva worshipped in the shape of Linga ?

A. That is a compromise between shape and no-shape, as the first is likely to distract attention, and the second abstract to inattention. The word Linga by itself is capable of conveying the idea of First or One without a second.

Q. Why should we confine the Omnipresent into a few cubic feet of darkness in the temple?

A. The temple is conceived as the replica of the human body, and the deity inside a temple as the Atman inside every individual. The tower is indicative of human objective. By removing old flowers from the body of the deity or picture and offering new ones, we seek to remove our ignorance and worship Him with new gained *gnana,* i.e. the sacred flower SOHAM. The *prakaras* of a temple are the equivalents of the sheaths (Pranamaya-Kosa etc.) which encase our Atman. The temple-gates in these *prakaras* have for their counterparts the

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indriyas (senses) in our body. The *garbha-graha* or inner sanctum of the temple is the heart in our system. The bell-sound of the temples (gongs) are the *nada-brahma* or the Jiva, in our bodies.

Q. Why should we decorate, bathe, lay food before and perform all other respects to what, for all practical purposes, is a lifeless idol?

A. Human kind is but a reflection of the Almighty in the mirror called Maya. If man (the reflection) is to prosper, the original has necessarily to be decorated, fed and treated to all kinds of comforts we expect in life. The milk and honey we pour on the idol really find their way into our bellies, by the above reasoning.

The water that is poured incessantly over Shiva-Linga is a reminder to us that our thoughts should centre round the Lord without break! By waving the lights before the deity we pray that gnana be vouchsafed to us by the Lord.

Q. Have temple festivals any meaning?

A. The *dhwajarohan* or flag-hoisting ceremony that precedes all temple-festivals symbolizes creation (*srishti*); the ten days' duration of the festival signifies *sthiti* or existence; and the unwinding of the *dhwaja* denotes *samhara* or annihilation. The staff of the *dhwaja* is *Paramatman;* the objects in and outside it are Pasu or created beings. The chord used in winding the *dhwaja* is *Maya.* When the chord is wound round it, there is Creation. When it is unwound, there is the Deluge. The seeds sown in what are called *palikas,* during festivals, the sacred car with its endless decorations—all signify the all-pervasive character of the Almighty. At the conclusion of the festival, the Deity, along with devotees, goes to have the holy bath. This points to the ocean of bliss that awaits those who have realised God.

Q. Why do we prostrate before deities?

A. It is a demonstration that we have given up our ego and feel humble before the Lord. The eight limbs of the body must touch mother-earth during prostration, which is a proclamation that we cannot lift our little thumb without His will.

Q. Why do we worship Ganesa first?

A. Ganesa has a form which is reminiscent of Pranava, the essence of God. Consequently we are enjoined to pray to God soulfully before commencing any act.

Q. Why do we rap with our knuckles against our forehead and then bow before Ganesa cross-legged and cross-handed, holding the ears by the hands?

A. That is symbolic that we should regulate Prana in the *nadis* Ida and Pingala. By diverting its route, we must send it along Sushumna and finally to Sahasrara.

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The Puranic story is very interesting too.

Q. Why do people break coconuts before Ganesa?

A. It is a smbol that by breaking Sahasrara, the Yogi should taste of the nectar which will lead to immortality. To the common man it tells that he should pray to the Lord that the seed of Karmic life should be broken at His feet.

Q. Why do people go round and round the temple in *Pradakshina?*

A. That is AUM in action; or drawing the figure of Pranava with our gross, subtle and functional bodies, and a prayer that we should be relieved of the cycle of births and deaths.

Q. Why do we light camphor before the Lord towards the end of worship?

A. Its function is expiation for all shortcomings in the worship. Puranas have it that it is equivalent to sacrificing the Ashva in Ashva-medha sacrifice. Ayurveda says that its vapours are good for the eye. Karmakanda says *Kapurharti* is a remover of all sins and incidentally, the evil eye. But its real significance is that the Gnana or God-realization burns your Karma without even the slightest trace, like the burning of camphor, and you become one with the Almighty, the Light of all lights.

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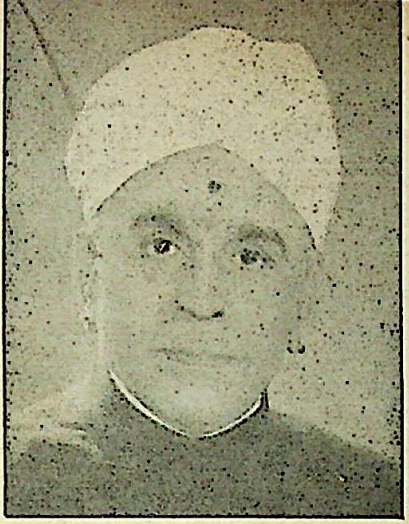
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Sri N. C. Aiyar

N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

Significance of Deepavali

DEEPAVALI is a national festival in India and is celebrated all over the country with great rejoicing. Houses are illuminated by a blaze of lights; little boys and girls fire crackers of different sorts and kinds.

Why the festival is celebrated is attributed differently in different parts of the country. In the South it is connected with the slaying of Narakasura by Sri Krishna on the *Chaturdasi* (14th) dark fortnight of this month. The *asura* or the demon was the son of the Earth-goddess. The capital of his kingdom was known as Prag-jyotisha. As is only to be expected in the case of persons with terribly demoniac natures, he began to oppress the rest of the world. He stole even the ear-rings of Aditi, the mother of the Gods. As many as sixteen thousand women of all ranks of society were abducted by him and kept prisoners. The Gods, unable to endure the suffering, appealed to Sri Krishna for help. Accompanied by his wife Satyabhama, he invaded Prag-jyotisha riding on his famous Garuda vehicle.

Mura was another *asura* who spread round Prag-jyotisha mystic and impenetrable nooses which made the city invincible. Sri Krishna cut the nooses asunder and killed Mura. Narakasura issued out for battle. A great fight took place between him and Sri Krishna and the *asura* was slain. Satyabhama also took part in the encounter.

The imprisoned ladies were set free. Struck by the beauty and charm of their deliverer, they chose him as their protector. Hence Sri Krishna is known as the Lord of sixteen-thousand women.

After the killing of Naraka, the goddess of Earth appeared before Sri Krishna and begged him to show commiseration to Naraka's progeny and the Lord agreed. The hymn of praise that she then sang is substantially the same in the

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Srimad Bhagavata and in the *Vishnupurana;* and its recitation is believed to be auspicious and fruitful of blessings.

Sri Krishna returned to Aditi her ear-pendants and made good to other owners the priceless possessions that Naraka deprived them of.

This victory of Sri Krishna over Narakasura is celebrated on the Deepavali night and the succeeding morning by feasts and festivities. It represents the subjugation of forces of evil by forces of good. The liberation of oppressed women constitutes the main part of Sri Krishna's mission. In this task, he was aided by his wife. Naturally, therefore Hindu womenfolk observe this festival with delight and joy.

Deepavali is one of the unifying factors in India, and whatever difference there may be in the causes given for its celebration, it is none the less true that all over the country the Hindus regard it as a holy occasion.

An early morning bath before sun-rise on the new-moon day following the Deepavali night is said to be equivalent to a bath in the Ganges in its potency for eradication of sin and it is therefore usual for friends and relations to greet each other that morning with the question "Have you had your *Ganga-snan?*"

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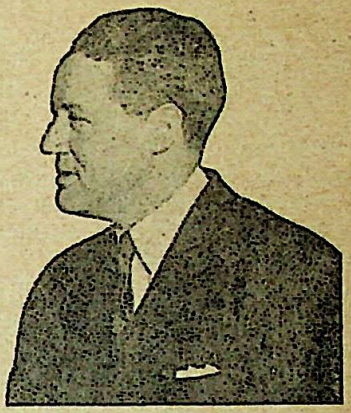
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John Sherman Cooper

Ethical Minimum in World Politics



U. S. Ambassador, Cooper.

MACHIAVELLI, writing in the early 16th century, stressed the egoistic disposition of man. He regarded human nature as essentially selfish, aggressive and acquisitive.

The state, in his extreme view, stands supreme in its own territory, and pursues a conscious policy of aggrandizement determined by power and self-interest. Morality becomes incidentally, and is at most, only a means to an end.

The conflict of ideas as to whether principles of law and morals can be applied to relations between states may be traced in philosophy from Machiavelli through Hegel to the present day, and in practice, this century has witnessed some of its most discouraging manifestations.

The theory of power and self-interest, expounded by Machiavelli and his successors, does not necessarily mean that there must be violent conflict between states. Nations may develop indirect means of coercion and interference and may even declare for a time their adherence to moral duties, to support their national policies.

The fact that nations may share a number of interests, such as newly acquired independence, or the felt need for increasing the tempo of economic development, does not in itself guarantee a true international community.

Any theory of international order depends at last upon the desire of nations to live in harmony, and on a willingness to permit other nations to determine their own lives. There must be actual unity on acceptance of some principles of behaviour based on ethical values.

In the 17th century, Grotius, with a background of humanistic training stirred by the abuse of force, made his appeal to a higher law.

Grotius held that broad principles of justice and morality, applicable alike to persons and states, were deduced from natural law.

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The natural law, as Grotius defined it, was "the dictate of right reason which points out that a given act, because of its opposition to or conformity with man's rational nature, is either morally wrong or morally necessary, and accordingly forbidden or commended by God, the author of nature."

And on this principle of intrinsic justice, from whatever source it may be deduced, scholars and nations have arrived at a body of propositions, which have come to regulate the relations between states.

This does not mean, of course, that every aspect of the foreign policy of a nation is consciously formed in accord with a higher law.

There is a realm between the ethical bases and the high purposes of a nation—the realm of means or practice—where interest, experience, and even expedience play their part in the development of policy.

Often, in the affairs of a nation, there is no absolutely demonstrable right course to follow. Yet there are situations, solutions, and acts, which are recognised as wrong. In this century, in World War II, it was not difficult for a great part of the world to recognize that the Fascist and Nazi regimes were so reckless of moral control, as to become the enemies of world-peace and order.

Also, in 1950, the United Nations almost unanimously declared aggression on Korea an offence against accepted principles of conduct enunciated by the United Nations Charter.

Whether by agreement or practice, or that "dictate of right reason" of which Grotius spoke, free nations have constantly admitted that there exists, before practice, some first principles—a kind of ethical minimum—must be observed in order to secure a peaceful and unified world order.

The principle of Gandhiji that all activity must be centred in truth and that without truth it is impossible to observe any rules or principles in life, lends support to the common quest for a world order based on moral principles.

Still more recently, the Panch Shila propounded by the Prime Minister of India asks for adherence to recognised principles of international conduct, which if adhered to in spirit, would advance the cause of peace.

The administration of justice is the firmest pillar of government.

—George Washington.

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Just as God is one though His names are different, Religion is one in spite of its different names; because all religions have been derived from God.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

Prophet Mohammed



K. M. Munshi

IN my little study of the Prophet I have been struck by his character and teachings, and how strikingly similar they are to the fundamental truths of all religions!

Two thousand three years ago, the great Emperor Asoka laid the foundation of such a State by enjoining that all religions should be respected and that the teachings of all religions should be appreciated.

Ours is a secular State; not an irreligious or non-religious State; but a State in which all religions are freely pursued and should be equally respected and equally understood.

In Free India, therefore, it is the duty of a Hindu to know as much of the personality and teachings of Lord Buddha, the Prophet Mohammed as also those of Zoroaster and Jesus; and equally it is the duty of a Muslim, a Christian and a Parsi to know about Vyas, Sri Ramachandra and Sri Krishna. Then only we will come to realise that all these *avatars* and prophets were inspired by the same mission, the same faith and taught basically the same truths.

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All religions lead to God. It is only the selfish man who has made them labels for dividing man from man.

In 23 years of inspired work, the Prophet welded the Arab tribes into a single nation, and gave them the faith to conquer the world. The Arab tribes were restless and incessantly warring against each other. The Prophet taught them peace. The word "Islam", as you know, means entering the peace; the word "Muslim" means one who has entered peace.

The Prophet taught the service of the poor, the oppressed and the maimed, the distressed and the dumb.

All religious teachers have faith in their mission; naturally, they lay emphasis on what they teach. But the Prophet's vision saw the needs of each people and realised that they have their own teachers.

There is not a people but a warner has gone among them.
And every nation had a messenger.
And every nation had a guide.
And certainly We raised in every nation a messenger, saying,
Serve Allah and shun the devil.
To every nation We appointed acts of devotion which they observe.
For every one of you did We appoint a law and a way.

The Prophet of Islam was not bigoted. He was a man of God and knew that to each one God has given the divine Spark to pursue his own salvation in his own way, made him a prophet of democracy; for Islam even 1,400 years ago, recognised in actual practice that each man whatever his station of life, was equal to another in the eyes of God.

The Prophet of Islam, above everything, taught us to have faith in God. He lived as an instrument of God, walked humbly in the path He prescribed. He taught the world, as the eternal truth as did Sri Krishna, Zoroaster, and Christ, that if one has to live a full life, he must surrender all his thoughts and actions to God, for that is the goal of life *liqaAllah*.

O man! Thou must strive to attain to thy Lord a hard striving until thou meet Him.
They are losers indeed who reject the meeting of Allah.
They will perish indeed who call the meeting of Allah to be a lie.
He regulates the affair, making clear the signs that you may be certain of meeting your Lord.

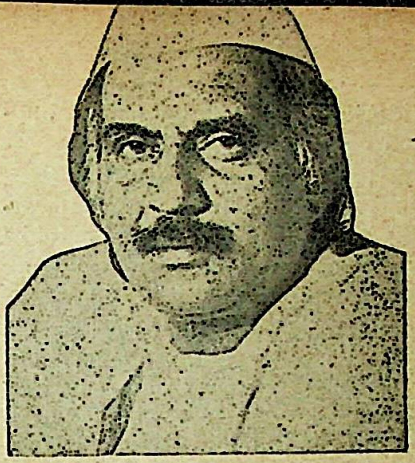
And when the Prophet taught this gospel, his message *Bismillah hirrahman nirrahim* rang out in this world with fresh enthusiasm.

And to-day when the forces of distrust and the fear of an atomic power have become a nightmare, it is the duty of all those who have faith in the mercy and wisdom of God, whatever religion's labels they bear, to come together, and realise that in the way of Love and Peace lies the only redemption of man.

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Dr. Sampurnanand

Malaise of the Indian Intellectual



Dr. Sampurnanand

Despite our much publicised internationalism and advocacy of peace, the Indian intellectual suffers from a malaise which is a positive bar to his putting his shoulder to the all-round development of the nation. In his presidential speech at the Congress for Cultural Freedom held at Madras Dr. Sampurnanand, the Chief Minister of U.P. has diagnosed this malaise in his characteristic manner and put his unerring fingers on the right causes, and like the good physician, prescribed the cure.

THE first component of the malaise from which the Indian intellectual suffers is utter uncertainty and instability. Political independence has been achieved in an age when the forces of communism and democracy are drawn up against each other in preparation for a mighty war of extermination and, in between the two, there are any number of warring groups owing allegiance to an infinite variety of shades of pink faith.

India is destined to be one of the important battle-grounds of these ideologies and the men who profess them. The education and the bringing up of those who are the present leaders of society align the young Indian with the protagonists of democracy, but the call of communism is no less insistent.

The economic situation seems to be equally hopeless. The social prospect is no less gloomy. Old bonds are getting loose. The joint-family system, for example, is breaking up. The impact of the West has given rise to new ideas, many of which are accepted without analysis.

The growing chasm between the physiological and the economic ages of marriages also produces

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hysteria, melancholia and a hundred other nervous disorders.

Is it to be wondered at, that, buffetted about by so many warring forces, the Indian intellectual's mind is in a state of chronic uncertainty and frustration?

He finds it difficult to retain his self-respect or self-confidence, and this generates fear. The only way in which he can retain some shred of sanity is to avoid facing facts, to avoid thinking, to engage in some kind of activity all the time.

A person who feels that he has not been treated fairly by society cannot be blamed if he finds satisfaction in activities that give him a sense of meting out well-deserved retribution.

Utter lack of faith is then the culmination of the Indian intellectual's neurosis. The Sanskrit word for faith is श्रद्धा which is derived from श्रध् meaning truth. One can have faith only in that which one holds to be irrevocably true.

There is nothing abnormal about the trial and tribulations through which India is passing. Any country, similarly placed, might have to face them during the period of transition. What makes our burden appear so heavy is that we are not spiritually equipped to bear it. There is no faith and no object of faith.

Along with the breaking up of social and economic fabric, old values are also losing their hold and new ones have not replaced them. Religion has become a mummery and old traditions, taking the memory back through a thousand years of the nation's history, embodying its hopes and aspirations, its ideals and its experiences, are being brushed aside with a contemptuous shrug. *Spiritual vacuity has become almost a badge of intellectual superiority.*

The fault does not lie with the younger members of the intelligentsia. They are the victims of a strange conspiracy. The blame must be put squarely on other shoulders.

There are the Universities, for instance. Whatever their achievements in the purely intellectual field, they have failed us miserably on what might be called the cultural front. There has been no effort, so far as I am aware, to initiate a new movement of thought, to evolve a new ideology, to work for the shaping of a new culture, a new religion if you will, which shall conserve all that is best in the old, assimilate all that is good in the new and present a frame-work within which the soul of the nation, anchored firmly to its spiritual moorings, shall find the fullest opportunity for self expression and expansion. The Universities do not seem to be aware of this obligation to society.

There is another source which has failed us in this hour of need. The man who knew the Indian

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people intimately because his heart-strings beat in unison with theirs, who could speak in a language pulsating through and through with our traditions and age-long ideals, is no more. He was cruelly snatched away from us.

We patronise Ustads and send Indian singers and dancers abroad to carry the message of Indian culture to far-off lands. But our appreciation of these things is purely intellectual if it exists at all. There is no real effort to develop dance and music, as it has been developing all through the ages.

Our Constitution has no doubt its great points; but there is no suggestion that its authors had the faintest idea of what the goal of life and endeavour should be. It is not possible, therefore, so far as the constitution is concerned, to give any direction to life, to the system of education which prepares a man to live his life fruitfully. There is no ideal to which one may aspire, for which one may sacrifice one's self.

True, there is the concept of the Welfare State. It is unfortunately too prosaic. An ideal should be something that lifts a man above himself, that is really impersonal.

There is another concept that is often put forward as a crowning triumph of our statesmanship, the concept of the Secular State. I can only say that the main idea behind this term is as old as Indian history. The empires of Asoka, of the Guptas and of Akbar were secular in all essentials. The ruler professed a religion which was also patronised by the State, but the sole criterion for appointment to places of trust and responsibility was talent. It would be sheer presumption to say that Britain is not a secular State in the real sense of the term because it has a State religion. *In India, however, the bugbear of communalism has made secularism almost synonymous with anti-religion.* In any case, all reference to Hinduism is looked down upon with suspicion.

We talk about Indian culture and refer to its composite nature. This is perfectly correct, but at the same time we cannot forget that the main current of this culture, fed by a hundred tributaries as it has been, started on its humanising mission when the first Vedic Rishi chanted his Sama on the banks of the Saraswati.

Some of the finest elements of Indian thought have received their inspiration from sources which have no other name than Hindu. We could well base our culture of tomorrow on these elements which are the warp and woof of our nation's life. They have to be brought to the fore-conscious and once again made potent forces. An appeal in these terms will evoke warm response and endow our lives with the inspiration of a living mission.

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The young intellectual who takes his cue from us has learnt from us just enough to despise what comes from the past. Religion is to him a silly mumbo-jumbo and the intellectual life of those days a record of superstitions and extortionate priest-craft. But the mind cannot feed on distrust and contempt alone: we have not given him anything positive to fill the void we have thus thoughtlessly created. This is his malady.

He cannot get much enlightenment from abroad, because, it seems, the West is itself in a state of ideological flux. The old *laissez-faire* is crumbling in the realm of the spirit, no less than in the field of economics. Forceful regimentation along the lines that might appeal to a political party will be harmful in the extreme, but it is being increasingly felt that the denial of the claim of the spirit, the Higher ego in man, for the sake of material prosperity has been disastrous.

Without a definite conception of the goal of human endeavour, even the quest for knowledge becomes a dangerous weapon. One can see before one's eyes how the most powerful nations, in which there has been the fullest opportunity for intellectual development, are hurtling down the path that will lead to the destruction of civilisation, if not of the human race itself. The West, therefore, which is itself in the grip of a tremendous nervous strain, is not in a position to guide anyone to mental balance.

We have to set our house in order ourselves. Our leadership must take an active part in shaping the cultural life of the people. This is the only way to lift the Indian intellectual out of the abyss of pessimism, frustration, cynicism and utter lack of faith in which he finds himself at present. Then only will the intelligentsia be able to pull its weight in the all-round development of the nation and of humanity.

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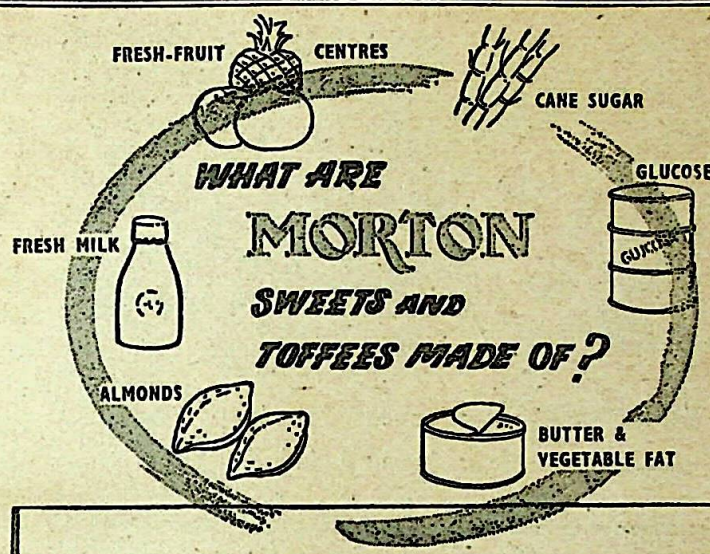
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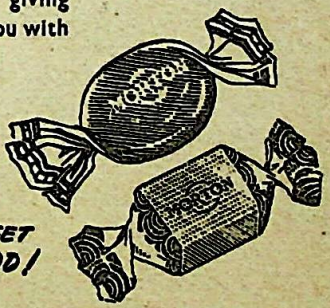
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Mahatma Gandhi & Father Joseph

B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya

On the 16th September 1955 we had the news that Mr. L. S. Amery died at 81. Most people who take interest in politics doubtless remember who he was. He was the Secretary of State for India from 1940 to 1945. Mr. Amery's magnum opus lay in his comparison of Gandhi to Father Joseph who represented combination in one person of a devout mystic with an unscrupulous political adviser that helped Cardinal Richlieu to keep Europe distracted by a generation of disastrous war.

"IT is enough for me to say", said Mr. Amery, "that Mr. Gandhi's peculiar appeal to the Hindu veneration for the ascetic helped to make him the unquestioned Dictator, a permanent Super President, to use Pandit Nehru's expression, of by far the largest, the best financed and most rigidly drilled party organization in India".

For a better understanding of Mr. Amery's analogy it would be just as well to give an account of Father Joseph. He was Francoi's *Leclerc du Tremblay,* known in religion as Father Joseph of Paris and to anecdotal History as L' eminence Grise. "The road trodden by those bare horny feet of his," says Aldous Huxley, the biographer, "led immediately to the Rome of Urban VIII. More remotely it led to August 1914 and September 1939."

In the long chain of crime and madness which binds the present world to its past, one of the most fatally important links was the Thirty Years' War. Many there were who worked to forge the link. None worked harder than Richlieu's collaborator, Francoi's Leclere du Tremblay. If Father Joseph had been nothing more than an adept at the game of power-politics, there would be no compelling reason for singling him out from among a number of concurrents. But the friar's Kingdom was not like the Kingdom of ordinary power-politicians, exclusively of this world. Not merely intellectually, but by actual direct acquaintance, he knew something of the other world, the world of eternity.

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Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya

He "passionately aspired to become and in some measure, with a part of his being, he actually was a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven."

He belonged to the order of the Capuchin friars which itself is one of the four divisions of the order of Franciscans which had its origin in Italy about the year 1520 and was regularized by a Papal Bull of 1538. The monastic houses could not either overtly or covertly own property. All wants were to be supplied exclusively by begging and the convent was not allowed to accumulate stores for more than a few days. No friar might use or even handle money. The Capuchin's habit was of rough grey cloth so rarely replaced that most of the friars were permanently dirty and in tatters.

Father Joseph is otherwise known as "Grey Eminence". To the hardships of poverty were added those of a rigid discipline, of fasts numerous and penances severe. The Father was the new model Capuchin, the man who respected his vows, who shared the hardships of the poor and was always ready to be a help in trouble. Austerity of life, the assumption of voluntary poverty, a clarity of collaboration, not of patronage—these were the characteristics that had sometimes a genuine love of God but more often, a kind of pride. The privileged individual wants to prove that he is somebody on his own account and apart from his bank-balance and his social position, that he can win the race against all comers, even when he starts from scratch.

Father Joseph inherited one of the four baronies possessed by his maternal grandfather and was Baron d' Maffiers but chose the life of friar. "This is a soldier's life", he wrote to his mother, "but with this difference that soldiers receive death for the service of men, whereas we hope for life in the service of God."

Richlieu became a member of the Council of State and was appointed Minister for War and Foreign Affairs in 1615. He was fond of supreme power which appeared to be now in his grasp. Father Joseph was bent upon pur-

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suing the crusades and liberating Greece from Turkey, and to this end took the aid of the Duke of Nevers, a man who had his own ambitions and designs and was preparing a Navy and an Army to achieve his purposes. To Father Joseph, it appeared that France who had played a chief part in earlier crusades would bring about a rupture of historical tradition and flouting God's will if she abated her interest then. It was no longer "God's deeds by the French" but "the deeds of the French are the deeds of God". And Father Joseph's cult was summarised in the French lines which mean "If in order to succour thee, I overturn the whole world, it is all too little for my wishes, to quench the fires of my ardour, I must drown me in a sea of blood".

Grey Eminence (Joseph) and White Eminence (Gandhi) are both singularly devoid of pride, they both love humility and serve the poor, but the former was caught up in court-intrigues and helped to promote the Thirty Years' War and drowned himself in a sea of blood. The flames of his passion for crusading could only be extinguished in a sea of others' blood, while the latter's, if ever he should have a bloodbath, would be a bath of his own blood. To compare, then, a war-promoter and an unscrupulous friar, however grey may be his eminence, with one whose truthfulness would not keep a copy of a letter to him which is withdrawn by the writer and whose non-violence would rather lay down his own life than hurt a hair on an Englishman's head in India, is crass misrepresentation.

Father Joseph is Grey. Gandhi is White. Gandhi is neither a power politician nor a practising mystic. Gandhi's conception of Islam and its Paigambar Mohammed is diammetrically opposed to Father Joseph's as delineated in his Turciad. To Gandhi, Mahommed's instruction is not Lucifer in a mountain-cave and a chamber of horrors but Anglel Gabriel descending from the heavens on high, in the healthy atmosphere of his nativity. Gandhi does not engage himself in patching up truce between Queen-mothers and their sons nor does he, like Father Joseph, invoke the hell-fires on people's heads to prevent them from ordering their soldiers to sack innocent towns. Gandhi is not out to loosen armies in order to establish national unity like Father Josph but sets himself to disbanding them in order to preserve national integrity. Gandhi has no Cardinal Richlieus to elevate, and has no nervous attainment of Swaraj, would be happy on the heights of the Himalayas and not aim at becoming "the unofficial chief of staff for foreign affairs" as Father Joseph became. Gandhi does not aim at power politics and has no thought of intrigues that result from the confluence of the livers of a Capuchin and a Cardinal.

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Anyone who knows Gandhi from near, knows him to be singularly free both from that personal ambition from which Father Joseph also was free and from that other ambition known as vicarious ambition which is pernicious and self-deluding, on behalf of a sect, nation or person. Father Joseph had ambitions on behalf of Catholicism, France and Richlieu, ambitions indeed "to put it cynically, through which he would enjoy subconsciously the pleasures of malice, domination and glory, while retaining the conviction that he was doing the will of God." To Gandhi unlike to Father Joseph, there were no two classes of good men, one good according to God and another according to man, the former forgiving offences against oneself as soon as they are committed, while the latter must do everything in his power to take vengeance when offences have been committed against society. Gandhi had no court intrigues to checkmate, no quarrelling magnates to conciliate. It is true that Gandhi believed in intuition and divine guidance and considered some of his plans as inspired or perceived in a vision. But he had no "crackbrained" notions which were in Father Joseph "made to seem even more ridiculous than they were by his habit of guaranteeing them as Divine revelations". It is to be hoped that Mr. Amery did not demand of India that her youth, in addition to evolving a new constitution, a new philosophy, should also drive away Providence from Temple and Tabernacle!

Gandhi, like Father Joseph, maintained enormous private correspondence, not indeed with a view to prying into the secrets of the enemy, but to acquaint himself with the truth which moves or fails to move the actions of his own following, not "to buy now a piece of useful information, now a complaisance, now a downright treachery." Gandhi did not act as the head of secret service or make use of money or possess as Father Joseph did. But describing Father Joseph, Huxley writes, "Here he was a Franciscan friar, vowed to the service of the Church which existed for the salvation of souls, but using all his own talents, all the baits of Lucifer, Mammon and Belial to induce fellow Christians to damn themselves by lying, by breaking their pledged word, by betraying the trust imposed in them. In order to do his political duty, he had to do the *satanic* opposite of of what he had promised to do when he entered Religion". Gandhi recognized no such compartments as Religion and Politics, for to him the former idealizes the latter, while the latter realizes the former and both together make up one whole, being but the obverse and reverse of each other as in a coin. Nor did Gandhi know any distinction between means and ends. To Father Joseph, the means did not matter, it was the ends that counted, to Gandhi the ends would

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take care of themselves if he took care of the means.

The deeper you study the two characters, the more glaring becomes the contrast between them. "Father Joseph's reputation" we are told "in Paris as at Ratisbon was bad, so bad that contemporaries would never accept the true explanation of his weekly absences from court, after he had been made a regular Foreign Minister. It was whispered that during the time when he was supposed to be with the Capuchins or the Calvarians, he was really prowling about the town in disguise, spying for the Cardinal (Richlieu) or giving bribes and instructions so secret and so sinister that they could not be interviewed except by night at street corners or in the backrooms of disreputable taverns. Romance is always poor and less strange than the facts it distorts and oversimplifies". Anyway, there were no two Gandhis, one a saint and the other a suspect, and Gandhi was the last man to be guilty of the policy of playing both ends against the middle.

Father Joseph towards the end of his life wrote in a letter bemoaning his divergence from the path of the wholetimed service of God and ends it saying, "I come to believe that the world is but a fable and that we have lost all our hopes for I make no difference between ourselves, the Pagans and the Turks". "These are despairing words" says Huxley, concluding the life proper "that makes one wonder whether the unhappy man had come to doubt of his salvation. And having penned them, back he had to go to the hideous work to which his duty to the Bourbons had harnessed him, the work of spreading famine and cannibalism and unspeakable atrocities across the face of Europe. Back he had to go to the distracting care which cut him off from the vision of reality to the bad company of King and Cardinal, ambassadors and spies, back finally to all the criminal follies of high statesmanship to the *satanic* struggle for power in a world which he knew to be a fable, a mere nightmarish illusion, to the orgies of violence and cunning, to the dreary battles of force and fraud, waged by two parties of madmen, between whom, as he had now come to perceive, there was nothing whatever to choose. And as a reward for turning his back upon God, they had promised to give him a red hat".

In Gandhi you have just the opposite of Joseph, one to whom the world is but one family, one who detests wars and bloodshed, who cannot conceal his thoughts but is outspoken to the point of thinking aloud before friends and foes alike. His life is an open book. His writings bear no two meanings. His spoken word is as sacred and binding as a bond. His aim has been to awaken the country to a national consciousness. He has no designs upon his neighbouring

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countries. He does not entertain Theocratic ideas. Proselytization has no place in his religion. Every one is free to worship his God in his temple, church or mosque. But the nation as a whole may not tamely submit to foreign rule. Freedom for individuals or groups in culture and religion implies freedom for the whole nation as a unit in economics and politics.

It is well said that bureaucracy cannot rule over a nation, one's own or foreign, unless the people are docile. India's docility has made possible the rule of the British Bureaucracy. Gandhi has broken down this spirit of docility, "the placid and pathetic contentment" and the abject helplessness of the masses and the millions of India. Here comes the rub between Gandhi and Amery. The latter wanted to consolidate the Bureaucratic rule in British India and revivify the 562 Feudal Lords of the Indian States. Prussia dominated the remaining 199 Feudal Lords of Germany after the Treaty of Westphalia. Feeling firm in the stability of British monarchy, Mr. Amery only wanted that the Indian feudal princes did not unite among themselves or with people in the Provinces even as the French tried to do with Germany. The French monarchy broke down and German unity was well on its way by the end of the 19th century. But Richlieu and Father Joseph saw to it that when Austria's power over Germany was destroyed, German unity did not imply a Federal Empire but a highly centralized State. Mr. Amery was likewise tending to prevent the Federal development in India. The result in Father Joseph's case was the reverse of the expectations, the rise of German Nationalism and the disappearance of French Imperialism and likewise in India it is the rise of Indian Nationalism and disappearance of British Imperialism. Mr. Amery it was that was pursuing in the footseps of Father Joseph and not Gandhi.

Gandhi's politics were not power-politics but service-politics or "goodness-politics" in Huxley's terms. One may say that "goodness-politics" have never been attempted in any large society and it may be doubted whether such an attempt if made, could achieve more than partial success so long as the majority of individuals concerned remain unable or unwilling to transform their personalities by the only method to be effective. The art of goodness-politics as opposed to power-politics is the art of organizing on a large scale without sacrificing the ethical values which emerge only among individuals and small groups. More specifically it is the art of combining decentralization of Government and industry, local and functional autonomy and smallness of administrative units with enough overall efficiency to guarantee the smooth-running of the Federated whole.

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To hold such a man responsible for the disorders that he had never contemplated and would never tolerate or condone is to forget the historical background of the Satyagraha Movement. Neither in the Movement of 1930 nor of 1932-33 nor even of 1940-41, was there any outburst of the disorders witnessed in 1942-43. It is often said that Gandhi should have known and anticipated what his movement would lead to. When really there was an indication of the violent spirit of the masses as in Chauri Chaura in 1922 (February), Gandhi gave up the non-payment of the tax campaign that he had contemplated in Bardoli and Anand talukas of Gujarat. Since then there were remarkable campaigns carried out with success in the sense that no outbreak of violence occurred. Examples of such were the no-tax campaign of Agrarian origin in 1928 in Bardoli and Choryasi taluka, the no-tax campaign of Bardoli taluka in Gujarat and Sirsi and Siddapur talukas in North Canara, the latter two having been embarked upon in connection with the Civil Disobedience (Salt Satyagraha) movement of 1930-31. As a reasonable and prudent man, as a man of experience, Gandhi had no grounds for apprehending outbreak of violence in respect of a movement which he had not inaugurated and which he would do everything open to him to avoid.

What happened was that the very thought of Mass Civil Disobedience held aloft before the world, namely that the worm was turning under the foot, led Mr. Amery to bring down the weight of the frame of the body politic on the foot and the worm under it. Mr. Amery wanted to anticipate and prevent the movement by wholesale arrests and ordinances. It is he that must really be held responsible for the evils and crimes that had resulted from his actions which he should easily have foreseen. Indeed the boot is on the other leg.

The politician acts but it is the historian who generalizes, as Huxley says, by tracing the relations between such acts and their consequences. "In this way", says Huxley, "past records of the relation between acts and consequences enter the field of ethics as relevant factors in a situation of choice." Unrestrained tyranny and persecution cannot fail to leave consequences which no sensible person would desire. Mr. Amery could not plead ignorance of such unfortunate and condemnable relationship. In Ireland, it happened. In America it had happened earlier. In India all the care taken by the country to ensure non-violence proved unavailing in the face of the severe violence displayed by authority.

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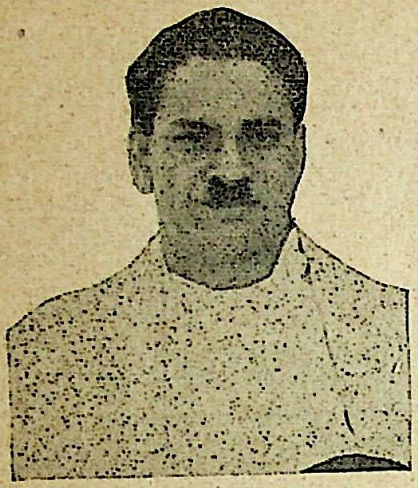
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Sri Kumaraswami Raja,
Governor of Orissa.

MY INDUCTION AS A GANDHIITE

P. S. Kumaraswami Raja

NO one can say with certitude how or by what events, the conversion of anybody to a particular way of thinking is brought about. This also holds good in the case of those who have laboured for the freedom of the Motherland. Different methods had to be pursued by different people in the course of the nation's struggle, but the common passion for "sweet liberty" was real at all times, every generation, however, tackling its problems in its own way and evolving newer strategy to suit changed circumstances.

There is no gainsaying that those who toiled and moiled for the sacred cause have all deserved well of the country to whatever school of thought they might have belonged, and that, it is the older efforts that have led to the maturity of the present, even as they may also lead us to the future. The history of our struggle for freedom is not one of a mere yesterday.

I am only stressing how everyone functioning at any time is subject to influences whether contemporaneous in origin or derived from the past. We, Gandhiites, for whom a new strategy was expounded by the new General that the Mahatma was, have soldiered, too, in the old line of freedom's battle.

Like most others of our generation, I came to be influenced by Gandhiji and his ideas even from the early days of my youth. Having taken to the habit of reading newspapers even when I was a

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boy, I used to follow with interest the many events of Gandhiji's remarkable life. The epic struggle in South Africa, the return to India, the founding of the Ashram in Ahmedabad, the Champaran struggle, all these made a profound impression on me and the utter simplicity of Mahatma Gandhi's life also evoked my unbounded admiration. Spinning every day, and surrounding himself with the members of the Muslim community and adopting Harijans as members of his household, he became distinguished as one who practised what he preached, and in the South our immortal bard and patriot Subrahmanya Bharati sang of his significance in flaming verse. These factors as well as the zeal with which Gandhiji took up the thread of the leadership of the nation's struggle for Swaraj profoundly influenced me to dedicate myself to the service of the Motherland. With great prescience, Gokhale himself had discerned the worth and significance of Gandhiji and written of him in 1909 that "a purer, a nobler and a more exalted spirit has never moved on this earth". It was therefore hardly surprising that my youthful mind and the minds of all my contemporaries were saturated with the message of the new leader. One thus became a Gandhiite even long before coming in close touch with the leader.

Gandhiji's first visit to Madras took place in 1915, but I had no occasion then to see him. He did not also visit the far South then as he did on subsequent occasions, but his fame spread far and the transparent sincerity of Gandhiji gripped the minds of everyone, and to me he became the exemplar of the truth that no good philosophy can grow except through its being lived in everyday life.

Even in those days of my student life, I took lively interest in public affairs and also in the various activities sponsored by the Congress organisation. When the Secretary of State Mr. Montagu visited India in 1917, the Congress organised the presentation to him of a memorandum signed by the people of India and millions of signatures were secured for that document which was intended to voice the demands of the nation. I was also one of those that engaged themselves actively in the signature campaign and tremendous was the interest roused at that time in public affairs and in Congress activities in particular. But so far, I had no occasion, however, to see or hear Gandhiji.

How did other people come to know Gandhiji and under what circumstances did they meet the man who could make heroes out of clay and whose life and message brought so much fragrance and purity and so much sanity into the lives of millions? Some had met him in London when he had

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occasion to visit it during his South Africa days; most others, only in India. People of the South, of course, saw him less frequently than those in other parts of India. But availing whatever time he could find for the purpose, Gandhiji used to tour the country as often as feasible to keep his hand on the nation's pulse, and the fleeting occasions when we were privileged to have him in the South are deeply cherished by us.

It was in 1919 that I first saw the Master. It was the time of country-wide agitation against the obnoxious Rowlatt legislation and he had called upon the nation to observe 6th April as Satyagraha Day. He toured the peninsula in connection with the pursuance of the programme of observing that day and he went as far south as Tuticorin. He did not, however, come to our place, Rajapalaiyam, which lacked rail connection at that time. But I and some friends went to Sattur, 31 miles away, which was the nearest railway station through which Gandhiji had to pass on his way back from Tuticorin, the date being 28th March 1919. I took my place in the midst of the seething crowd that had gathered on the platform. Luckily for me, when the train came, the compartment in which Gandhiji travelled halted just in front of where I stood, and I jumped with glee into the carriage to see the Mahatma, holding forth also in my hand my diary for obtaining his autograph. But the stentorian voice of a gentleman who was travelling with the Mahatma acting as his sentinel of security bade me clear out to allow passage to Gandhiji for coming out and speaking to the crowd on the platform during the few minutes that still remained for the train to leave. The gentleman by whom I was thus checkmated was Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, who, later on, became a Minister of Madras. He was also my colleague during the time I was Chief Minister before the last General Election!

So, that was the first time I had the *darshan* of the Mahatma. As we saw him, all eyes became wet that day, and when the great leader spoke to the crowd which had been on the tiptoe of expectancy, some one on the platform threw himself prostrate at his feet and even wept like a child; I learnt that he was the leading lawyer of that town. The gentleman's being affected so such when seeing the Mahatma made a deep impression on me, testifying as it did, to the mighty hold that the Mahatma had on the thinking people of the land.

Fateful events followed in the succeeding years. The protest against the Rowlatt Bills was duly registered by the nation, some of us fasting also on the day of the protest as per the behest of the leader. The national movement gained in momentum in our place also, Sri Subramania Naya-

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nar, a lawyer of Sattur being the principal propagandist for the Congress in our area. At a special session of the Congress held in September 1920 in Calcutta over which Lala Lajpat Rai presided, a programme of boycotting elections was decided on and the nation took up that programme. We too in the South actively engaged ourselves in propagating the new idea of non-violent coercion in its application to the impending elections under the new reforms. Later the Nagpur Session of the Congress held in December enunciated the Non-Cooperation Movement and Gandhiji took over the leadership of affairs and piloted the campaign that ensued. I and my friends in our part of the country took up the new campaign with enthusiasm. We were particularly inspired by one of our friends, Sri I. B. Rangaswami Raja, who along with a few other friends had attended the Congress Session at Nagpur and returned home with boundless enthusiasm for the Congress cause.

Rangaswamy Raja had been only a grocer's clerk in the beginning at Rajapalaiyam and was not consequently educated to any high standard. But chancing to secure better employment in Madurai district, he spent some years there and developing interest in public affairs, he was able to acquire considerable knowledge about many matters through reading the newspapers. Since it also struck him that he should attend the Congress Session at Nagpur, he had performed that pilgrimage too and after his return, Rangaswami Raja threw himself heart and soul into the Non-Cooperation Movement. He was arrested and was also sentenced to a brief term of imprisonment in 1921, thus becoming our first satyagrahi, the first political prisoner thrown up by Rajapalaiyam.

His was a great inspiration indeed, and I was 23 years old at the time of his participation in the satyagraha campaign. He gave us an impressive lead in various activities connected with the constructive programme. His enthusiasm was catching and none of us who have survived him can forget the ardour with which he endeavoured to resuscitate an old type of spinning wheel which he spotted out in the course of his personal visits to numerous homes, and it was due to the spurt of spinning activity that was witnessed subsequently in the cottages of our humble folk that Rajapalaiyam's good quality khadi became the rage in fashion all over the land.

The constructive programme gained considerable momentum and we exerted ourselves a good deal in propaganda on its behalf, particularly in so far as it related to khadi. The All-India Spinners' Association also took a tremendous interest in our khadi and important leaders connected with that organisation also came to Rajapalaiyam. In 1927 Gandhiji him-

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self resolved to undertake a tour in the country to collect funds for the Khadi Fund. Before he actually came Rajaji and Sri Shankarlal Banker made a preliminary tour for arranging the details of Mahatma's tour. They did not come to Rajapalaiyam but as they came to Virudhunagar which is the rail head at a distance of 36 miles from our place, I and a few friends met them there and pleaded with them to include Rajapalaiyam in the Mahatma's itinerary. This was arranged also.

It gladdened me immensely that Gandhiji visited our place. Arriving at Rajapalaiyam on the morning of the 4th October 1927 he left the place on the following day. It was my happy privilege, then, to have him as my guest, and also to arrange the public functions in which he participated. Mahadev Desai, Kaka Saheb Kalelkar and Pyarelal accompanied him then, and my residence thus had the honour of being the halting place of the Father of the Nation and his trusted lieutenants. This visit is referred to in Sri Tendulkar's biography also.

"By the first week of October he went further South, right down to Tuticorin, covering the three districts of Madura and Ramnad and part of Tinnevelly. *Ra'apa'aiyam gave a pleasant surprise.* After some days of more khadi collection he went to a place which was a busy hive with its spinners and weavers. There were no less than a thousand spinners in the area and a hundred weavers."—*Mahatma,* Vol. 2, p. 378.

Years have elapsed after that first visit of Gandhiji to Rajapalaiyam. The great movements of freedom swept over the face of our sub-continent, and Mahatmaji's life was spent partly outside and partly inside the prison. That was also the lot of some of us including my humble self. The emancipation of the country and the removal of old social abuses came to the forefront of the nation's attention and Gandhiji undertook his Harijan tour to South India and other parts of the land and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed in our parts also. To Rajapalaiyam came he again in January 1934 in the course of that tour and it was my privilege once more to be his host and I also accompanied him during his visits to some places in my district. Hallowed indeed became my abode with such a personality of sweetness and light halting there again as my guest.

Thus on both the occasions of Gandhiji's visit to my place I had the unique privilege of being his host. I had the opportunity of closely moving with him and also serving him. His presence gave me a lasting inspiration to serve the noble cause with which he had identified himself during his life-long mission. Later on, our revered Rashtrapati, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, also sojourned in our area in October 1935, and our illustrious Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal too in 1936. It was my great privilege to have these and several

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other leaders besides as my guests whenever they visited Rajapalaiyam.

Sanctified as my residence was by the nation's top leaders having stayed there from time to time during their visits, I felt that the best use the building could be put to was to be made over for public use, to inspire the coming generations with the idealism of the patriots on account of its association with their personality. And as I have been eager also for a long time to render some service of a permanent nature to my fellow citizens, the conviction also grew on me that the building decided to be so dedicated to the public could best serve as the nucleus of a Cultural Academy named after the Father of the Nation. And so, *Gandhi Kalai Manram* (Gandhi Cultural Academy) has been started at Rajapalaiyam as an institution embracing all the nobler modes of high human endeavour and it stands particularly dedicated to the pursuit and fulfilment of the humanistic ideals which were so dear to Gandhiji. There is also a bust of Gandhiji in this building at the spot where he stayed.

Apart from this, I have been instrumental for installing a bigger statue of the Mahatma in the Congress Golden Jubilee Memorial Maidan at Rajapalaiyam. Despite its having witnessed many stirring scenes of contemporary history, the city has ever lacked a central enclosure where public meetings could be held, and thanks to the munificence and co-operation of some public-spirited friends and relatives, I have been able to acquire a centrally situated place for the purpose, which is now known as the Congress Golden Jubilee Memorial Maidan, and besides equipping it with the needed facilities for holding public meetings, I have put up a compound wall with artistic gates and installed also a Gandhi statue in the enclosed maidan for the inspiration of the visiting public.

This is the story of my becoming a staunch adherent of Gandhiji and of my pursuit of his ideas. As a tailpiece I should add that the Gandhi Cultural Academy (*Gandhi Kalai Manram*) is to be inaugurated on November 16 by our Rashtrapati, Dr. Rajendra Prasad. This as well as the statue in the Maidan which also is going to be declared open by Rashtrapatiji, will be a source of inspiration indeed to the public and to posterity. They will enlarge the sympathies of the citizens making them apostles of equality and peace. And that makes all the difference between mere civilised existence and real culture the energy of which directs one's mind inwards for sublimating the spirit within.

"Throw yourselves on the altar of some great cause. Enthusiasm is the life of the soul."

—Wendall Phillips

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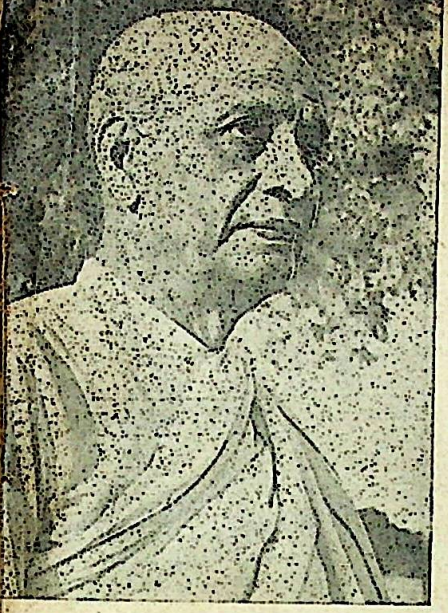
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Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel

Morarji R. Desai

On October 31, the nation celebrated the 81st birthday of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who was at the height of his career, known as the Bismarck of India. His greatest achievement was the peaceful liquidation of the 600 odd States under the Indian princes. The Sardar was a leader cast in the heroic mould. He provided the ballast in the ship of State as it sailed into the unchartered waste of seas in the crucial early stages of our hard won freedom. This article is extracted from a speech delivered by Bombay's Chief Minister, Shri Morarji Desai, on the occasion of the Sardar Patel Memorial Lectures sponsored by the Government of India in August last.

SARDAR Patel's achievements as a great statesman, as a matchless captain of our forces and party organizer, as a sound and brilliant administrator, as a constructive worker and, above all, as the great architect of India's unity and integration are matters of such recent history as hardly to need any recapitulation. No place did he occupy which he did not adorn with a peerless lustre; no field of activity did he touch to which he did not make his own characteristic contribution.

While these are virtues which we all love and revere and are achievements for which we must be eternally grateful, we must not lose sight of the great sense of human

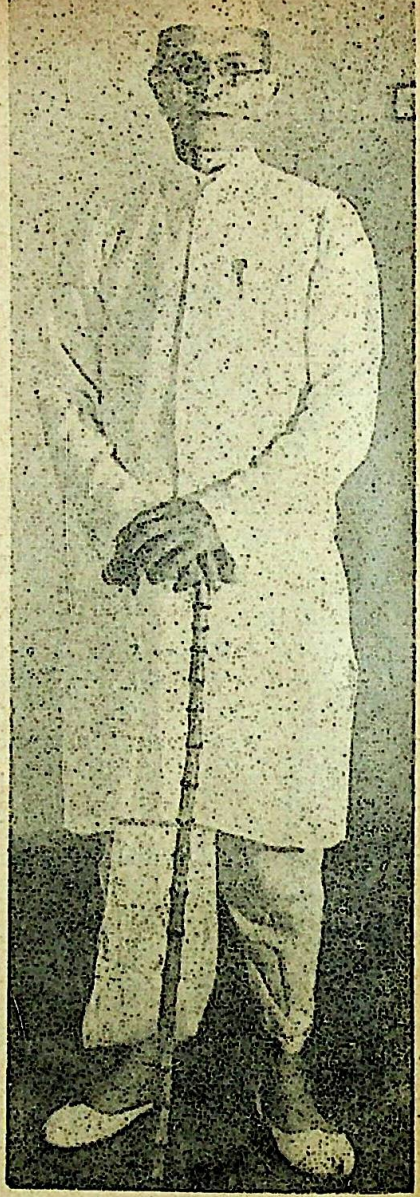
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values which Sardar possessed, the keen sense of humour which often enlivened an atmosphere of gloom and the directness and forthrightness which cut, with a sword-like precision and swiftness, many a Gordian knot.

Even though possessed of a stern exterior he had a soft and affectionate disposition. He acted not only as a guide, friend and philosopher of his comrades or his companions but also, when the occasion demanded, as their nurse and ministered to their ordinary daily needs as though he was one of them. After having formed his own judgement of them, he gave his trust and confidence to the extent that they deserved and thereby created that atmosphere of mutual trust which enabled him to weld all into a team and get the best out of them.

A hard task-master he took account of all, howsoever highly placed; in doing so he gave credit where it was due and corrective censure where it was merited. It were these essentially great and human virtues which enabled him to command unstinted loyalties and to claim unbounded affection from all those whose pleasure and privilege it was to serve him.

Today, wherever we look round in this country we become silent and beholden witnesses of Sardar's great achievements. He has left behind memorials which need no carving on stones or symbols in bronze; his memorials are enshrined in the hearts of the people and as one of those, I pay this humble tribute to the great and illustrious personality, one of the greatest that ever was amongst us.



Sri Morarji Desai

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Pattern of Our Future Society

G. L. Mehta

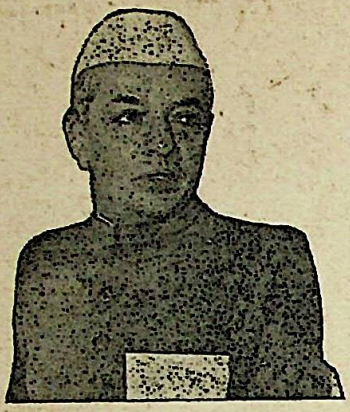
What do our Government mean by the "socialistic pattern of society" which they have set for the objective of the Second Five-Year Plan? Our Ambassador to America, Sri G. L. Mehta, explains the implications in a convincing and categorical manner in this article.

PLANNING in a democratic country must necessarily take cognisance of the aspirations of the people as well as the incentives that are required towards ensuring their enthusiastic cooperation in developmental activities. All the world over today there is a deep-rooted feeling that the benefits of developmental measures should be shared as widely as possible among all classes and that progress should not involve an undue concentration of economic power in one section of the society. It is this "revolution of expectation" which finds reflection in the acceptance by the dominant political party in India and subsequently, by the Indian Parliament of a "socialistic pattern of society" as the objective of our economic planning.

The object of a "socialistic pattern of society" is, in a sense, not new for us. Rather, it is a synthesis of ideas which have been guiding our social and economic policy since our independence. The Constitution of India itself sets before us the ideal of a welfare state based on social justice where the ownership and material resources of the community are so distributed as to serve the common good, and where the economic system does not result in the concentration of wealth and of means of prohibition to the common detriment.

We desire to achieve these objectives, however, not through coercion but by consent. I cannot do better in this connection than quote from an illuminating article which appeared recently in *The World To-day* (Chatham House Review, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs) which stated: "India does not abo-

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Sri G. L. Mehta

lish, she modifies; she is absorbing the ideas and techniques that the West offers, assimilating them into her own, mainly Hindu, tradition, creating a new synthesis which will in due course offer the world's underdeveloped countries a model of change without violence, of equality without terror...The Indian political tradition values continuity, not the barricades; properly constituted authority, not revolutionary, legality." We believe in planning for the people and by the people —not in an authoritarian plan imposed upon the people and worked by the fiats of a central bureacratic body.

The pattern of society as we envisage it does not and need not mean elimination of private enterprise. Indeed, there is a wide field in which measures of economic growth and productive activity are left to private enterprise. The very fact that there has been industrial development and expansion of production during the last three years shows that private enterprise is not "cribbed, cabined and confined."

Government do not wish to nationalise private enterprise in obedience to any creed or unnecessarily interfere with the working of industries. Indeed, the most important sector of our economy, namely, agriculture is in the hands of the individual farmer and we want the tiller of the soil to own and cultivate the land and work it, if possible, cooperatively so as to increase productivity. Our experience during the last few years has shown that there are several possibilities of Government and private interests including foreign concerns working together and participating in mixed enterprises. This is being done in several spheres such as shipping and ship-building, manufacture of locomotives and coaches, machinery and machine tools, and exploration of oil.

On the other hand, Government have been willing and anxious to provide all reasonable facilities and assistance to private industry whether through financial aid, by loan or capital subscription, export promotion, tariff protection where justified as well as through research and training institutions maintained by the State. We are, no doubt aware of the establishment this year of the Industrial Investment and Credit Corporation of India which has shareholders from three

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countries and which has been placed entirely under private management. The Government's contribution has been in the form of a long-term interest-free loan to this Corporation. We have also decided to join the International Finance Corporation which is designed to assist private enterprise. The expansion of the public sector has, indeed, stimulated in many ways the growth of private initiative and there has been increasing collaboration and a closer understanding between the Government and the private sector.

We should not judge the problems of today by the slogans of yesterday which themselves are frequently based on the conditions of day before yesterday. As a British Conservative leader said several years ago, "we are all socialists now"! What he meant was that Governments in these days cannot absolve themselves of their responsibilities and obligations to the community at large, either to prevent depression or to raise living standards. I read recently that an economists' conference in Boston reported that if the economic organization in the United States of a generation ago were taken as 0 and socialism as 100, the present economic system in that country would be 56!

Active participation and direction by Government are even more essential in underdeveloped countries where democracy cannot survive without economic well-being. Since all efforts, public and private, are necessary to achieve the objectives of increased production and a wider distribution of income, it is essential to ensure that such limited resources as exist are properly mobilized and utilized.

The pattern of our future society as we visualize it assigns a positive and constructive role to the State in ensuring favourable conditions for economic development, in preventing undue concentration of wealth and economic power and in securing an equitable distribution of national wealth. We want our criterion in every instance to be common welfare and how best it may be promoted, irrespective of vested interests or preconceived notions. Our approach is pragmatic, not doctrinaire. We believe in the method of "trial and error" which is the only way open to those who temper their idealism with a sense of realities. All "isms" have, indeed, become "wasms".

In this age, we have to translate social justice into terms of economic policy. The State has to be an agency of common welfare, an engine of constructive dynamism—not an instrument of class domination or a vehicle for ideological exploitation. That is a great challenge we face but it is also a noble adventure. In this arduous task, I am sure, we have and shall continue to have the understanding and cooperation of all those who value liberty as well as equality.

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FINE ARTS IN RIG VEDA

P. S. Sastri

Were our Vedic Sages insular, being preoccupied with their meditations? Dr. P. S. Sastri of Saugor University explains with copious illustrations that they were far from other-worldly to the exclusion of secular affairs. Indeed, they showed by precept as well as by example that life had to be lived in all its warmth and splendour. They were the greatest artists of life, literally as well as figuratively.

It is a common observation of the occidental scholars that there is little of aesthetic value in the *Rig Veda*. Whatever the motive, this view seems to be untrue. In *Rig Veda* we come across mention of the various Fine Arts, beside a theory of Fine Art.

To begin with, we read of a series of musical instruments. Chief among these are *vana, vani, bakura, bhritni, vansa, kshoni, nali, karkuri, aghati* and so on! There is the *dhamani* along with a predicate derived from this word, *dham*, constantly employed with these instruments (2.11.8). Most of them are applied to the Maruts, who are said to be the best songsters. There are orchestral bands of musicians made up of these Maruts too. Maruts formed themselves into various groups or *ganas* presided over by Brihaspati, the Ganpati.

It is by having song as the accompaniment that Brihaspati cleft the rock or cave and killed Vala, only to let lose the waters and light. The significance of this activity is that, music opens the doors to light and freedom.

Music is one of the Fine Arts and like all other arts it is the revelation of the Spirit in a sensuous garb. This is the meaning of the exploits of Brihaspati, who is also the lord

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of prayer. The same music is also cultivated by human beings. They sing their songs in a sweet voice. The melody of Samagana is proverbial. If music was not an integral part of *Rig Veda,* then there is no meaning in the compilation of *Sama Veda* which is nothing but *Rig Veda* set to music! Further, the refrains of *Rig Veda* are mostly lyrical. They were mainly meant to be sung. For instance, in the dialogue-hymn of Vrsakapi there is a refrain, *"Visvasmad indra uttarah"* (10.86). Now Indra too is one of the characters in this dialogue. Then how can he too glorify himself? It is evident that something like the chorus or the orchestra is necessary to sing it. Moreover, coming in a dialogue, it demands music together with dance.

In the field of dancing we have better information. Dancing was popularised by the courtesans who were till recent times the best dancers in India. Ushas was the prototype of these dancers. Dance brings forth rhythm. We are informed that the universe sprang out of dance, the dance of the gods: "When the gods lived in the pool, when the world was yet water, then a pungent particle went forth as if they were dancing". (X. 72. 6).

The Soma dances so that Indra might come pleased by the offerings (X. 94. 4). The Soma-pressing stones too dance like the black deer in the stall." (X. 94. 5).

Men danced holding their bamboo sticks aloft in the air (I. 10. 1). Even the battle provoked Indra to dance because of excitement and the consequent emotion (I. 120. 7). That is, emotion is the root cause of dance. Decent women appeared on public occasions in white garments and coverings only to dance (8.17.7). A funeral too was celebrated with dance (10. 18. 3). That is, dance enlivens the spirit of man and consoles him. This is the purgation of the Aristotelean theory of art. Ushas appears like a dancer; she decorates herself like a dancer and lays bare her breast as the cow does its udder to the calf. This reveals the existence of professional dancers in vedic times.

There were assemblies or gatherings that promoted these arts. These were termed "Samana". In a celebrated hymn to Ushas we read (10.12.4):

> "She decks her beauty shining forth with sunbeams
> Like women trooping to the festive gathering."

The people incline to Agni as the women at a gathering fair. (4.58.8). This custom of going to the assembly or gathering is very old (10.86.10). We are told that the two ends of the bow meet like a woman and her lover in the gathering place. (6.75.4).

The waters hurry to the wind as dames to an assembly (10.118.2). These gatherings were visited by all kinds of people. Bowmen went there to exhibit their skill in archery (6.75.3,5). Horses were taken for races (9.96.9). Women

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flocked there to enjoy themselves and seek lovers (1.124.8; 4.58.8; 7.2.5). Old Ladies, aged spinsters (7.2.5.) and courtezans (4.58.8) were a party in these festive gatherings.

Pischel argues that the dancers of the vedic times were courtezans. He compares *yoshah kalyanyah smayamanasah of Rig veda* (4.58.8) with *kanyah, kalyanyah* of *Mahabharata*. He also brings in other passages to prove his contention. They are:

"Yabhih somo modate harsate ca kalyanibhih yuvatibhir na maryah." (10.35.5)
"Samanam na yosanah." (10.168.2)
"Samaneva yosa" (6.75.4).

It is these dancers and the courtezans that took to dance and became in due course professional dancers. The vedic society was full of this dancing art.

From the foregoing it is evident that the vedic poet considered that dance has its origins in emotion or excitement. It must be harmonious and rhythmic. It is a great enlivening force of life. It consoles us, ennobles and purifies us. It is to be accompanied by music. Ornamentation and decoration too figure therein. The immediate effect of this art is delight.

Painting was recognised early as a Fine Art. The great painters of the vedic poets were *Dyavaprithivi*.. They paint the universe with colours (9.5.6; 10.70.6). Tvastar was the great architect of the gods who fashioned the thunderbolt for Indra and carved out a cup for the gods to drink Soma. This cup was divided into four by the equally great artist Rbhus. Amongst the best painters was Varuna who paints the sky with stars. The Asvins too had something to do with painting.

On the whole, we have ample references to dancing and poetry alone. But it does not mean that the vedic poet did not know of the other arts. We have only a fragment of *Rig veda*.

As regards poetry they present a very modern theory. They considered the form and matter of the poem as inseparably united. The work of art is a creation. It is a revelation. It is the inspiring force that sings for the poets. It has been said:

"Indro brahmendra rishih."

Inspiration was an essential feature of their poetic faith. The poem must be a new one. It must be simple, sweet and transporting, for a Yaska said, the vedic seers were *"Sakshat Krita dharmana rishayah"*. It is as poets that they had the mystic insight into the reality of the unseen.

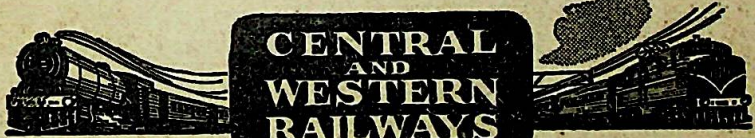
"Kavih Kavyenasi visvavit";
"Kavih kavitva divi rupam asajat."

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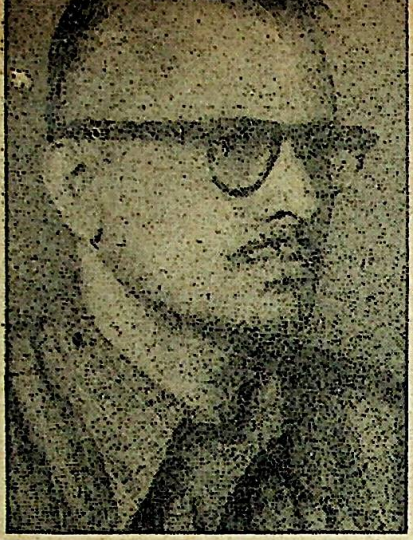
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CENTRAL AND WESTERN RAILWAYS

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Sri K. P. P. Tampy

IMAGES IN BRONZE

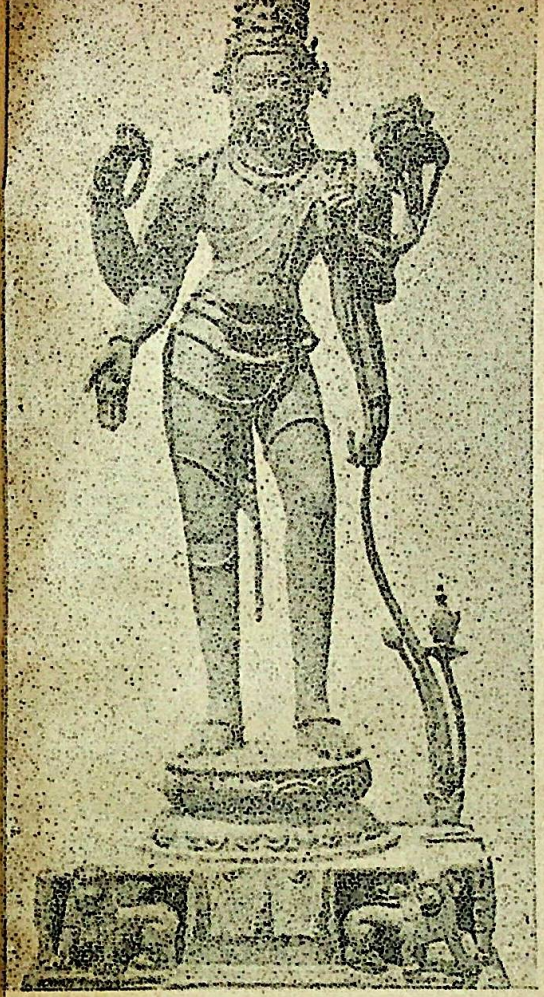
K. P. Padmanabhan Tampy

Making bronze images has been a craft with us from early times. A continuous history is traceable from the Indus Valley Civilization consummating in the masterpiece of Nataraja over which Rodin went into raptures. Sri Padmanabhan Tampy gives us a bird's-eye view of this fascinating craft in this article.

THE casting of exquisite images of Gods and Goddesses, from Bronze is of great antiquity in India. The earliest known examples of Bronze Images were unearthed from the Indus Valley, especially the striking pose of a dancing figure. Other notable early examples are the small figures excavated from Taxilla dating to the 1st and 2nd century A.D. and the Gupta period images of 5th and 6th centuries.

During the Gupta period the art of image making achieved the same excellence of the famous life-size Buddha Image discovered from Sultanganj near Bhagalpur, Bihar, now adorning the Birmingham Art Gallery, and the exquisite Brahma Image from Mirpurkhas Stupa in Sind. The bronzes of the Gupta period are individual pieces which indicate an abhorrence of stereotyped conventions. As a popular and convenient medium of art-expression endowed with considerable permanency, Bronze Images attained a reputation during the Pala Period, 9th—11th century. The Pala Images are mostly of Buddha.

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Avalokiteswara: Bronze

South India in the mediaeval period had her own distinct and unique school of Bronze Image casting, the early examples of which are not available in India. Many of the 7th and 8th century Bronzes now found in Siam, Malay, and other parts of Indonesia are of Pallava origin. They are remarkable for their elegant grace and delicate pose. The most exalted and exquisite examples of image-making in bronze belong to the great Chola period in South Indian history, dating from the 10th to the 13th century. The hereditary craftsmen known as *Sthapatis*, on whom the Ruling Sovereigns and nobility conferred special honours, who made images for worship in temples, palaces, and the mansions of the nobles, adopted the 'lost-wax' *(Cir Perdue)* process.

Their genius for inspired form, elaborate decoration, transcendent feeling and aesthetic appeal, as also mastery over technique found fullest and supreme artistic expression in the now world-famous, vigorous and dynamic images of *Nataraja*, symbolising the creation and dissolution of the world in terms of the powerful rhythm, and subtle harmony of Cosmic Dance, and the lovely images of other Brahminical deities as *Sri Parvathi*, *Sri Lakshmi*, *Sri Vishnu*, *Sri Krishna*, *Sri Rama* and *Sri Ganapati*, and Saints and Royal patrons.

The beauty of the bronze images of Hindu Deities is not solely intended for the aesthetic enjoyment of the secular beholder; it is a contribution to their magical force as instruments of apprehending celestial beings. "The divinity draws near willingly if images are beautiful", says an authoritative Vaishnava text. The ornamentation of the image facilitates the process of inviting into the image as into a short-term residence, the divinity

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with whom the devotee, in meditation, is finally to become one. The South Indian Bronze is, therefore, an outward vessel corresponding precisely to the inner vision of the deity, which in turn is a personification of the fundamental nature of the devotee.

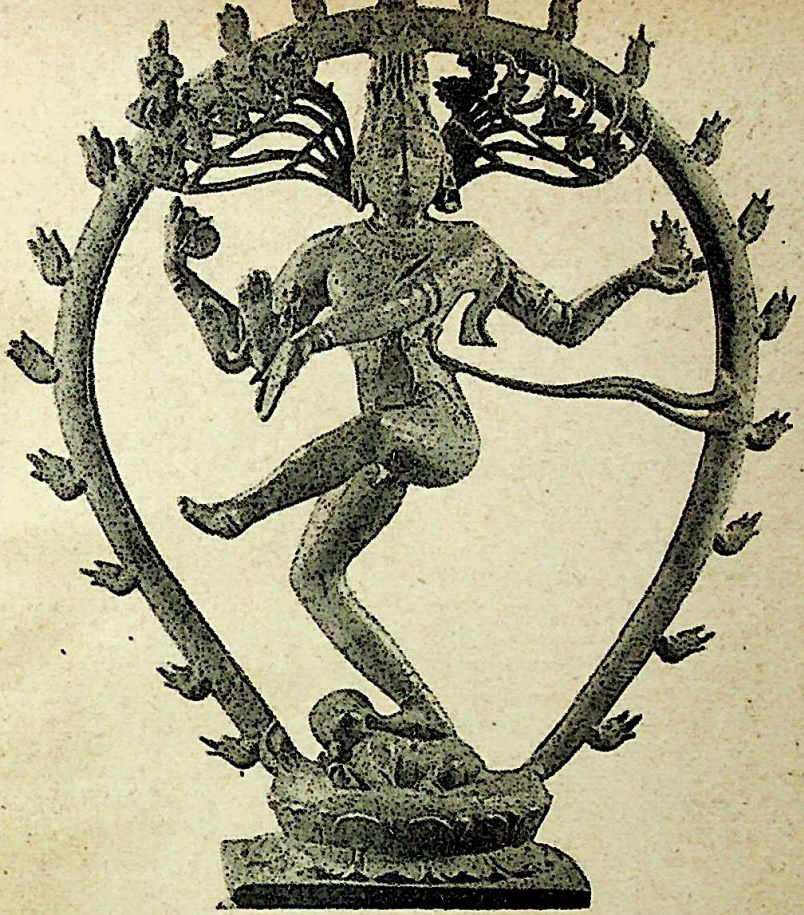
The image must conform strictly to the correct and exacting version of the divinity as detailed in orthodox tradition. The Indian image-casting artist follows with love and devotion the very strictly delineated tradition. "The artificer should understand the *Atharva-veda,* the thirty-two Craft Manuals (*Silpa-sastras)* and the Vedic *mantras* by which the deities are invoked. He should have acquired piously a knowledge of various sciences. Only such a one is truly a craftsman. Moreover, he must work, in solitude or with another artist; never before a layman. There is to be, in other words, *no boheme*—no exhibitionism of the creative process.

"The attitude of the artist fashioning images is to be the same as that of the devotee (*Bhakta*) invoking and contemplating the forms of the same Gods in daily worship", so says a Craft Manual. If non-individualism was fundamental in European Art throughout the middle ages and in later Catholic Art, in India the orthodox sacred model was never to be employed as a vehicle for self-expression.

There are about three hundred *Silpa Sastras* and works on poetics which explain the basic concepts of Indian Image making Art. The *Vishnudharmottara,* a supplement to the *Vishnupurana,* ascribed to the second half of the 4th century A.D. is an elaborate treatise on Indian Painting and Image Making. This Sanskrit book gives authoritative directions for making images of more than eighty Gods and Goddesses. The purpose of these images is to have the deities close-by to be in actual contact with them. The craftsmen who made the images were well versed in the various religious texts and classics of sculpture and overwhelmingly dedicated to art. They cared not for fame. To them art was *Sadhana* providing both *Ananda* and *Vinoda.* That part of *Vishnudharmottara* dealing with the rules of image making concludes thus:- "Oh, king, the manifestations of Vishnu (the great God of Gods) are (scarcely) capable of being narrated in detail. By the learned they should be represented (by) looking at the *Sastras* properly and by the exercise of intelligence". Lofty spiritual and intellectual equipment is demanded of the craftsmen who make images of deities.

Siva in his manifestation as *Nataraja,* the Cosmic Dancer, is the sublimest of Indian Art expression in bronze. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy has summed it up thus. "The essential significance of Siva's Dance is three-fold. First, it is the image of his Rhythmic Play as the Source of all Movement within the Cosmos, which is represented by the Arch. Secondly, the Purpose of

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Nataraja: Bronze

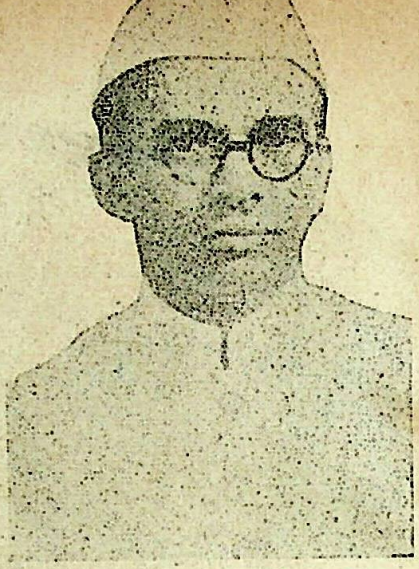
his Dance is to release the countless souls of men from the snare of Illusion: Thirdly, the place of Dance, Cidambara, the centre of the Universe, is within the Heart.

"In the absorbing serenity of expression, in the rhythmic sways and the dynamic symmetry of the poses, and above all in the moving and generalised forms of an original yet artistic anatomy, the bronzes of this school translate the abstruse conceptions of Brahminic philosophy, into which the artists have skilfully mingled their own meditations, their prayers and all the hopes of their lives. To appreciate them is to receive an invitation into a new world of plastic dreams not revealed in any of the masterpieces of Greek or Renaissance bronzes."

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R. N. Dandekar

India's Cultural Outposts



Dr. R. N. Dandekar

CULTURAL colonisation by ancient Indians has left its traces in a particularly indubitable and lasting form in the countries of South-East Asia. Literary evidence shows that, since very early times, Indians had known the Indo-Chinese Peninsula and the East Indies by the general name of Suvarnabhumi or Suvarnadvipa (=the land of gold).

This name itself suggests that Indians must have been attracted to the lands in that region mainly by the various tradeable commodities, like spices, minerals, gold and other precious metals.

The actual beginnings of the spread of India's cultural influence cannot be chronologically determined. It is however, definitely known that several Hindu kingdoms had been founded all over Indo-China and Indonesia as early as the 2nd century A.D.

These kingdoms, though essentially Indian in character, had no political connections whatever with the mother-country. So they can hardly be characterised as colonies set up by any imperial power in India.

They were constituted of the indigenous communities themselves which were only culturally indianised. These kingdoms must, indeed, be regarded as miniature Indias, which had newly arisen in the South-Eastern seas.

On account of its geographical position, the Malay peninsula had become the main centre of all trade which was carried on between India and the Far East. From Takkola, which is identified with modern Takua Pa, merchants went overland to Siam, Kambuja, and Campa or proceeded by sea to the East Indies. It was, indeed, the first major landing stage on the sea-routes.

Takkola (which really means the market of cardamoms) has preserved, even to this day, many vestiges of Indian culture in the form of Sanskrit inscriptions, ruins of Hindu shrines and images,

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and a number of minor religious beliefs and practices.

There is evidence to show that all over the Malayan archipelago Hindu kingdom had existed in the 4th and the 5th centuries A.D.

One of the inscriptions in South Indian characters, discovered in present Province Wellesley, mentions one Buddhagupta, who calls himself Mahanavika or the great sea-captain, and who prays for success in his ventures. This Buddhagupta is said to have belonged to a place called Raktamrttika, which is now identified by some scholars with Rangamati in the Murshidabad district of Bengal.

Chinese records have preserved the names of some states in Malaya like Kalasapura and Karomaranga, and of kings like Gautama Subhadra, Vijayavarman, etc., which clearly indicate the existence of a large number of Hindu states situated in the remote parts of the peninsula.

By far the most important of these states seems to have been that of Nakhon Sri Dhammarat. This state was essentially Buddhistic in character, as is indicated by the great Stupa of that place.

Sumatra, which is referred to in some Indian texts as Varusaka island, was always regarded, in the period of early colonisation, as a great centre of Indian learning. Chinese pilgrims on their way to India often made it a point to halt in this island for about six months and learn Sanskrit. They thus acquired in advance the necessary background for their further studies in India.

The earliest Indian kingdom in Sumatra was Sri Vijaya or modern Palembang, which was founded in the 4th century A.D. and which attained great eminence by the close of the 7th century A.D.

The famous Chinese pilgrim I-tsing records that Sri Vijaya was a great centre of Buddhist learning among the islands of the South-Eastern seas.

It is well known that Java has derived most of her culture from India. Indian culture has, indeed, penetrated so deep in that island that its traces have remained perfectly indelible even in spite of successive layers of later cultures, like the Muslim and the Dutch. The old literary language of Java is called and, indeed, quite significantly, the Kavi language and contains quite a large number of purely Sanskrit or Samskrit-derived words.

Scholars have shown that Javanese poets have not only drawn very extensively upon the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharatha*, and the Puranas for their own literary compositions, but they have also scrupulously adhered to most of the conventions of Sanskrit poetry.

It may be incidentally pointed out that the Javanese versions of the various *parvans* of the *Mahabharata* have proved of inestimable value for the text-critical study of the epic, which is now being car-

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ried out at the Bhandarkar Institute.

The Chinese pilgrim, Fa-hien, describes his thrilling voyage to Java, which, as he records, was then a Hindu kingdom. It would thus seem that Hindu colonisation had started in that region already in the 3rd or the 4th century A.D.

Another Chinese Buddhist refers to the prevalence in Java, in the 5th century A.D., of "Brahmanism and other mistaken religious cults." Buddhism and Hinduism flourished side by side and actively contributed to the evolution of what may be rightly called as synthetic Indian culture.

While Visnu-worship was being practised by the Javanese and the *Ramayana* stories were being adapted to their dance-drama, Java also produced remarkable monuments of Buddhist sculpture and architecture like the mighty stupa of Borobudur and the magnificent Amaravati-Buddha image which was discovered in the eastern part of the island.

Seven Sanskrit inscriptions, found at Mura Kaman and belonging to about 400 A.D., bear eloquent testimony to the Hindu colonisation of East Borneo. They refer to king Mulavarman, son of Asvavarman and grandson of Kundunga. This Mulavarman is said to have performed a Brahmanical sacrifice called Bahusuvarnaka and to have given away 20,000 cows as *daksina* to Brahmanas.

Archaeological remains discovered in the valley of the Kapuss river, among them two standing Buddha images of the Gupta style, point to Indian colonisation of West Borneo about the same time. It is, indeed, not unlikely that the Barhina-dvipa, mentioned in the Vayu-Purana, is the same as Borneo.

Like Agastya, the name Kaundinya seems to have had some special significance so far as Indian colonisation in South-East Asia is concerned. For, according to a Chinese historian, the name of the family of the king of Bali was also Kaundinya.

The detailed descriptions of the manners and customs, law and religious practices, and literature and art-forms of Bali given by the same historian leave no doubt that Bali was a great centre of Indian culture in the 6th century A.D.

Most of the countries mentioned above, except perhaps Bali, have since gone through various vicissitudes and have, during that process, come under the influence of different alien cultures. Most of them have also now developed their own national individualities.

But, deep in their languages, literatures, social organisations, art-creations, and religious beliefs and practices we still see unmistakable indications of India's colonisation in those regions—a colonisation which certainly did not spell military conquest or economic exploitation but which rather represented the victory of the spirit and of ideas.

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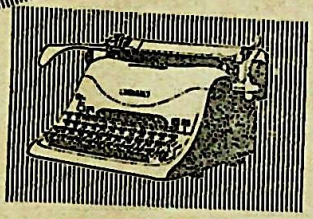
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The Modern American Novel

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

America has, in the last half a century, produced well over a thousand serious novels, which have passed through different vicissitudes. In assessing their place in literature, it is impossible at this short distance of time, to do so with any air of finality what with the daily changing perspective and the immensity of the job. Yet, Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar of Andhra University has succeeded in flagging the golden pages of American literary history of this century, in this article.

ON 1860 the population of the United States was 31 million; at the turn of the century it had risen to 76 million, and now it is 160 million. Europe's "huddled masses yearning to be free" broke loose and gravitated to America, generally to swell the slums of New York, Chicago, Detroit and a dozen other cities. Within a generation or two, the purposive rural communities of New England had disintegrated beyond repair, and technology had transformed the everyday life of the people. The teeming polyglot population was either concentrated in the new industrial cities or was seen venturing westward in search of land or occupation.

The technique of mass production, the eruption of skyscrapers, the growth of fabulous individual fortunes, the emergence of Hollywood, the steep rise in the tempo of living and the endless chatter and drive of the giant machines, made America the land of limitless opportunity and possibility. But there were the slums, too and there were the displaced masses of humanity desperately trying to strike roots somewhere; there were acute racial antagonisms in the Southern states and sharp class conflicts in the Northern. The novel is a mirror that is held up to life to catch and imprison its reflection, and the modern American novel is such a mirror—even if often a curved mir-

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Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

ror, now inflating the size of the object, now reducing it to insect insignificance.

Youthfulness, and the violence, freshness and vitality that go with it, are the more obvious marks of the American nation, and of American literature. But the first settlers were Puritan idealists who had chosen the hard way of colonisation to the more easy way of slothful conformity in England: and this tenacious idealism continues to be a part of American life and thought. The deep springs of American civilization and culture, however they may be camouflaged by the blinding glare of the present, are European and Christian, and no new developments could easily alter the fact. Change, experiment, revolt are no doubt in the air, but the force of tradition endures still, not always perceived or acknowledged perhaps, but potent there in the background, linking the modern American with his remote ancestors, and America with Europe.

For the 20th century American novelist, then, there has been no lack of guiding spirits. Apart from the example and inspiration of great English and European writers, he has also the pioneering work of Irving, James Fenimoore Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, Henry James, J. C. Harris and Stephen Crane to light up his way; satire, romance, mystery, tragedy, prophecy, humour, sophistication, colour-consciousness, realism—all had been attempted with resounding success and so the work of these masters has acquired in the eyes of their successors the character of an Old Testament, encouraging and sustaining the efforts of two or three generations of novelists in the present century. James, with his great reputation, lived well into the new century, but *The Portrait of a Lady*, probably his finest achievement, had appeared as early as 1881. Among various other benefits, James had given dignity to the novelist's profession.

The opening years of the 20th century saw the publication of a series of remarkable novels: Ellen Glasgow's *The Voice of the People* (1900), Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* (1901), Frank Norris's *The*

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Octopus and *The Pit* (1901, 1903), and Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* (1906). Realism and naturalism—originally associated with the work of Flaubert, Daudet, Balzac and Zola— had evidently crossed the Atlantic and were thriving in the States. Writers like Sarah Orne Jewett, W. D. Howells and Hamin Garland had led the way, while Stephen Crane and Frank Norris, whose early work showed great promise, died in 1900 and 1902 respectively, when they were hardly thirty years old. In his *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets* (1893), Crane told the story of a poor prostitute who drowned herself in the end, while in his *The Red Budge of Courage* (1895), he described the Civil War in America with reference to the career of Henry Fleming. In both novels Crane followed the methods of naturalism in description and dialogue to great advantage. Frank Norris (who once called himself 'the boy Zola') was obsessed by man's (especially machine-aided man's) cruelty to man, and in *The Octopus* he presents the plight of Californian farmers faced by the limitless greed of the railway magnates, while in *The Pit* he describes the intestine coils of the Chicago wheat market. He was to have written a third novel to complete his 'wheat' trilogy, but death cut short his promising career. Ellen Glasgow began as a realistic portrayer of life in the South in novels like *The Voice of the People,* but there was a marked change in the tone of her 'blood and irony' novels of the twenties and thirties.

Theodore Dreiser was cast on a gigantic mould, he had a big heart, he knew no fear, he was innocent of humour. *Sister Carrie* was once thought to be a packet of dynamite, and it was published in England before it could find a publisher in America. Carrie has no doubt her distant affiliations with Defoe's Moll Flanders, but it is to Dreiser's credit to have naturalized her in the States and treated her character without abhorrence, and also without sentimental idealization. In his later novels—notably *Jennie Gerhardt* (1911), *The Financier* (1912), *The Titan* (1914) and *An American Tragedy* (1925)—he pursued the method of naturalism as far as it would go without denying the imperatives of art, and he succeeded in communicating to his readers something of the confusion and tumult, the violence and richness of modern American life. Dreiser felt that life was without ultimate significance and that "the utterly infinitesimal individual weaves among the mysteries a floss-like and wholly meaningless course—if course it be." The city like a vast spider's web attracts or collects men like flies, and there they canter awhile madly till they are crushed into nothingness. Like all naturalists, Dreiser too had no use for intricate or elaborate plotting, he wished to avoid the fashionable distortions incident

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to romance, he revelled in the familiar, the ordinary and the humdrum, and he structured his unheroic heroes and heroines out of recognizable clay. His chief characters—a Carrie, a Jennie, a Clyde Griffiths—are neither good nor bad; absolutes have no place in the Dreiser world, which is also substantially the image of the inflated but soulless modern city where the driving force of action is provided by the battle-cry: "Each unto himself, and the devil for us all." It is certainly not a pretty picture; it is but superficially a voracious picture; but Dreiser's painstaking honesty and unquestionable integrity turn even the vulgar, the mean and the sordid into impressive achievement. As Sherwood Anderson wrote, "heavy, heavy, the feet of Theodore....They are trampling through the wilderness of lies, making a path." With his sprawling energy of observation and purpose Dreiser won for the naturalistic novel the badge of success, and no wonder it has since become quite a respectable art form in America.

A more prolific, if a less prepotent figure, Upton Sinclair has waged continual war against the abuses of the American technological paradise. His early novel, *The Jungle,* exposes the horrors of the meat-packing system in Chicago, *Boston* (1928) highlights the Sacco and Vanzetti affair, while his recent *What Didymus Did* (1954) poses the question: what would happen if Christ or one of his Apostles returned to the earth? Sinclair thinks that man's salvation can come only from within; but if he is determined to play the fool, brandish thermo-nuclear weapons and blast the earth, the event cannot be prevented! Sinclair's industry is prodigious, he scores endlessly the ocean of contemporary life for "copy", but—except for his *Didymus* which is tantalizingly short—his novels are generally no more than masses of reportage, and fail as serious fiction.

When war broke out in Europe in August 1914, at first business in the U.S.A. went on as usual; but knowing folk must have realized from the outset that there was no escaping the attentions of a global war—sooner or later, one was bound to be drawn into the cauldron. It was only to be expected that the war and America's intervention in it would prove an invitation to novelists in search of material. Edith Wharton's *The Marne* (1918) and *A Son at the Front* (1923) were less popular than her earlier novels of New York life like *The House of Mirth* (1905) and *The Custom of the Country* (1913) or her Pulitzer prize novel *The Age of Innocence* (1920), and it was clear she was writing of war from the outside, without that scalding touch of personal experience that saw the war as a monumental blunder and a ghastly futility.

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On the other hand, John Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* (1921) and *Streets of the Nights* (1923), E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room* (1922), Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) and William Faulkner's *Soldier's Pay* (1930) are more intimately affiliated to the realities of the war of 1914-'18—its global range, its disenchanting vicissitudes, its pitiless invasion into the privacies of life, its poisoned legacy to the post-war world. Dos Passos exposes the defective organization of the American expeditionary force in France or snaps moments from the work of the Red Cross in Italy, Cummings describes the miserable conditions in a French wartime camp where he was imprisoned for three months as a suspect along with many other foreigners, Hemingway recalls some episodes of the war in Italy centering round the disastrous retreat after Caporetto, and Faulkner vividly essays the predicament of certain soldiers on their return home, for there is neither peace nor the joy of reunion for them, only bleak tomorrows, and "sweat, with sex and death and damnation." The writing of Dos Passos, Cummings, Hemingway and Faulkner was strikingly experimental, and the strained ugliness of the phrasing is often of a piece with the intractable ugliness of the theme. But if there is ugliness, there is much beauty too, and a masculine strength as well.

The twenties in America, usually referred to as the Jazz Age, were a period of disintegrating values: forced hilarity weakly strove with enervating despair, urban disillusion confusedly jostled with luxurious living, and escapism took varied forms in life and letters. The novelists who sprang to prominence — Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald—were primarily realists, but how is one to describe Gertrude Stein (*The Making of Americans*, 1925) who has been one of the formative influences upon the development of American prose?—or Thornton Wilder, who defies classification? Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919) is a collection of related tales, so curiously related that they make more of a unity than many novels. There is an artless simplicity in the telling that disarms the reader at once. Biddlebaum's wretched hands, the repressed urges of Kate Swift, the furtive viperous thoughts of Curtis Hartman, the obscure meanderings of George Willard—we are implicated for ever in these sinister phenomena. It is the story of a place, a point of time, and a group of subtly realized persons who writhe within and without, and cannot escape from their respective hells. *Poor White* (1920) is the story of Hugh McVey who starts life as a mentally deficient lad and ends as a prosperous inventor, happily married to Clara, the girl whom he

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loves; here too the setting of the novel is in a small town, Bidwell, and we cherish the book as a classic of fiction because it so vividly recaptures the men, machines and ethos of small-town life during the last decades of the 19th century.

Anderson's junior contemporary Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* (1920), *Babbitt* (1922) and *Dodsworth* (1929) also exude the flavour of American urban life—small-town as well as big-city life in the 20th century. The individual is lost in the herd, and the herd in the roar and rattle of the machine and the market-place. Lewis was the satirist of the Jazz Age, and he castigated its dullness, stupidity, vulgarity and transparent complacency. In an environment so vitiated, what chance had poor honesty? Lewis was the first of the American novelists to be awarded the Nobel Prize, though he has been worthily followed since by Pearl Buck, William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. It is a characteristic that Lewis shares with others of the "Lost Generation"—Scott Fitzgerald among the rest—that their later work is generally inferior to the work with which they first established their reputation.

Scott Fitzgerald's best novel *The Great Gatsby* (1925), is fairly proto-typical of the Jazz Age fiction, reflecting as it does the glitter as well as the falsity of the years of post-war "boom", reflecting too the possibilities and limitations of the realistic novel. As a poor boy Jay Gatsby dreams of wealth and ease and luxury, and as a young man conceives a passion for Daisy Buchanan; but she eludes his grasp even when he achieves opulence, though by questionable means. Too late he realizes the worthlessness of Daisy and the miserable emptiness of the heaven he has worshipped since a boy. The sleeper awakes, only to die almost immediately afterwards.

Thornton Wilder won a sudden reputation on both sides of the Atlantic with his *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (1927), but his other novels too—*The Cabala* (1926), *The Woman of Andros* (1930), *Heaven's My Destination* (1935) and *The Ides of March* (1948)—will repay careful study. While in his descriptions he is as conscientious and fearless a realist as any, his realism doesn't stop at the surface but dares to probe into the causes, correspondences and the connections between the world of matter and the spiritual world. The visible story is no more than the mask: what is the face, then? Who are these—the 'Cabala'—that the American visitor meets in Rome? Are they verily the Pagan gods and goddesses reincarnated in terms of 20th century futility? Do we witness in *The Woman of Andros* the retreat of the old Pagan ethic in anticipation of the Christian? Isn't the salesman and saint, George Brush, of *Heaven's My*

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Destination a variation of the hero of T. F. Powys's *Mr. Weston's Good Wine?* Doesn't *The Ides of March* explore—although the main theme is Julius Caesar's character and destiny—the possibilities of the existence of a spiritual world behind the "too too solid" material world? But it is *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* that perennially fascinates the reader. Five travellers die while crossing a bridge in Peru: why *those* five particularly? Was it blind accident? Was it an edict of heaven? The 'bridge' itself—what does it span across, the River of Time, the Gulf of Attachment, or the Seas of self-forged Solitude? Wilder writes with unbelievable restraint, and like Kafka's *The Castle, The Bridge* too carries whole spirals of meaning which must heighten our sense of the mystery of being and the need for humility and love in the daily commerce of men and women.

John Dos Passos's trilogy, *U.S.A.*, comprising *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), *Nineteen-Nineteen* (1932) and *The Big Money* (1936), is a colossus of fiction, taking up nearly 1,200 packed pages. It is written in a mixture of styles appropriate to the three types of writing—biography, newsreel and the 'Camera Eye'—that are permuted throughout. Numerous characters appear and reappear, the trivial jostles with the sensational, war overflows into peace and exertion peters out in futility, but Dos Passos nevertheless succeeds in conveying a sense of noise and speed and massed multiplicity—a sense too of general doom. His later novels —including the latest, *Most Likely to Succeed* (1954)—are a falling off from the energy and power of *Manhattan Transfer* (1925) and *U.S.A.*, but his evocation of New York is compellingly vivid and the reader can see, smell, touch and hear what to many Americans is the top city of the world. James T. Farrell's trilogy, *Studs Lonigan* (1936), covers the career of a Chicago youth who is "neither a tough nor a gangster" but "a normal young American of his time and class" whom the eddying environment catches and tosses about and whirls to the bottom before he is thirty. Farrell's later Danny O'Neill books and his recent novel, *The Face of Time* (1953), are distinctly feebler in comparison with the Lonigan trilogy.

Still another novelist whose best work appeared in the thirties is John Steinbeck; *Of Mice and Men* (1937) describes the sufferings of two wandering farmhands in search of work, and *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939) follows the sufferings of a refugee family who are forced to leave the 'Dust Bowl' to seek a living in California. Steinbeck's characters have humour and endurance, and the tragedy of their lives is that they seek a home and cannot find it, seek a job and cannot get it. A parallel situation in India would be the plight of the handloom weavers in the South,

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who need a Steinbeck to tell the saga of their star-crossed lives. Steinbeck is powerfully urged by social purpose, and he exposes the exploiters with cold and meticulous justice. Steinbeck's more recent *East of Eden* (1952), which is dominated by the personality of an evil woman who is the beguiling Eve-Serpent of this latter-day Eden, is brilliantly told, although it lacks the tragic intensity of the earlier novels. On the other hand, Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), which has been not inaptly compared with Melville's *Moby Dick,* is almost the vindication and apotheosis of a life-time devoted to creative fiction. The old negations are gone, the uncertainties of *To Have and Have Not* (1937) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) are firmly laid aside. The Cuban fisherman who defies age and loneliness and the sea, catches a huge fish, fights the sharks to retain the prize, and wins in the end only to lose all, his life itself, is a great parable that underlines the unconquerable spirit of man and also the utter inevitability of death.

American critics and literary historians are apt to treat the South as a region apart from the main American tradition. It is almost a century since the controversies raged that precipitated the Civil War, but the South hasn't lost yet its self-consciousness, nor solved the Sphinx-riddle at the heart of its life. Slavery was abolished long ago, and the Federal Union is an unshakable fact. But ever since Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) delineated the negro in arresting colours, American novelists have returned with a repetition-compulsion to the theme of black-white relationships. Slavery may be dead, but the tension, the nameless dread, the sense of guilt, the spurts of hatred and violence still persist as a challenge to the sanity and humanity of the South. Besides the South with its sparser population and rural atmosphere, offers a contrast to the packed industrial regions of the North. Again, while the cities of the North gather or breed polyglot masses of men who are too busy or too restless to be able to stabilize themselves as a society or establish firm traditions, the South is rich in local traditions, primitive heritage and civilized modes flourish together and ties are strong and continue for generations —but alas! so do animosities and antipathies. Religion too—whether in a pure or a perverted form—exercises a potent hold on the Southerner, and the irony of ironies is that sometimes it is out of the religion itself springs the desire to lynch the negro and enact an orgy of violent action.

Not all Southern novelists are permeated with the characteristic awareness of the South—or not to the same degree. Writers like Ellen Glasgow and Stark Young have a feeling for the history and traditions of the South. Thomas Wolfe, another Southerner, makes Ashe-

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ville the setting of his most famous novel *Look Homeward, Angel* (1930), although there is little that is specifically Southern in its writing except an acute sensibility to the past and an almost morbid subjectivity. Robert Penn Warren, who is critic and poet and not alone novelist, Katherine Anne Porter and Erskine Caldwell, all evoke the Southern scene in one or other of its aspects, but it is William Faulkner who more than anyone else gives the Southern renaissance a fullness and richness of meaning that transcends the local and even the national and overflown into the universal. Faulkner was described by Richard Hughes in 1930 as "young, prolific and unsuccessful." He is young no more (he will be sixty in 2 years' time), he is as prolific as ever, and he has burst the bounds of obscurity and is acclaimed now as the one indubitable master writing English fiction: "the nearest to genuine this century has seen", affirms Prof. J. Isaacs.

Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha is as distinctive as Hardy's Wessex country, and his Jefferson is perhaps even more vividly realized in haunting detail than Hardy's Casterbridge. But look beneath the surface, and Yoknapatawpha and Jefferson are not of the South, of the Mississippi region, alone, for they share their burden of beauty and violence and sin and failure with the primeval earth of all the generations of Adam and Eve. Likewise Faulkner's characters—white no less than black the sophisticated as well as the untamed—are essentially creatures of wet and wildness, passions spin the plot, and the riot of the unconscious holds sinister sway over the movements of the conscious mind.

Faulkner has besides evolved a prose style of his own—"slow-whirling, gumbo-rich, parody-inviting, punctuating-squandering way of writing", says Charles Poore in *Harper's*—which in its involutions and contortions as also in its bits and brevity is one of the literary marvels of the century. Above all, albeit the atmosphere in his novels is cloudy or infected, and his characters engage in a whirligig of wasteful exertions or a dance of death, Faulkner hasn't lost commerce with faith, and in fact he has affirmed in the course of his acceptance speech on receiving the Nobel Prize that man will endure notwithstanding the menaces surrounding him because "he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance". If Faulkner believes in man's future, he believes with equal fervour in the novelist's destiny to interpret the human situation and define the directions of its future development. Faulkner has created a country, a people, an ethos, and a style—yet is he no slave to any of them; their creator is also their absolute master: and herein lies the clue to his phenomenal achievement as a novelist.

In his early novels, *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), *Light in*

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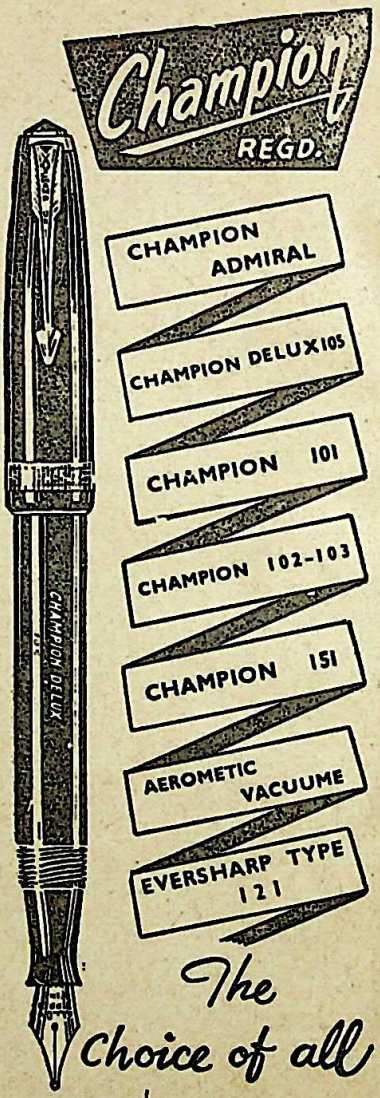
August (1932), and *Absalom, Absalom* (1936), Faulkner is preoccupied with the Dark Shadow sprawling across the South's consciousness, and characters like Joe Christmas have a nightmarish quality that haunts our imaginations for ever. Violence and crudity and gruesome horror fill these early novels (an extreme example is *Sanctuary*, 1931), but Faulkner is never in an indecent hurry to pronounce summary judgment. If the 'nigger' lives in a hell that is largely the white man's fabrication, the white man too is caught irredeemably in the hell forged with his own pathological fancies and fears and morbid desires. In a society reared upon a lie—or what is worse, the perversion of a truth—who are the judges as apart from the sinners and criminals, and how shall we sort out the sheep and the goats? It is into the mouth of Nancy Mannigoe (*Requiem for a Nun*, 1951, a sort of sequel to *Sanctuary*), described as "an ex-dope fiend whore" who has but recently 'murdered' a white child, that Faulkner puts some truly breath-taking asseverations. Gavin Stevens, the ubiquitous lawyer, asks Nancy whether her act of killing wasn't really an act of faith: wasn't the killing meant to postulate "that little children as long as they are little children, shall be intact, unanguished, untorn, unterrified"? The child was being abandoned by the mother who was planning to run away with her lover. Nancy, negress, dope-fiend, and what not, had out of her very pity killed the child, lest the mother's selfish action mangle its life! But Nancy is very willing to pay the penalty for the 'crime' she has committed. She had acted in faith, and she had to "trust Him. May be that's your pay for the suffering." Whose suffering, asks Stevens. Nancy answers: "Everybody's. All suffering. All poor sinning man's." Can it be that the salvation of the world is in man's capacity to suffer? Nancy nods affirmatively: "Maybe when folks are suffering, they will be too busy to get into devilment, won't have time to worry and meddle one another." Alas, society is walled up by falsities that shut out the breath of pure air, even as the individual soul is encased in an adamantine casket of egoism. The walls have to be breached, the casket has to be opened. The human soul has to learn to break through its snug prison-house and send out creepers of understanding and love that may fashion at last a new arbour of felicity in a new Eden on earth.

Faulkner's *A Fable* (1954) is the culmination of his career as a novelist. as also the crest of the movement of modern American fiction. No novel published during the last 25 years has elicited more comment nor so defied interpretation in prime categories. The dissidents are few; the *Hudson* reviewer says that "the book, as everybody seems

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to agree, is an earnest and high-minded mistake"; actually, however, very few would appear to share this opinion. On the contrary, a chorus of responsible praise has greeted the novel. It tells an episode of the war of 1914-1918, it is the story of Christ in modern dress, and it is the image of a war and of a man that is a parable of war and mankind. A French Corporal with his 12 associates spreads pacifism among the ranks, and the morale of the opposing armies is seriously endangered; the men refuse to fight, the war is about to end. But there is a Judas among the twelve, and he betrays the Corporal to Authority. The war goes on as before, the rebels are summarily punished, and the Corporal himself is shot; and as his head falls on a coil of barbed wire, he gains his preordained Cross and Crown of Thorns. Faulkner has both closely followed and significantly strayed away from the Gospel story, and his version of the divine affirmation, although its exact meaning is not clear, has none the less a tonic effect upon the reader. We shall continue to discuss *A Fable* for many more years, but we will not succeed in plucking the heart of its mystery which is really the mystery of man's place and role and future in the universe. At long last a novel has been written in our century by a man who writes "like an angel" as Arnold Bennett said once), a novel which is nobly imbued with the high seriousness of tragedy and the nectarean quality of scripture.

New Year Greetings to All

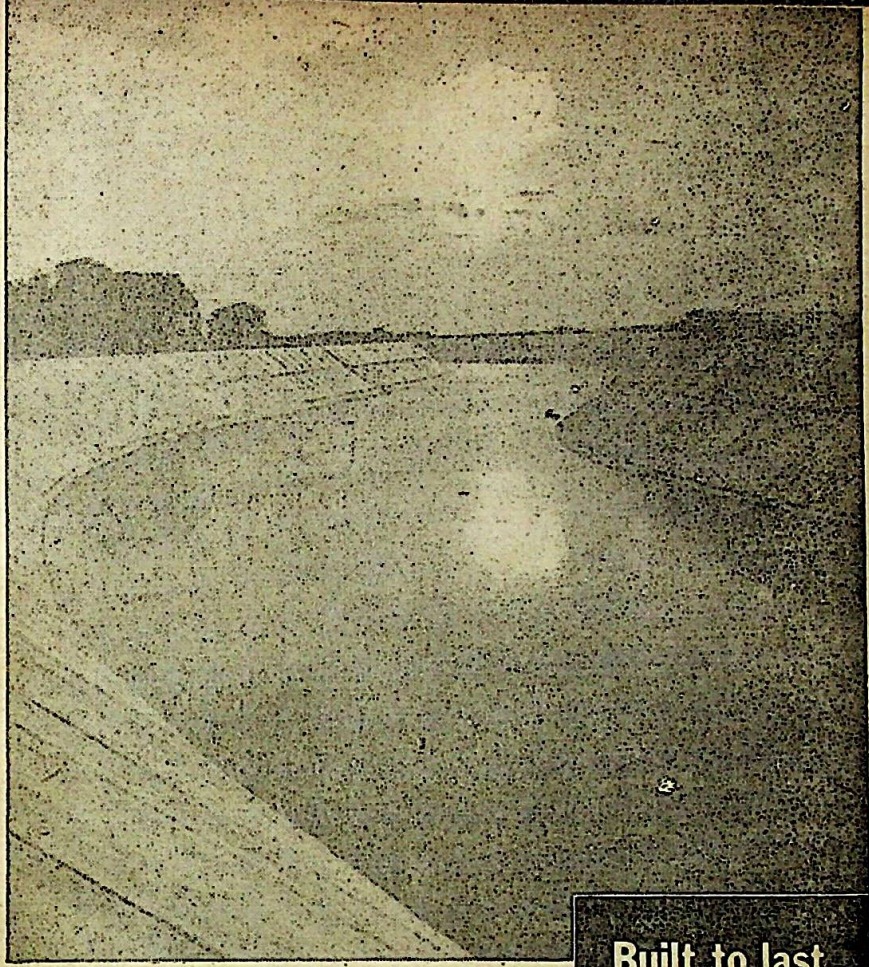


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Our Vedic Seers—13 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE KANVA

THE references to Sage Kanva and his disciples in the *Rig Veda* are numerous. He is referred to as a *Mantra Drashta,* the seer of hymns. The authorship of the whole of the eighth *mandala* of the *Rig Veda* is credited to this sage and his descendants. Nilakantha interprets the word Kanva as one who is always happy.

We are told that Kanva and Pragatha were the sons of the Sage Ghora. Pragatha, in his boyhood days and in their forest abode, was prone to mischief-making and trouble-creating. This was to much for the peace-loving Kanva. Once Kanva went to the extent of cursing his brother. Then his parents intervened and an unpleasant situation was averted, the sage obeying the commands of his parents not to subject his brother to a curse.

We have conflicting versions as to Kanva's origin. The *Vishnu Purana* says that he was the son of one Brahmaratha. The *Bhagavata,* however, declares that he was the son of Devaratha. Some texts say that his father was Aprarvartha. Others maintain that he was the son of one Mati Nara. And a Marda is the name of his father on the authority of some texts, as evidenced from the line.

It is possible that the Kanvas were the priests of Yada and Thurvasa, for one of the prayers of Devaratha, a Kanva, addressed to Indra runs thus: "By your blessings, O Indra, I see that Yada and Thurvasa are happy".

It is said that Kanva obtained wisdom and the peculiar power to confer prosperity, from the Sun God. The Gayatri Mantra in vogue among the Kshatriyas runs thus: "I will be blessed with wisdom and the causing of the world's prosperity which Kanva had obtained from the Sun God."

The word Kanva is used in the Vedic texts to refer to the sage, his ancestors and his descendants alike. Sometimes we find the word used in the plural number.

This sage seems to have had a partiality for the Kshatriyas. So much so we are told by a Rig Vedic story that his Brahminship was suspect! Consequently, he was thrown in a dark room from which all avenues of light were shut out. There was pitch dark-

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ness inside the room. The sage was told that if he was a Brahmin, he had to fear nothing. All that he had to do was to tell the time of daybreak from his cell and he would be released, it being supposed that a Brahmin had the capacity to envision the advent of dawn. We are also informed that it was the Aswins that came to the rescue of the sage. They informed him that he would have no difficulty in announcing the time of dawn for they would play on their Veena at the time, and the sage, hearing the melody, would be enabled to find it out.

He is said to be one of the fifteen disciples of the great Yagnyavalkya, author of an authoritative digest on Morals and Law. But Sage Kanva is reputed to have founded a Sakha or School of his own. Several texts have come to be written on and about this Kanva Sakha. Though a disciple of Yagnyavalkya, he differs on many issues from his guru.

He is the founder of a gotra. They are supposed to have descended from Puru.

The Kanvas must have made quite a name for themselves for their learning and piety. Several are the texts that make respectful references to the Kanva race. But the *Satya Shadha Srouta Sutra,* for instance, goes so far as to say that any gift of offering not to be made at religious sacrifices, is to be given only to one professing the Kanva gotra. But in the gloss or Bhashya on the *sutra,* we are informed that the Kanvas are to be regarded as deaf for reasons which it does not, however, make clear.

The sage is credited with the authorship of a number of manuals and codes on Morals, the *Kanva Neeti, Kanva Samhita* and the *Kanva Upanishad* being the more famous amongst their texts.

The *Mahabharata* says that he belonged to the Kasyapa Gotra. Medathithi is the name of his father. He is said to have had his hermitage on the banks of the Ganges. We all know his affection and kindness for Sakuntala of whose marriage, in the Gandharva fashion, with Dushyanta he had approved. Kalidasa refers to him both as Kasyapa and Kanwa.

He seems to have had a soft corner for the Pandavas for he advised Duryodhana against engaging himself in war with them. But the haughty prince disregarded his advice. So much so the enraged sage subjected him to the curse that he would meet with his death when his knees get broken.

Once he visited Sage Gautama's Ashram. He found the place abounding in wealth and rich in the luscious things of the earth. The sight of these things made the sage long for a similar fortune to smile on him also. With this end in view, he started a penance, addressing his prayers to the Presiding Deities of the Ganges and the Kshut. The gods were pleased and condescended to grant him the boon that not only might he become rich but also that none of his

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descendants would ever suffer the pangs of hunger. The place where the sage performed the penance has come to be called the Kanva Teertha.

He is reputed to be the chief priest of King Bharata, who made gifts of gold, lands and a thousand houses to the sage. This venerable sage, we are told, reappeared in the land after the Kali Age had run its course for a thousand years. The sage is credited with having brought under the Aryan fold many indigenous and non-Aryan races, the Mlechchas and those residing in the Misra Desa, being the most famous of them. He was also responsible for effecting the change in the vocational caste of a group of two thousand Vaisyas among whom was one Prithu, a devotee of Kasyapa. He made of him a Kshatriya. The sage seems to have had a partiality for this newly-made prince to whom he gave the territory of Rajputana for being ruled by him.

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Swami Sadananda

VAMANA AVATARA



Swami Sadananda

UNABLE to endure the disgrace of a defeat at the hands of Indra, Bali, the King of the Asuras, sought the guidance of the Bhrigus and performed the Visvajit Sacrifice whereby he got a celestial bow and a celestial armour which enabled him to march triumphantly into the capital of Indra. In that critical situation, Brihaspati, Indra's guru, suggested that, since Bali was the invincible, the Gods should abandon Heaven and remain somewhere else in hiding. The advice was followed by Indra and the other Devas.

Aditi, the mother of the Devas, was disconsolate and requested her husband Sage Kasyapa to bless her with a son who would be strong enough to drive away Bali, who had now made himself the master of the three worlds. Kasyapa asked her to worship Lord Krishna which she did by observing the penance known as *payovrita*. Vishnu appeared before her and promised he would be born as her son.

In due course he was born to Aditi as Vamana (a dwarf). When Bali was, according to the advice of the Bhrigus, performing an Asvamedha Sacrifice to assure himself of the permanent sovereignty over Indraloka, Vamana appeared before him in the sacrificial hall as a mendicant. Bali welcomed him and asked him what he wanted. Vamana said that he wanted only as much land as he could cover with three steps. Bali promised that and when he took up the water-vessel to pour out water into Vamana's hand in confirmation of the promise, Sukra, of the line of the Bhrigus, told him that Vamana was no other than Vishnu who had come to make Bali destitute. But Bali would not retract the promise he had made because he would never be untrue to his word.

Vamana then grew to infinite size and measured the entire earth, the sky and the quarters with one foot,

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and the heavens with the other. Having no more space available for measurement he asked Bali where he was to put his foot, since he had not yet measured three feet of land. Bali asked Vishnu to place the foot on his head. This Vishnu did and pushed him down to Sutala, one of the lower worlds.

So runs the story in the *Bhagavata Purana*. The first question that rises is "Was it fair on Vishnu's part to punish Bali, who had no sin at all in him, in this most severe manner?" The answer is that the higher one rises in spiritual and moral progress, the more severe becomes the punishment even for the slightest transgression from the path of virtue. Bali was, indeed, unlike the other Asuras, because he had no cruelty and he was observing the vow of truthfulness. But being far above others in his moral development, he had to be free also from the desire for heavenly pleasures. This blemish in him had to be removed and that was why Vishnu deprived him of his sovereignty of the heavens and sent him down to the nether world.

The *Bhagavata* says that Vishnu said to Prahlada, the grandfather of Bali, that He always would take away from those whom he loved all that they had, because otherwise they would become haughty and cause harm to the world. The truth is, that, Vishnu wants his devotees to know that He is more valuable than their possessions. To show this, Vishnu told Bali that He would Himself stand guard in the kingdom of Sutala where Bali was to rule. Thus, He was giving Bali what even the Devas could not get, namely continuous contact with Himself.

Another point that reveals itself from this story is that what appears as a punishment is not always a punishment. Bali is apparently punished but is really blessed because he is from that time looked after by Vishnu Himself. There is no possibility of his being defeated by Indra again. He is also promised the position of Indra in the next Manvantara. Till that time, Vishnu was to be also by Bali's side in Sutala-loka.

But the most valuable teaching of the story is that one must be prepared to sacrifice one's all for the sake of Truth. This was what Bali did. He knew that he was sacrificing all that he had, and yet did not draw back. He demonstrated to all—and for all time—how one should give up everything, even oneself, for the maintenance of Truth. His very name—Bali—is proof of what one should be, namely, an offering to the Lord. ("Bali" means "oblation" or "offering".) That is true self-surrender or *Isvarapranidhana*. Prahlada was proclaimed by Vishnu as the ideal devotee. His grandson shows what true self-surrender to the Lord is.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—32

KING MAHENDRA

WHOEVER heard of a Ministry without a Chief Minister? Even King Vikramaditya of old had Bhatti for his Chief Minister; but 36-year old King Mahendra Vir Vikram Sha Deva of Nepal, whose education was confined to the four walls of his palace and his library, will have none. Doesn't it seem strange? And yet, in the final analysis, there appears to be no flaw in his argument; for, according to him, he will function both as Chief Minister and Ruler—for very definite reasons, and surely, for a while, till he sets the ship of his State afloat. For the present, at any rate, he appears to stand between a saint and a satyr. Time alone should vindicate him.

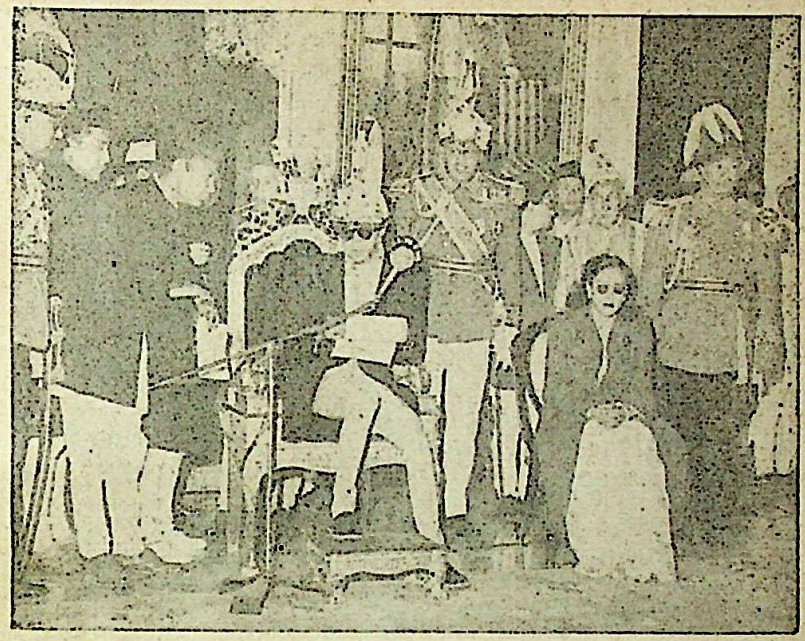
One must have a proper appraisal of his background to appreciate his stand. Nepal has been a land of lotus-eaters. Even now, Time stands still there. For over a century the hereditary Ranas have held the Royal household virtually captive. The story is told of how, when the eyes of the frowning Ranas fell on a book on British democracy, left inadvertently by the tutor to the present King, it cost the poor tutor his job!

Again, we have not forgotten, how the late King Tribhuvan had to seek asylum in the Indian Embassy in 1950 and flee to India with the Crown-Prince, and his second grandson was raised to the gadi by those in power!

The most unfortunate part of the story is, that, four years of popular ministry have but taken the country from tweedledum to tweedledee! There are, as yet, obviously no visible signs of the country's popular leaders rising to the occasion; hence the desperate remedy sought by Mahendra.

To political observers, Mahendra showed signs of independence even as Crown-Prince. In February this year Mahendra dashed to Nice to see his ailing father. On return, Sri Koirala, then Prime Minister, read out the King's message vesting the Crown-Prince with full powers to rule as Regent and seeking the co-operation of his people to his son's rule. The very same day, Regent Mahendra spoke on the radio criticising the ministry for its abject failure by the country, and took over four important portfolios on himself, which amounted to a virtual no-confidence on Koirala's Ministry. That night, Sri Koirala

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King Mahendra reading out the Proclamation on his assumption of King of Nepal. Seated by his side is the Queen.

got the creeps and it was not long before the ministry's resignation was accepted.

Mahendra vigorously set about finding new blood for manning the affairs of his country in a democratic manner. He called for full particulars about the activities and strength of all political parties in the State with a view to associating them with the country's governance. His labours appear to have borne fruit with the latest agreement with the three Parties on a coalition Government with himself as Chief Minister and Ruler.

In Nepal, the King is the *avatar* of Vishnu. When King Tribhuvan died in March last, the Crown-Prince Mahendra did not, for the above reason, mourn his deceased father, nor did he perform the obsequies. The next two sons did all that part of it. Having become King on the morrow, i.e. February 14th, King Mahendra became Vishnu for his people overnight!

Custom requires that the entire population of the State should observe mourning for the departed King for a stipulated period. King Mahendra's first decree was against

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this compulsion which could not have been lost on all concerned.

Mahendra was married while he was barely twenty, to a local Rana's daughter, who died in the early fifties. This event in his life cast a gloom on his outlook, and after the calamity, it is said, he spent most of his time brooding over it. The event, further, kindled the poet in him and it is known that he wrote several poems during the succeeding months.

It soon came to be known that Mahendra had set his heart on the sister of his late wife but for some unaccountable reason his father, King Tribhuvan stoutly opposed the proposal. Subsequently, however, King Tribhuvan appears to have relented and Mahendra married the girl of his heart who is the present queen.

A characteristic custom of the Nepalese Kings is to take a second wife while the first is alive, to doubly ensure a successor to the throne! So far, King Mahendra has been an iconoclast in this respect.

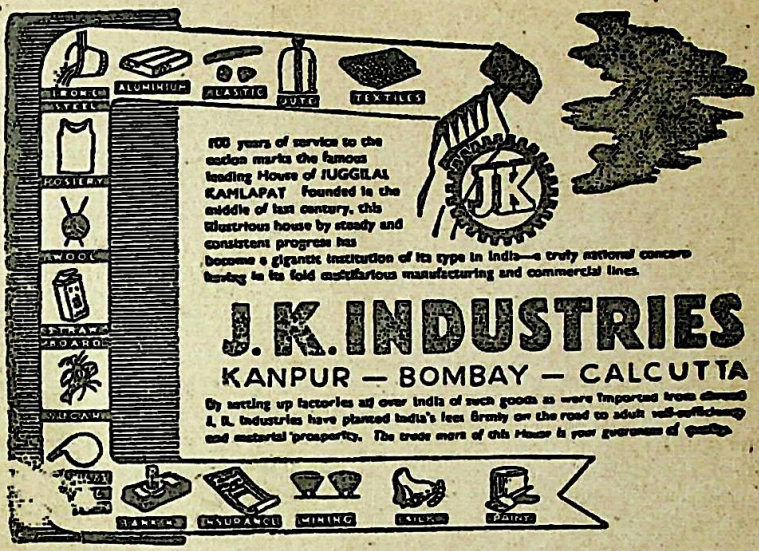
The latest report that he has voluntarily cut his privy-purse is but in keeping with the general view we have of the man. King Mahendra has broken another idol by sending his sons to Darjeeling, out and away from his palace, for their liberal education!

India's relations with Nepal are intimate; the ties date back to immemorial times. It is not by accident that she finds mention in our National Anthem. Even the Royal household is of Indian origin. Three of King Mahendra's sisters have married into Indian princely families. The culture is Indian in essence. King Mahendra has been able to cash in on this aspect, to get the assistance of India in very large measure, in effecting many amenities to his country during the last six months when he has been ploughing a lonely furrow. His present visit to India will no doubt strengthen these bonds further.

Quite an amount of tendentious report has appeared in the foreign press suggesting that King Mahendra's actions are dictated by communist threat, India's relations with Nepal are ambivalent, or that the Nepalese do not like India's interference in her affairs although they welcome her financial assistance. The King's present stay in India will set at nought all these speculations.

Rather slender of build and medium height, Mahendra is the ninth King in the present dynasty. He is a poet at heart. The cinema-houses of Khatmandu used to blare forth records of captivating songs without knowing that they were written by their future King! He has the reputation of a heavy smoker but a teetotaller. He is fond of tennis and chess-playing and one hopes the latter stands him in good stead in his present preoccupation.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—6 Serial

VIKRAMA AND THE WHALE

ON the third day again, King Bhoja came to the throne-room followed by his minister Nitivakya and after worshipping the divine throne in the prescribed manner, set his foot on the steps. The first two statuettes let him go up, but the statuette bearing the third step stopped him derisively and asked: "Whence this haste King Bhoja?"

Bhoja's cheeks became flush with shame and he bent his head low.

"I am surprised" continued the statuette, "that even after hearing the exploits of King Vikramaditya, related by my sister, the second statuette, you do not seem to realise your limitations to rule from this throne. Would you like to hear more of Vikrama's exploits, when, you might, perhaps, see reason?"

"Do tell me, O statuette, more of King Vikramaditya's exploits" entreated King Bhoja.

Said the third statuette:

When King Vikramaditya was ruling in the manner suggested by Bhatti, and as sanctioned by the *shastras*, there lived in his capital a brahmin by name Ved-Govinda who was well-versed in the Vedas and *shastras*.

On the second day when King Bhoja attempted to ascend the divine throne of King Vikramaditya, the statuette carrying the second step stopped him and told the story of "Vetal Pachchisi" which has already appeared in these columns. Now read on—

Being denied the pleasure of having a son, the brahmin performed intense *tapas* before the Lord who, pleased with the brahmin's *tapasya*, blessed him with a dutiful son. A chip of the old block, the young boy too was quick in learning the Vedas.

While the boy was seven years old, the brahmin took him for a bath in the sea on an auspicious occasion. The father and son got down into the sea and were waist-deep in water when he dipped his son in the sea. Suddenly a huge whale swam to them and swallowed the boy! The brahmin was stunned by the speed of the whole occurrence and seeing the whale dis-

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appear into the sea, ran ashore beating his breast and wailing for the loss of his only son.

The justice and fairness with which King Vikramaditya ruled his country was reflected on his people, none of whom died ere they reached the full span of a hundred and twenty years. The brahmin, learned and devout as he was, was sure that none of his actions nor those of his forbears could in any way have been responsible for his present calamity. He concluded it was due to some fault in the administration of King Vikramaditya that he had this misfortune.

He decided then and there to seek the King's audience and accuse him of some misdeed as a consequence of which he lost his son; if he failed to get redress, the brahmin decided to end his life before the King.

The brahmin rang the complaint-bell of the palace and King Vikramaditya, who had never before occasion to hear it ring, sent Bhatti post-haste to fetch the complainant.

Running to the palace-gate, Bhatti saw the desolate-looking brahmin. He put his arms round him and quieting him asked, "What is your trouble, O brahmin, please tell us."

The brahmin related all that happened to him and ended "If I fail to get back my son, I shall end my life here itself, for, the cause lies entirely at the King's door!"

"Please calm down" entreated Bhatti. "We shall surely restore your son."

Bhatti conducted the brahmin to King Vikrama's presence where he related all that transpired between him and the brahmin.

King Vikrama was at first surprised how, in his reign, a whale would swallow a human child. This wonder immediately turned to anger, and jumping down from the throne, he ran in the direction of his favourite deity—Bhadra-Kali's temple.

Going round her temple thrice, he stood before her and sought her blessings for the success of his mission. Kali appeared before him and placed *bhasma* in his hands.

Returning to the palace, the King learnt that the six months of his rule for the year would end on the next day. Handing over the governance of the country to Bhatti for the next six months, the King put on hermit's robes and repaired to the forest hiding his weapons inside the robes. Taking the brahmin along with him, he first went to the sea-shore where the misfortune occurred.

King Vikrama asked the brahmin to identify the locality and on his doing so, sent him away, assuring him that he would bring back his son hale and hearty within six months, and that he had little to worry thenceforward.

After the brahmin was gone, King Vikramaditya was touched to

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the quick. What was his valour worth if he was unable to restore the boy? So thinking, he jumped into the sea at the spot and searched for the bloody whale which had swallowed the boy.

After some time, he came against a whale which, even before he could make up his mind, swallowed the King too!

To his astonishment the King found himself on the streets of a big town within the bowels of the whale. King Vikrama was looking with curiosity at the large buildings and temples, streets and humanity that lived there.

In a corner of a street, he found a cluster of urchins playing, among whom was a boy of about seven years, who fitted with the description given by the brahmin. King Vikrama went directly to him and catching hold of his hand, asked him who he was.

The boy replied: "I come from Ujjain; I am the son of Ved-Govinda, a brahmin of that town. While bathing in the sea with my father, I was swallowed by this whale. That is how I came here."

Holding the boy by his left arm, Vikrama drew his magic sword from its sheath. With it, he tore open the womb of the whale and emerged out of it, along with the boy. Closing the opening and smearing Kali's *bhasma* over it, lest the city inside the whale should tumble down, he swam ashore with the boy.

[To be continued]



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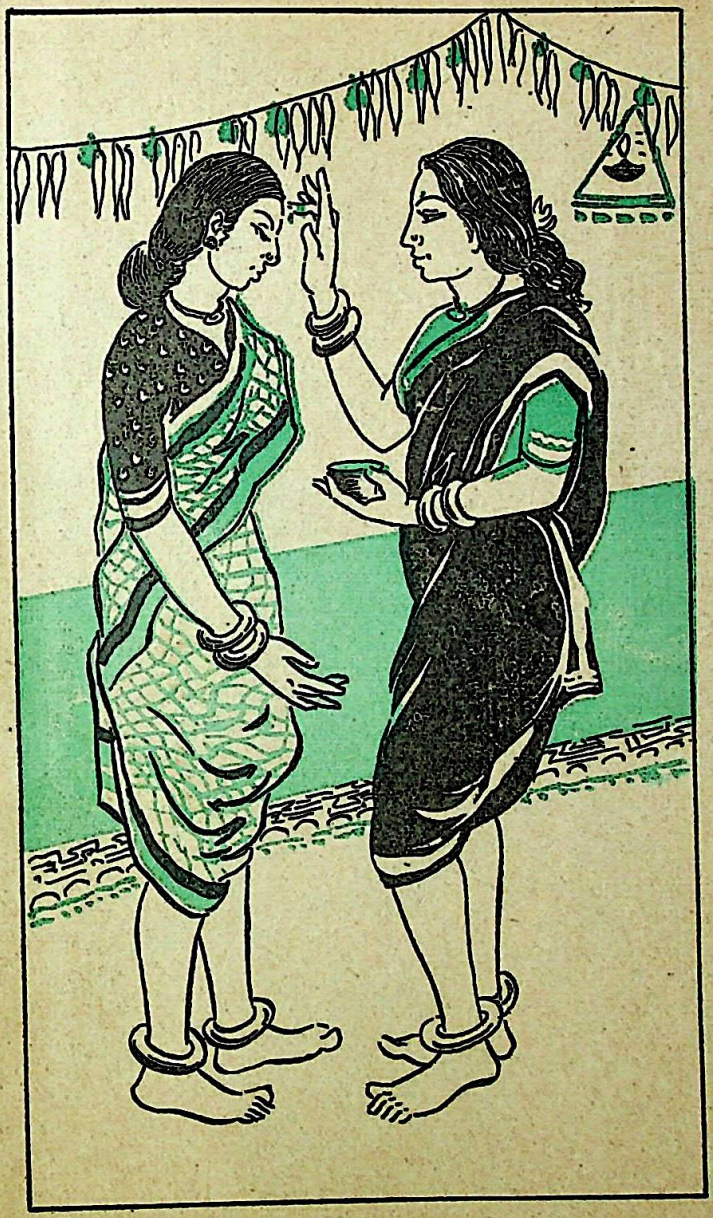
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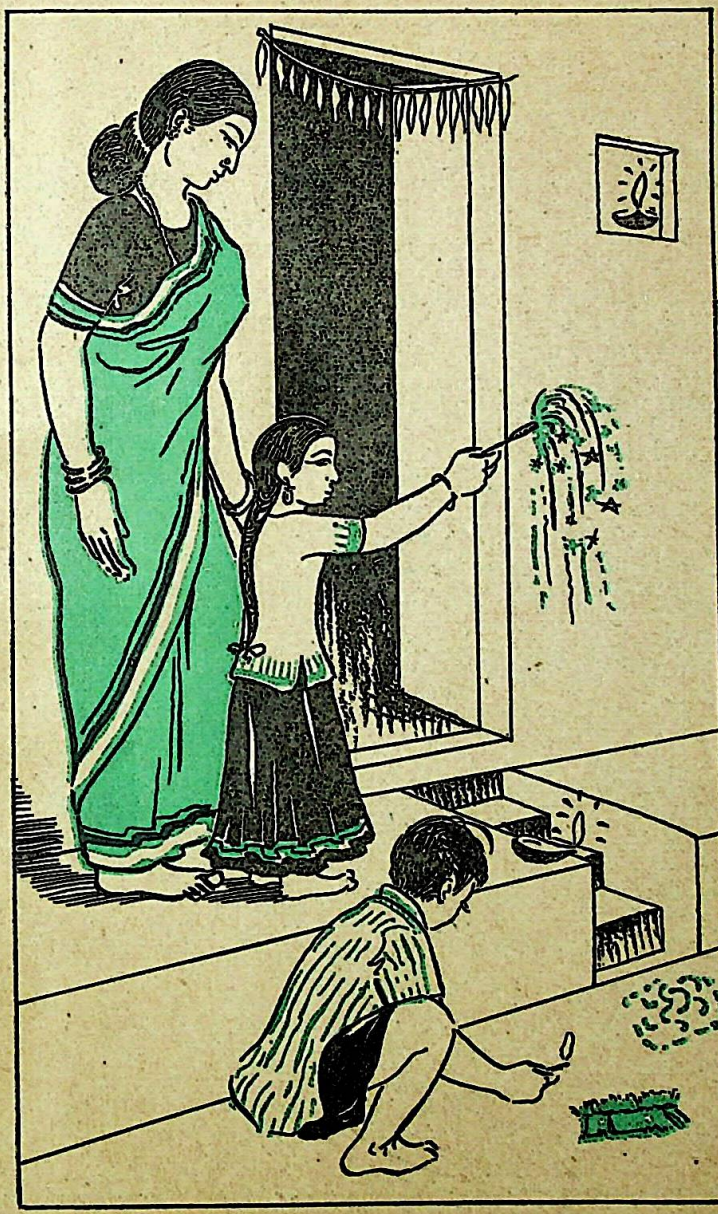


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Immortal India—31 — *J. H. Dave*

SUCHINDRAM

नमोऽस्तु वागीशहरीश्वराय
नगेन्द्रचापाय नदीधराय ।
नाम्ना शुचीन्द्रेश इति स्तुताय
ज्ञानाटवीशाय नमः शिवाय ॥
—Sankaracharya.

"Salutation to Siva, the Lord of Jnana forest, worshipped as Suchindra-Isa, of the form of the Trimurti of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, wielding the bow of the Meru mountain and holding Ganga on the head".

SUCHINDRAM, 77° 30' East and 8° 9' North, is situated eight miles north-west of Cape Comorin or Kanya Kumari in the Agastiswaram Taluk, Trivandrum District, Travancore. It is on the bank of river Palayar. It is part of the area known as Nanchinad. Legend says that the area from Gokarnam in the north to Cape Comorin in the South emerged out of the ocean at the command of Sage Parasurama, the warrior-hero and son of Sage Jamadagni

Gokarnam or Goa was submerged in the sea. Parasurama with the consent of the sea-god threw his axe in the waters. It was agreed that the area covered by the throwing of the axe should be considered as reclaimed. The axe fell at Cape Comorin and the sea receded from all that area, from Goa to the Cape.

Just as Sage Agastya is very much associated with Tamil Nad, Sage Parasurama is associated with Kerala. The myth may represent the entry of Aryans in Kerala and the receding of the sea waters further west.

In Suchindram is situated the majestic temple of the Trimurti—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. It is called Sthanumalayapperumal temple, where Sthanu, Mal and Aya, represent the three deities of the Trimurti Siva, Vishnu and Brahma. The temple has great architectural beauty and is visited by numerous pilgrims throughout the year. It is situated very near the Land's End of India, Cape Comorin, and legend connects the Kumari Goddess at Kanya Kumari with Lord Siva abiding at Suchindram. While standing on this rocky Land's End of India in the

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South, one sees the rise and setting of the Sun in the same ocean. The goddess here is still a virgin. Legend says that a marriage between her and Lord Siva was arranged at Cape Comorin. Gods are supposed to travel only at nights. Siva did not arrive at the scheduled time. The bride goddess Kumari was obliged to go out in search of her bride-groom. By the time she had reached Kazhukkanpara, there was day-light and the disheartened bride returned to Cape Comorin. Siva on his part had come down as far as Suchindram, when there was day-break, and he was obliged to stop and stay there. Since then the still unmarried goddess Kumari stays at the Cape Comorin and Siva at Suchindram. She is still a disappointed goddess who failed to secure her coveted husband. Large quantities of food prepared on the marriage-occasion are said to have turned into coloured sands and pebbles.

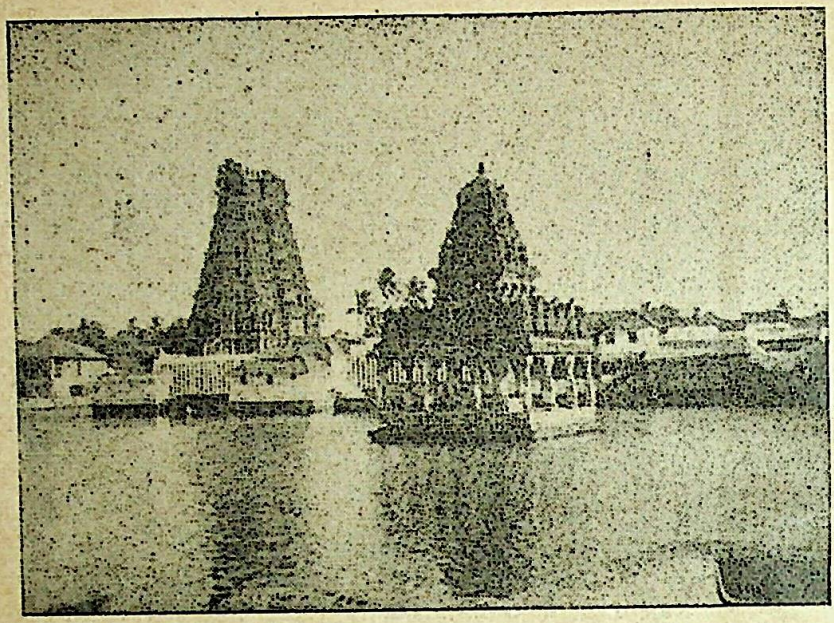
Sage Atri and his wife Anasuya were residing in the Jnanaranya near Suchindram. Once when Atri had gone to Brahma Loka, the three gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva desired to test the chastity of Anasuya. They became her guests and refused to receive any food till she served them in her nude form.

न ददासि यदि प्राज्ञे
विवस्त्राऽन्नं पतिव्रते ।
एतत्करोदकं मुक्त्वा
प्राणांस्त्यक्ष्यामहे वयम् ॥

She sprinkled water over her guests, which transformed them into small babies. Goddess Saraswati, Lakshmi and Parvati came to her with a request to restore their husbands to their original forms. Atri returned in the meantime. The gods who were then restored to their old forms expressed great satisfaction and appreciation and at the special request of the Sage and his wife they were born as their children in the form of Chandra, Dattatreya and Durvasas. They also assumed the form of a Mahalinga which represents the Trimurti. The bottom of the Mahalinga represents Brahma, the middle part Vishnu and the top Siva. The Adi Sankaracharya is said to have come here and visualised the dance of Siva in the Chitra Sabha, and Siva Himself is said to have given to him the upadesa of the Pranava Mantra.

Regarding the name of the temple as Suchindram, the legend says that Indra was cursed by Sage Gautama for misbehaving with Ahalya. Indra was advised to perform penance in this Jnana-Kanana. He left his car at Rathapura or Terur, about a mile from Suchindram, and worshipped the Trimurti Mahalinga at Suchindram. By way of Prayaschitta, Indra was asked to pass through the boiling ghee which he did. As Indra secured his purification and redemption from his sins at this temple, it was named as the Suchindram temple. Ahalya also got herself

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The temple at Suchindram with the sacred tank.

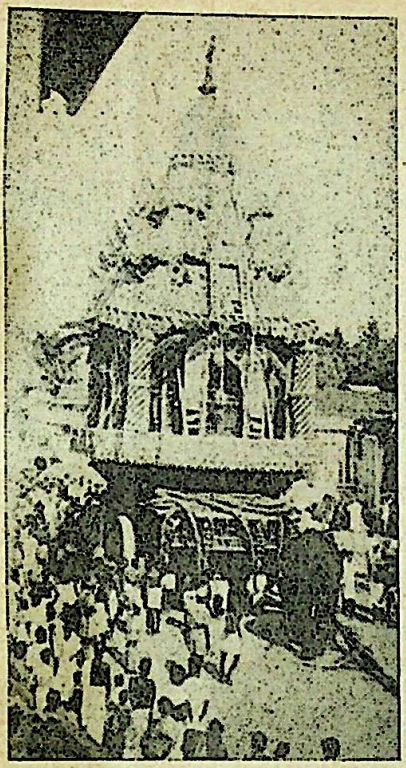
purified here. This place is, therefore, known as the 'sodhanakshetra'.

Dr. K. K. Pillai states that the earliest Lithic records of Suchindram belong to the 9th century A.D. proving that the shrine was in existence in the time of Maran Cadayan, the early Pandyan soverign (880-900 A.D.).

The Suchindram temple is located in a compound—the length of whose northern wall is 402 feet, and of its western wall 233 feet. In this compound there are more than 30 shrines. The elegant and graceful gopuram in the east is 134 feet high. It contains the sculptural representations of numerous deities of the Hindu Pantheon.

The main temple is that of Sthanunathaswamy also called Vadakkedam or Sthanumalayapperumal. It is located in the western side of the compound. Tradition says that water, oil, milk, flowers etc. offered to the deity here goes through an underground passage to Kanya Kumari at a place called the Sthanu tirtha. The garbagriha of this Vedakkedam shrine contains the Sivalinga 2½ feet high. It is usually decked with a golden or silver mask.

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Car Festival at Suchindram.
Note the elephant giving a helping hand.

Facing the sanctum of this main temple and on the eastern side of Cempakaraman Mandapa is the famous shrine of Konrayadinatha. It is a *swayambhu linga* representing the Trimurthi. Behind this shrine is the sacred Konrai tree. At the desire of Atri and Anasuya Siva, Brahma and Vishnu appeared in the form of this linga representing respectively its top, middle and botton portions.

The Natakasala in the east has a big pavilion now used for religious lectures etc. There are Sribalipuras in the four directions. The northern Sribalipura, about 263 feet long, is the best. In the western Sribalipura, discourses on Mahabharata take place. In the north-east portion of the compound is the Chitra Sabha with two rows of pillars. On each of these massive pillars there are sculptures of puranic personalities. In the Chitra-Sabha, the Urdhva-tandava of Siva is portrayed. The Cempakaraman Mandapa in the centre is the biggest pavilion in the temple. Artistic pillars there have numerous puranic scenes represented on them. The mythological figures are both Saivite and Vaishnavite.

It is believed that the Sthanunathaswamy shrine is later than the Swayambhu-linga of the Konrayadinatha.

The Kailasattu Mahadeva shrine in the South western part of the compound is the next ancient shrine here. The deity is the Mahadeva of the Southern Kailasa. The shrine faces west.

The Vadakkedam and the Tekkedam are the Siva and Vishnu shrines and were in existence before the 10th century A.D.

The Suchindram village was a Brahmadeya village, perhaps en-

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dowed by one of the Pandya kings in the 9th century A.D. The affairs of such villages were managed by an assembly or Mahasabhai. From the 14th to the 19th century, the powers were weilded by Yogakkars. After 1811 A.D. the temple was managed by the State. In 1950, a Devaswam Board was constituted and the supreme control of the temple is now vested in this Board.

There are three main *utsavas* in this temple. They are the Margali Utsav in December-January, the Chitrai Utsav in April-May and the Avani Utsav in September-October.

Injunctions of Agamas were very meticulously carried out in this temple. Distinctions of caste and rules of untouchability were observed in the extreme. There was the satyagraha movement and ultimately in 1936 there was a State proclamation that all Hindus irrespective of caste distinctions were allowed entry in all the temples in the State.

Suchindram is famous for the ordeal of what is known as Suchindram Pratyayam. The suspect was made to dip his hand in boiling ghee and if he came out unhurt, his innocence was taken as established. The legend of Indra himself having undergone a similar penance by entering a cauldron of boiling ghee at Suchindram is well known.

Dr. K. K. Pillai details the procedure of this ordeal in his learned treatise. The accused desirous of proving his innocence sent a request to the headman to grant him a letter of authorization for undergoing the ordeal at Suchindram. After the order of the Ruler was obtained, the Yogakkar fixed a time and the members assembled at the Udaya Martanda Mandapa. The accused and his personal servants were required to fast for the whole day. After a prolonged ceremony ghee was boiled to a high pitch. When the leaf and the bark thrown into the ghee made a cracking sound, it was known that the ghee was boiled to the required point. The accused was then made to dip his hand inside the ghee and take out a seal. If on the third day the hand was free from any blister or wound, the accused was to be acquitted. If there were blisters, his guilt was proved and the accused became a social outcaste.

The architecture of the Suchindram temple shows that its structures owe their origin to different periods. Beginning from the early Pandyas and Cholas upto the Vijayanagar kings, Nayaks and Travancore Rulers, all have added their share in the embellishment of this temple. The sculpture in this temple is variegated and contains some of the most graceful and artistic pieces. Gods, goddesses, animals, birds, natural scenes, flowers,

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human figures etc. all find their place. Mural paintings are mostly confined to the inner walls of the gopura. The Suchindra temple contains numerous inscriptions. In the Sthanunathaswamy shrine itself there are more than 70 inscriptions. They represent a wide range of Royal dynasties. They are very useful in determining the chronology of events.

"From Himalaya to Kanya Kumari"—this is the phrase used to point out the one single culture of the entire Bharata, the unity of the country and its vastness.

Ptolemy mentions Kumari as Koumaria. The periplus refers to Kumari as harbour komari. Kanyakumari is mentioned as Kanya Tirtha in Sabhaparva 32-75 and Vanaparva 81-112 and 83-23. Dattatreya is mentioned as the son of Atri and Anasuya in Sabhaparva 48-1 and Anusasana 257-5. *Bhagavata* 4-1 gives the legend of the birth of Dattatreya and states that

सोमोऽभूद् ब्रह्मणोंऽशेन
दत्तो विष्णोस्तु योगवित् ।
दुर्वासाः शंकरस्यांशो
निबोधाङ्गिरसः प्रजाः ॥

"Of Atri and Anasuya, Soma was born as a part of Brahma; Datta, the knower of Yoga, as a part of Vishnu and Sage Durvasas as a part of Siva."

—Bhagavata 4-1-33.

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

DELHI CENTRE

The construction of the building for the Delhi Centre of the Bhavan commenced last month. This building, when completed, will also house the Central Office of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. One of the earliest departments the Bhavan will be starting in Delhi is a centre of the Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, which will coach students for Vachaspati, Acharya and Sastri degrees. There will also be a centre of the Gita Vidyalaya as also a School of Dance and Music.

The Delhi building, a perspective of which is given elsewhere in this issue, will also have an uptodate auditorium for dance, drama and music, with a seating capacity for about 1,000 persons and fitted with modern accoustics. The building is expected to be ready in 10-12 months from now.

RAM SABHARI

At the invitation of the Reception Committee, this dance-ballet was staged on October 27, 1955 on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad held at Nadiad. A packed house consisting of over 5,000 spectators who witnessed the performance highly appreciated it.

GARBA UTSAV

Under the auspices of the Bhartiya Kala Kendra and Stri Seva Sangh, a four day Garba Utsava—Folk-Dance festival—was organised at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. The Festival was inaugurated by Shri K. M. Munshi, Governor of Uttar Pradesh and Founder-President of the Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan, on the 25th of October.

On all the four days full house audience was thrilled by the typical Gujarati folk-dances, staged in modern way. Very attractive costumes, old folk-songs in new tunes and superb co-ordination of the artists when they reached the tempo earned ovation from the audience in each and every item.

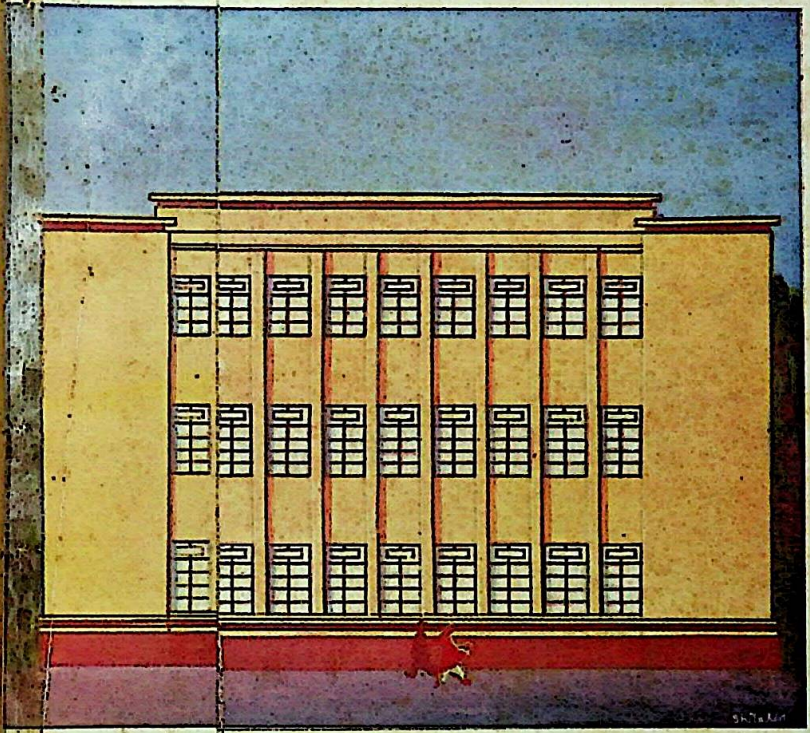
Among the invitees were some photographers from abroad, visiting tourists and foreign business magnates presently in the city, who were highly impressed by the evenings' programme. Particularly "Pava Gadh Nu Patan" a short dance-ballet, performed in typically Indian rural dance style—sort of "Bhavai" depicting a historical legend of Gujarat was the highlight of the evenings.

SONGS OF THE MONTH

The Fourth of the series of "Amas Na Gita" (songs of the month) will be presented on the 6th November at 10 a.m. at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Shri Nand Kumar Pathak's songs are chosen for this month and orchestra is directed by Shri Dilip Dholakia.

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Delhi Cekrit Vishva Parishad will be housed

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PIROJA BHAVAN

The 10th performance of the popular social comedy of 'Piroja Bhavan' will be staged on the 6th November at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

GUJARATI SAHITYA PARISHAD

The 19th Session of the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad was held at Nadiad on the 26th, 27th and 28th of October. This incidentally was the Golden Anniversary year of the Sahitya Parishad. Shri K. M. Munshi, Governor of Uttar Pradesh was the President of the Session. Shri Munshiji in his inaugural speech said that he had been serving the Parishad since last 31 years and during these years the general outlook of the world and society had changed. Hence it was the duty of the Parishad to modify the policy and change the line of action to suit the day's requirements.

He added that the first and foremost aim of the Sahitya Parishad was to increase the area of Gujarati literature. And its final aim was to accelerate the pace of culture. He stressed that by mere secularism of State and socio-economic welfare, culture did not spread.

Among the other outstanding Gujarati literary scholars present were Shri Diwan Bahadur K. M. Zaveri, Shri Umashankar Joshi, Shri Yashwant Shukla, Shri Kisinsingh Chawda, Dr. Bhogilal Sandesara, Dr. D. G. Vyas, Shri "Sneha Rashmi" and others. Dr. Hare-Krushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay inaugurated it. Sir H. V. Divatia was also present.

In celebrating the late Shri Govardhanram's "Shatabdi" Shri Munshiji unveiled life size statue of Shri Govardhanram. The Parishad also resolved to form a Govardhanram's memorial and to publish his unpublished works. A play based on a part of "Saraswatichandra" was also staged.

It was also announced at the Session of the Parishad that next year the whole of Gujarat should celebrate the "Panchasatabdi Mahotsava" (5th centenary Festival) of Bhakta Kavi Narsingh Mehta.

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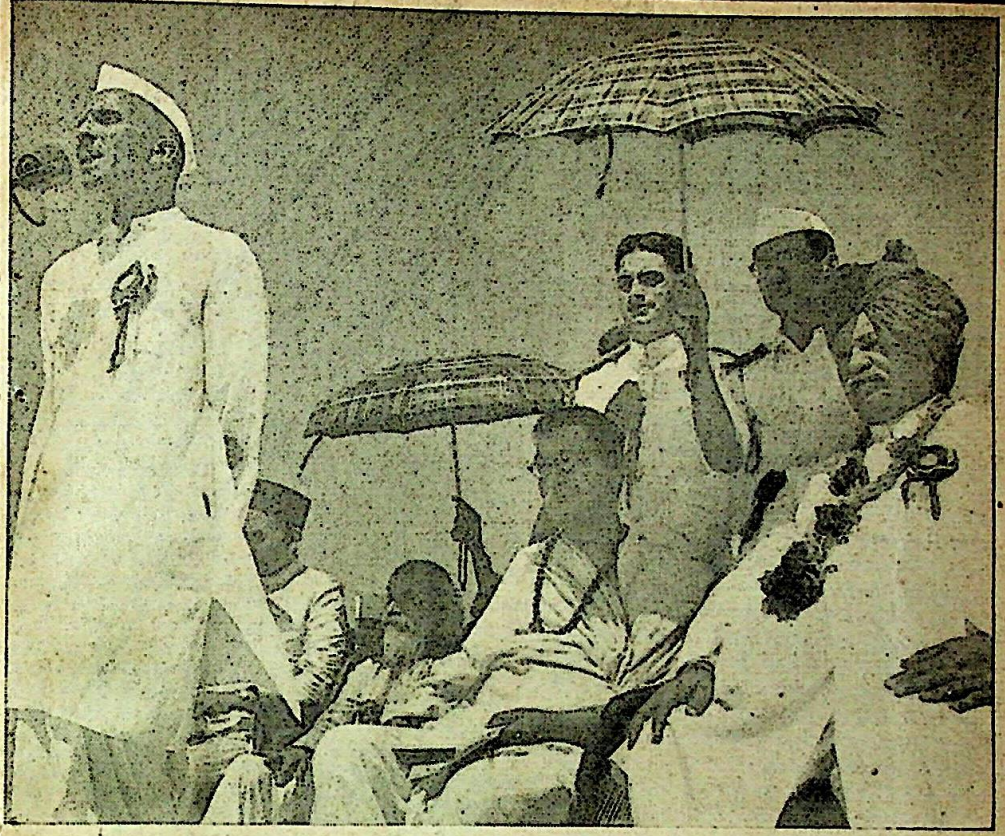
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Yours faithfully,

***Date*:..... .....**



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Shri U. N. Dhebar, Chairman of the Reception Committee, Somnath Session, addressing the gathering. Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad, President of the Parishad is seated in the centre. On his right is Babu Purushottamdas Tandon, who inaugurated the Somnath Session and on his left the Jam Saheb, Raj Pramukh of Saurashtra.

संस्कृत विश्व परिषद :

तिरुपतिसम्मेलनस्य विशेषाङ्क :

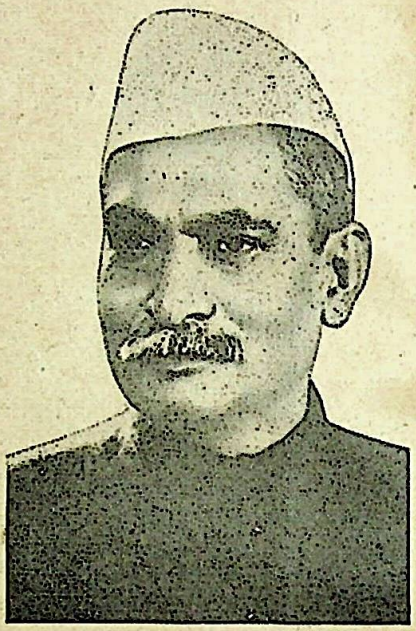
नवंम्बर ११, १२, १३

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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

Origin

The Sanskrit Vishva Parishad was founded and constituted by a resolution passed by the members of the All-India Sanskrit Conference convened by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in cooperation with the Somnath Trust at Prabhas Patan on May 11, and 12, 1951, on the occasion of the installation of the Jyotirlinga of Bhagwan Shri Somnath in the new Temple by Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Republic o India.



Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.

The objects of the Parishad are :

(a) To promote the study of Sanskrit and its allied languages, particularly Pali and Prakrit;

(b) To promote or facilitate or carry on research in Indology and other allied subjects;

(c) To work in collaboration with all other Associations throughout the world with similar aim or which work in the same field;

(d) To take all steps to implement the intent and purpose of the aforesaid resolution passed at Prabhas Patan;

(e) To establish or manage a Sanskrit University or institution or to affiliate, aid, assist control or direct any institution which has for its aims the implementation of the intent and purpose of the aforesaid resolution directly and indirectly;

(f) To encourage traditional learning;

(g) To bring together periodically Sanskrit scholars and Indologists with a view to coordinating the study and propagation of Sanskrit and other allied languages;

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(h) To publish works, journals and bulletins;

(i) To create and maintain museums, collections of manuscripts, coins, copper plates, inscriptions, sculptures, pictures and other rare and valuable antiquities;

(j) To found, maintain and endow libraries of Sanskrit and Indological works including periodicals;

(k) To establish and maintain professorships, readerships, lectureships and fellowships and to arrange lectures for study and propagation of Indology;

(l) To hold examination and/or to confer degrees or titles;

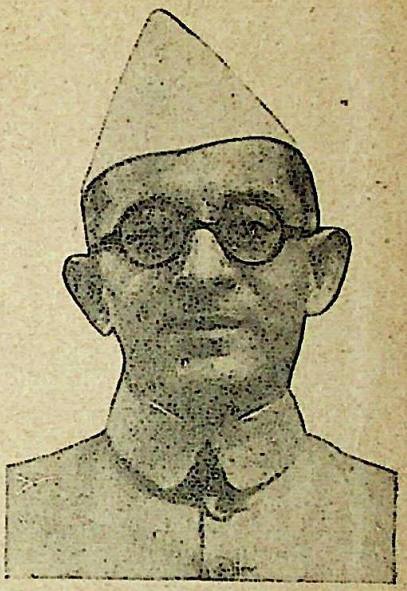
(m) To establish branches of the Parishad;

(n) Generally, to do all such other things as may be necessary, incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

Pledge taken at the Somnath Session

We, the delegates of the Akhil Bharatiya Sanskrit Parishad now assembled at Prabhas, declare in all solemnity and faith:

(a) That Sanskrit is the language of India's culture and inspiration; that it is the world's classical language and the key to a true understanding of India's cultural and spiritual greatness; and that through Sanskrit and its allied languages, particularly Pali and Prakrit, the world can realise the



Sri K. M. Munshi, Chairman of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.

life of the spirit enshrined in them;

(b) That India's immediate and paramount need is to promote the study of Sanskrit so that this treasure-house of her past and the source of inspiration of her modern languages, should become an intimate part of the life of the people; that research in Indology and other allied subjects keep pace with the advance of knowledge and thus the varied and manifold wealth of our heritage be made more readily available to the entire world;

(c) That to achieve these purposes, a Sanskrit Vishva Parishad be established which would work in association with the Somnath

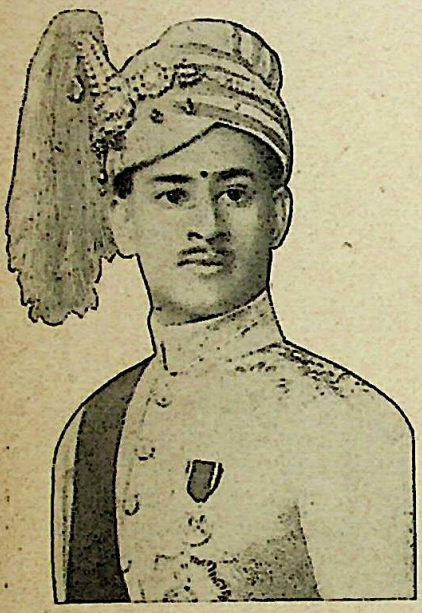
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Trust, and all other agencies throughout the world that have similar aims and work in the same field.

We further declare that it will be our steadfast resolve and endeavour to realise these aims.

In token of our consent to the above we have this day set our signature hereunder.

Somnath Session



H. H. Rajpramukh of Travancore-Cochin, President of the Somnath Session.

ON November 12, 1947, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel pledged the country to reconstruct the temple of Somnath and to raise a memorial at Dehotsaraga in Prabhas—a place hallowed by the memories of Sri Krishna and once a centre of learning, devotion and heroism. Pursuant to that pledge, the Government of Saurashtra announced the creation of the Somnath Trust, one of whose objects is to found a Sanskrit University, and other institutions designed to promote the study of Sanskrit in all its aspects — religious, philosophical and using the term in its broadest sense, "cultural".

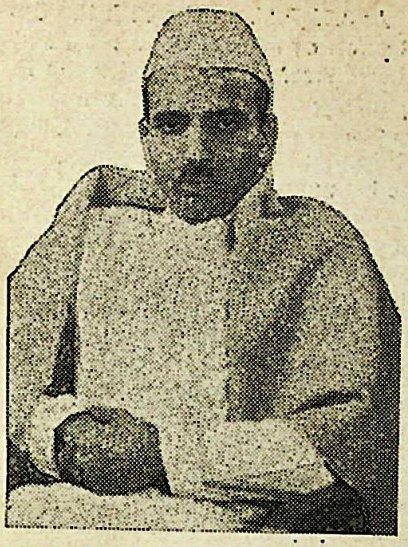
As a first step, Shri K. M. Munshi, President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, in collaboration with the Trustees of the Somnath Trust convened, on the historic day of the installation ceremony of the Jyotirlinga of Lord Somnath at Prabhas Patan in Saurashtra on May 11, 1951, an All-India Sanskrit Parishad.

Delegates were deputed by 19 Indian Universities and most of the leading Oriental Institutes. Many reputed Sanskrit scholars from all parts of India numbering 285 attended the Parishad.

The proceedings commenced at 2-30 p.m. on the 11th in the specially erected Pandal in front of the new Somnath Temple with Vedic Prayers.

Shri U. N. Dhebar, the then Chief Minister of Saurashtra and presently President of the Indian National Congress, was the Chairman of the

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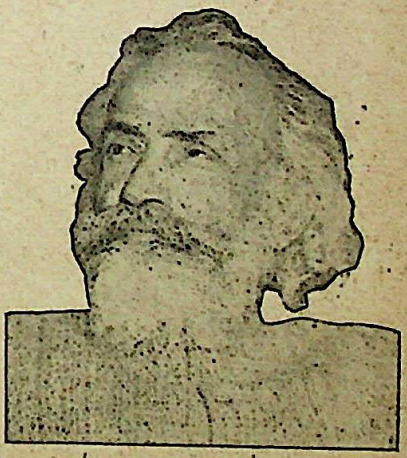


Sri U. N. Debhar, Chairman, Reception Committee, Somnath Session.

Reception Committee. He welcomed the distinguished guests and delegates to the Parishad.

Inaugurating the Parishad, Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, the then President of the Indian National Congress, appealed to the people in general and scholars and learned men in particular to understand and appreciate the richness of Sanskrit language and restore it to its proper place. He said, that, in their record of wisdom and knowledge, the ancient literature of India was far weightier than those recorded in books in other languages. He blessed the idea of the proposed World Academy of Sanskrit and hoped that it would promote understanding of India's literature not only by Indians but by the world at large.

His Highness Shri Padmanabha Dasa Bala Rama Varma, Rajpramukh of Travancore-Cochin. in his Presidential Address said that Sanskrit symbolised the underlying unity and homogeneity in the apparent diversity of India and that the establishment of a World Academy of Sanskrit would contribute to the revival of the heritage indispensable to the India of tomorrow, if culture had to play an effective role in the world. He emphasised the need for co-ordinating the traditional— *pathashala* system with modern teaching methods for the revival of the Sanskrit language and urged a systematic and comparative research of all classical studies conducted in



Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, who inaugurated the Somnath Session.

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India as well as in foreign countries at an academy.

Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Indian Republic, speaking on the occasion welcomed the idea of the promotion of a World Academy of Sanskrit. So did His Highness the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-Chancellor of Gujarat University, Hon'ble Justice Shri N. H. Bhagwati, Bhikhu Jinaratnaji, Acharya Jinavijayaji Muni, Dr. Umesh Misra, Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar and others.

At 3.00 P.M. on the 12th the Open Session of the Parishad resumed at the Palace, Veraval, under the Predentship of His Highness Shri Padmanabha Dasa Bala Rama Varma, Rajpramukh of Travancore-Cochin and unanimously adopted the reso'utions, given at the end of this supplement.

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Banaras Session

THE Second Session of the Vishva Parishad was held at Banaras on 15th and 16th November, 1952, under the Presidentship of our Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad.

The opening Session which was held in a specially erected Pandal was attended by over 7,000 people including Sanskrit Scholars, eminent Professors, delegates from Universities, representatives of Research Institutions, Pandits, Vaidikas and others interested in the study of Sanskrit, numbering 300.

On the first day Dr. Sampurnand, Chairman of the Reception Committee welcomed the President, Shri Munshiji and delegates and visitors.

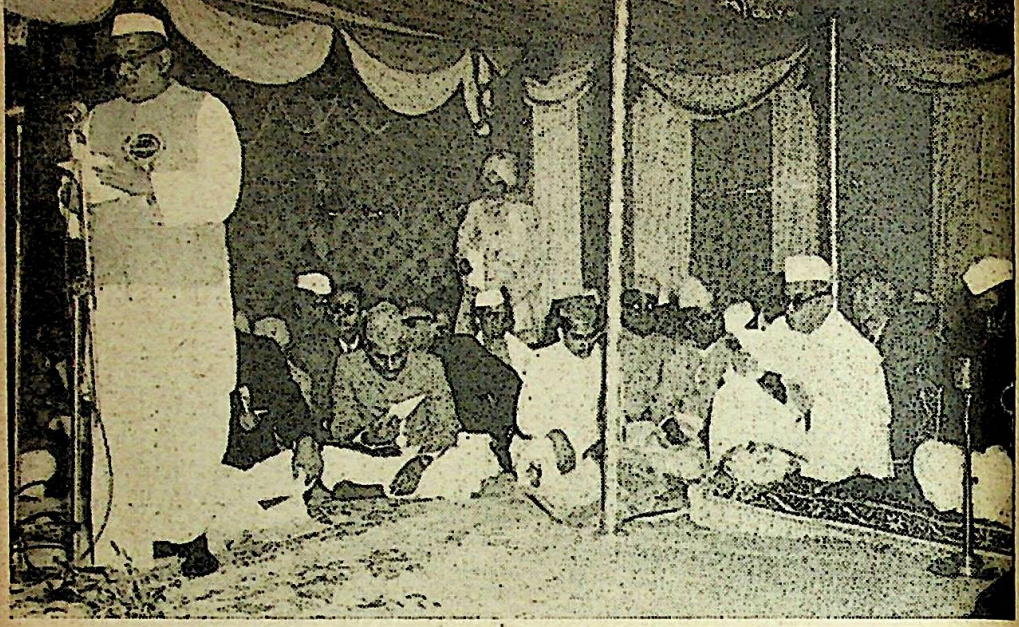
Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, the then Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh and presently Minister for Home Affairs, Government of India, inaugurating the Session said that Sanskrit learning was the link which connected present-day India with its glorious past and declared that Sanskrit literature contained sufficient material for an all-round development of our national life, apart from Ethics and Philosophy.

In the course of his address Dr. Rajendra Prasad reiterated that Sanskrit had not lost its importance in other countries even at a time when there was political chaos, when foreign invaders tried to destroy our centres of education. Without a thorough knowledge of Sanskrit, our culture, our literature, our regional language, arts and our history, in short, our whole life would remain an unsolved puzzle. "Sanskrit alone had the potentiality of enlightening us to the real nature of the knowledge and literary treasures which great men have left for us," he said.

After dwelling on the subject of the need for patronising Sanskrit and the difficulties experienced by certain sections of society in its furtherance, the President emphasised the roles that State Governments and industrialists had to play in the development and growth of Sanskrit throughout the country.

"It is incumbent on us", said the President, "to consider this question patiently and thoughtfully. What measures shall we adopt by which the rot might be checked and the study of Sanskrit encouraged? The first problem before us is provision of finances for Sanskrit Pathashalas. The sources from which they drew sustenance are getting dried up. It is clear that in our present circumstances, our society may not be able to meet the expenses of those Pathashalas, let alone the question of opening new ones. The fact of the matter is that so many facets of the present-day society are controlled by Government that without Govern-

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Dr. Sampurnanand, Chairman of the Reception Committee, Banaras Session, delivering the Welcome Address.

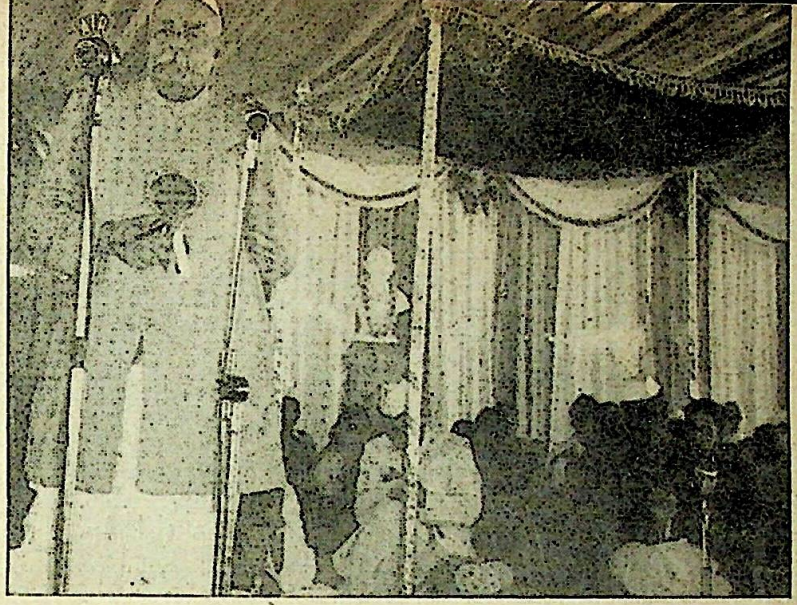
ment shouldering the burden of financing these institutions, there is little hope of this work continuing any further.

"I believe State Governments could do something in this direction. The time for allocation of funds for the study of Sanskrit has come. When these Governments are nationalising means of the production of wealth, there seems no reason why they should not also shoulder the responsibility so far borne by the society. The Indian social structure has ever been based on a particular type of co-operativeness. The householder bore the burden of supporting the scholar, and the scholar in turn, played the guide and philosopher to the householder. In every sphere of the Indian society this kind of inter-dependence existed. Deviating from the traditional co-operativeness, if we have decided to hand the control of our lives to Government, it becomes the duty of the State to take over these responsibilities. In my opinion it is the duty of the State Governments to start giving adequate grant-in-aid for the study of Sanskrit".

Shri Munshi, the Chairman of the Parishad, proposing a vote of thanks said that Indian Culture and Civilisation could not survive if Sanskrit learning was allowed to decay.

In the afternoon of November 15, 1952, the meeting of the Subjects

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Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant delivering the Inaugurated Address: Banaras Session.

Committee took place in the spacious hall of the Government Sanskrit College, one of the oldest and venerated institutions of Sanskrit learning in the land of Bharata. The subjects Committee was attended by Dr. Sampurnanand, Dr. Punjabrao Deshmukh, Shri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Shri Devanayakacharya, Shri Satyanarayan Shastri and Shri Goswami Ganesh Dattaji and others.

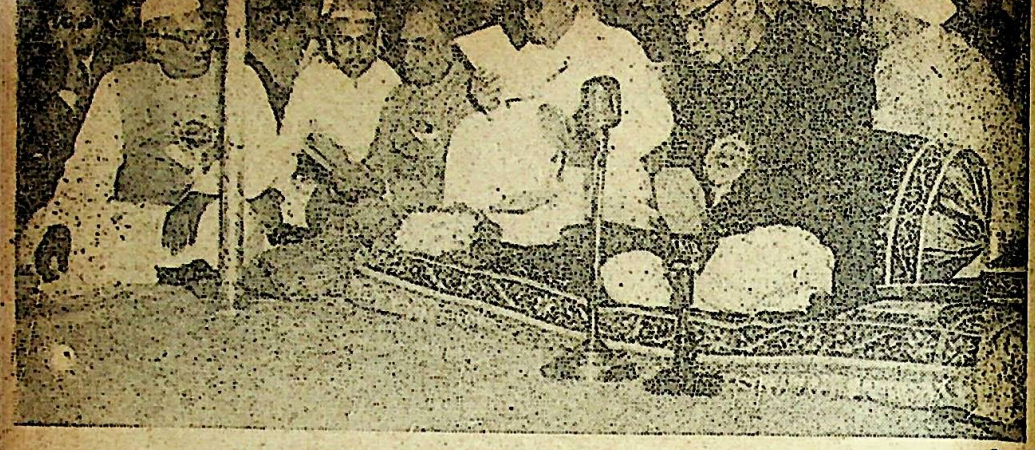
A large number of resolutions were submitted by the numerous delegates. But as it was practically impossible to move and discuss all these resolutions the suggestion of the Chairman that the Resolutions be scrutinised by a Select Committee was unanimously adopted.

The two very comprehensive resolutions sponsored by Shri Munshi himself, which were already in the hands of the members of the Subjects Committee, were finally adopted by the Select Committee for being placed before the Open Session.

The Session was addressed among others by Shri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Deputy Speaker, Lok Sabha, Shri Punjabrao Deshmukh, Union Minister for Agriculture and H. E. Monsiour H. Vaivaine, Finnish Ambassador to India.

A salient feature of this Session was the *Shastrartha* which was

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Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad delivering the Presidential Address: Banaras Session.

conducted at the Palace of H.H. Maharaja of Banaras, in which eminent scholars took part. This was fo'lowed by Padapuja by the President of a selected number of 200 Pandits and Dakshinas which were also distributed.

The resolutions passed in this Session are given at the end.

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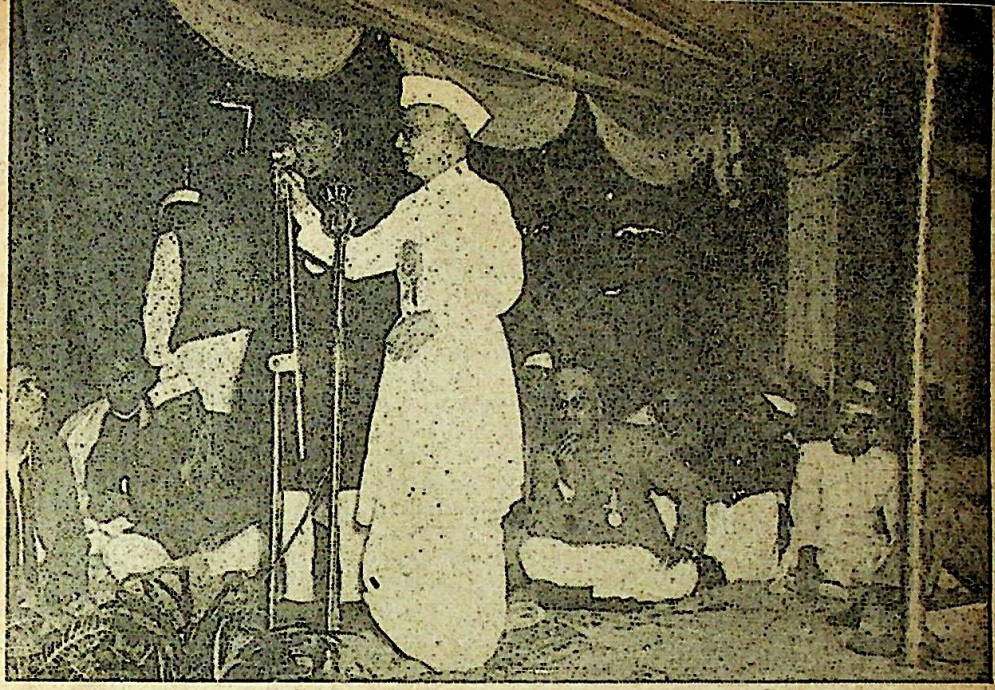
by

Sri K. M. MUNSHI

(Governor of Uttar Pradesh)

Watch for the date!

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Sri K. M. Munshi addressing the Banaras Session.

Nagpur Session

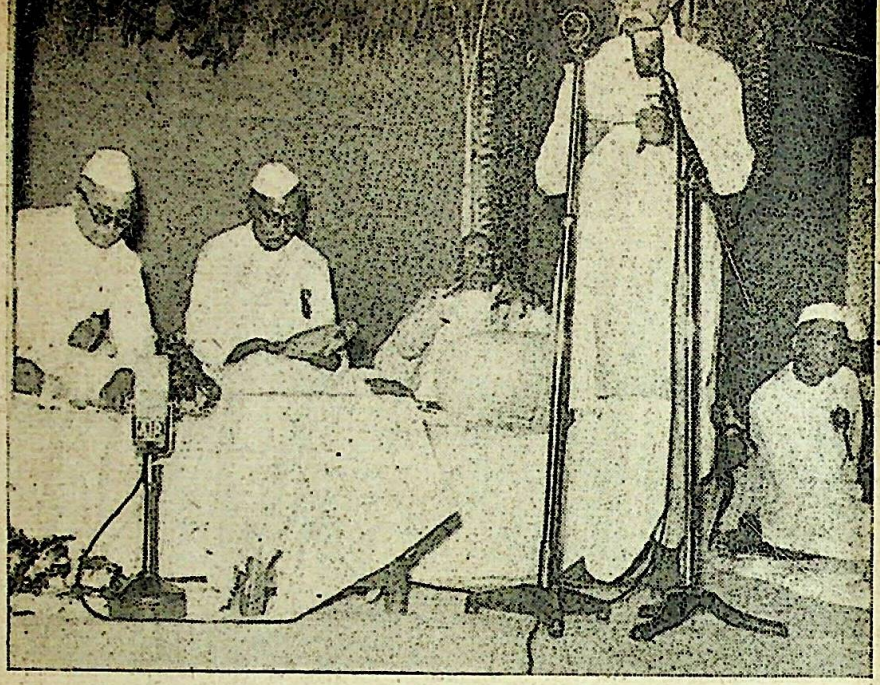
THE Third Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad was held at Nagpur on April 24th and 25th, 1954.

At 6-30 P.M. on the 24th the Open Session met in the specially erected Pandal in the campus of the Nagpur University. Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad presided.

It was attended by 305 delegates, scholars and pandits representing various Universities, Sanskrit Pathashalas and Colleges and Oriental and Research Institutions.

Pandit Ravi Shankar Shukla, Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, and Chairman of the Reception Committee welcomed the Rashtrapati, Shri Munshi, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, and other distinguished visitors and delegates. In his speech Pandit Shukla said "Sanskrit has been the source of our inspiration and strength. At present when the clouds of war are gathering on all sides, ours is the only country which has to raise its voice against war. Militarily India was never weak and yet her conquests abroad have always been cultural". He also pointed out how this phenomenon was borne out by the

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Pandit R. S. Shukla, Chief Minister, Madhya Pradesh, and Chairman of Reception Committee, Nagpur Session, delivering the Welcome Address.

spread of Indian culture in countries like Lanka, Burma, China, Japan, Java, Sumatra, Bali and other lands.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad thereafter delivering his Presidential address said: "The study of Sanskrit is of paramount importance for this country. Ancient literature embodying the wisdom of the Rishis and the traditional thoughts on religious moral and social subjects is found in Sanskrit.

"Most of the schools spread all over the country and the numerous hermitages were centres which devoted tthemselves primarily to the search for knowledge and the eternal varieties of life in ancient India. The fruit of their thinking, is available only in Sanskrit. It is therefore imperative for us to know ths language and check the growing indifference towards it, if we desire to familiarise ourselves with the valuable contribution of our forbears in the realm of thought and philosophy.

"The aims and objects of the Parishad have made it clear that Sanskrit is not to be fostered at the cost of any regional language.

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Rashtrapati inaugurating the Manuscripts Exhibition: Nagpur Session.

It is equally clear that Sanskrit cannot replace any spoken language. Nevertheless it had a place of its own in India's intellectual evolution.

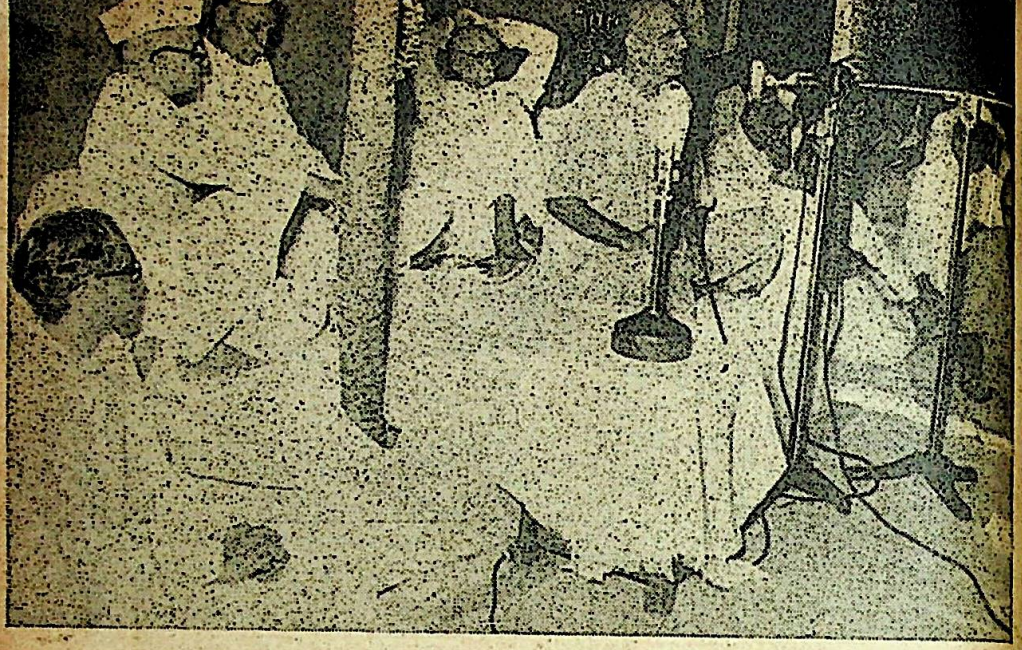
"Most of the founts from which inspiration is even drawn today are connected with books originally written in Sanskrit. I am not at all surprised when I see Sanskrit "Sutras" or "Shlokas" engraved on the walls of the schools and other institutions in the remotest of Indian villages. The Sanskrit language and literature symbolises a particular ideal to the Indian people. The high standard set up by Sanskrit literature continues to inspire and influence the writers of today. The writings of Kalidasa, Bana Bhatta and Jayadeva and others are considered as epoch-making even today and stand as beacon-lights for modern writers.



Dr. Pattabhai Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh.

Modern India has made all-round progress and in the sphere of lite-

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Mahamandaleshwar Sri Gangeswaranandji addressing the Nagpur Session.

rature, it has produced writers of the calibre of Rabindranath Tagore, who have received international recognition.

"The contribution of such a rich and varied nature was the result of writers drawn from Kashmir, Punjab, Rajasthan, Saurashtra, Maharashtra, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Bengal, Madhya Pradesh and South India. In fact, in the midst of warfare and wrangling for power, we see genuine co-operative spirit at work only in the realm of literature and we might say that the flowing of Sanskrit literature imparts a spiritual touch to the materialistic aspect of our history".

The President suggested that the Parishad should function in all parts of the country as a living and active organisation. In its attempt to propagate and encourage the study of Sanskrit, it was necessary to devise ways and means to attract people to Sanskrit. If the old course of study did not serve modern requirements, he advised preparation of a new syllabus. He hoped that the Parishad would enlist the co-operation of various Universities and education departments in the States.

He deplored that the Sanskrit teachers had not been given in our society the place which they deserved and which they enjoyed in older times. In the matter of pay, there should be no discrimination between Sanskrit teachers and teachers of other languages.

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A nine-year old child reciting the 'Gita' during the 'At Home' at Raj Bhavan, Nagpur.

"To the best of my knowledge, something has been done lately to improve the position and status of Sanskrit teachers in schools, but we can hardly feel satisfied till discriminatory treatment is completely done away with", he said.

He advised Sanskrit scholars to get rid of their inferiority complex and to develop confidence as privileged to impart Sanskrit language to others.

There was nothing wrong in being simple and unsophisticated but to have an inferiority complex was deplorable.

Finally the President expressed his fervent hope that men and women of awakened India would not only take to Sanskrit but also make their own contribution to the great store-house of its literature.

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Shastrartha

On the 24th, Shastrartha on subjects of Vedanta and Vyakaruna was also held with Pandit Sabhapati Mishra in the Chair. The following speakers participated in it:- Pandit Tatachari Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar, Pandit Ramajna Pandey and Pandit Anant Shastri Phadke.

On the evening of April 25, 1954, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh entertained the delegates at a Garden Party in the Raj Bhavan, Nagpur. This was attended by Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Shri Munshi, Pandit Ravi Shankar Shukla and other prominent persons from Nagpur and outside.



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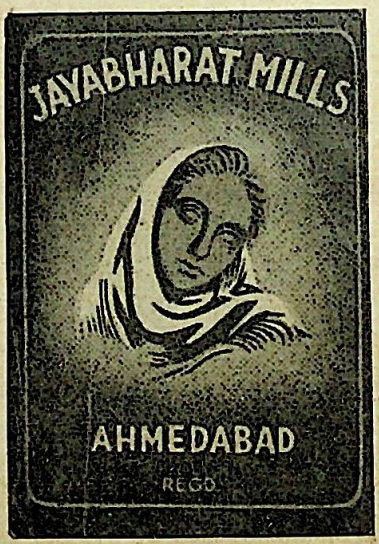
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Tirupati Session

THE Fourth Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad which meets at Tirupati on November 11, 12 and 13, 1955 under the Presidentship of Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad will be a momentous one.

The members who have enrolled themselves as delegates for the Tirupati Session are over 1,200—almost four times the average in the past Sessions.

Besides the Rashtrapati, the President of the Parishad and Shri K. M. Munshi, Governor of U.P., who is the Chairman of the Parishad, distinguished persons like Shri Chandulal Trivedi, Governor of Andhra, Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras, Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh, Pandit Ravi Shankar Shukla, Chief Minister, Madhya Pradesh, Shri B. Ramakrishna Rao, Chief Minister, Hyderabad, Shri B. Gopala Reddi, Chief Minister, Andhra, Shri C. Subramaniam, Shri Pannalal Bose, Shri Omeo Kumar Das, Shri A. G. Ramachandra Rao, Education Ministers of Madras, West Bengal, Assam and Mysore respectively, and some more Chief Ministers and Education Ministers are expected to attend. Shri Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Deputy Speaker, Lok Sabha, Shri Patanjali Sastri, former Chief Justice of India, Shri Mookerjee of the Calcutta High Court and many other distinguished devotees of Sanskrit from all parts of India are also participating in this Session. It is the fervent hope of lovers of Sanskrit that this Session meeting under the roof of Shri Venkateswara's abode, will give a bold lead to the country and the world at large in the matter of rescuscitating Sanskrit.



Sri C. M. Trivedi, Governor of Andhra.

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General

THE Parishad has strenuously strived to propagate Sanskrit both in India and abroad..

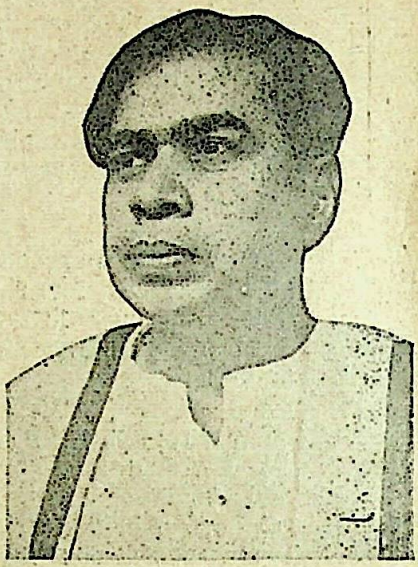
The Parishad at present has 24 Regional Branches, 199 Local Branches, 68 Sanskrit Mandals and 84 Kendras. This includes 1 Regional Branch and 25 Kendras in America and 1 Regional Branch in Japan. For detailed list see appendix 2.

A beginning has been made to standardise the elementary Sanskrit Examinations held by different bodies throughout India. Eight institutions conducting such examinations have already affiliated themselves to and are given recognition by the Vishva Parishad. Suitable text books for elementary examinations are being prepared and it is hoped that this will pave the way for popularising Sanskrit by evening and spare-time classes as is done for the spread of Hindi.

Since the inception of the Parishad, several concrete measures have been adopted in the country to encourage Sanskrit studies.

The Ministry of Education, Government of India, recently convened a Conference of University Professors of Sanskrit and Sanskrit scholars from all over India to consider the place of Sanskrit in the curriculum.

Recently the different stations of All India Radio are giving more and more time to programmes in

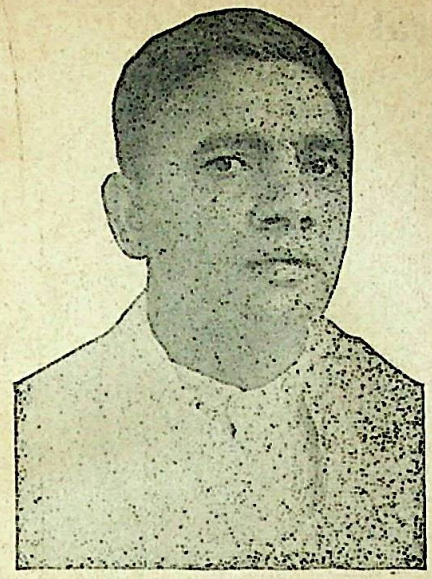


Sri B. Gopala Reddi, Chief Minister, Andhra State, who invited the Parishad to Tirupati.

and about Sanskrit. It is understood that over 200 Sanskrit scholars and pandits have been connected with the All India Radio. It is also reported that shortly the A.I.R. Delhi, will be recording recitations of the Vedas.

Andhra: The Government has established the Sri Venkateswara University at Tirupati having a Department of Sanskrit in the form of the Oriental Institute there. It is also understood that a Chair has been opened in the Andhra University this year and B.A.

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Sri K. Chandra Mauli, Minister for Endowments & Revenue, Andhra State, who is the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Tirupati Session

(Honours) courses may perhaps be started next year in Sanskrit.

There are at present 12 Oriental Sanskrit Colleges, 12 Oriental Elementary Schools, 14 Oriental High Schools and 10 Oriental advanced schools. These include 2 colleges for women, 2 advanced schools for women and 2 secondary schools for women. The question of making the study of Sanskrit as a compulsry subject in Form IV is under consideration. The matter was placed before the Board of Secondary Education at its meeting held on 8th September 1955. Provision is made for the grant of liberal scholarships for Oriental studies.

Assam: In Assam there are about 120 Pathasalas at present, of which about 20 have been newly added within the period under review. A Government Sanskrit College and Research Institute is expected to be started in the near future under Second Five Year Plan.

Bombay: The Government has appointed a Committe to fix the revised scales of pay of graduates of Sanskrit institutions and consequently the equivalence of different Sanskrit examinations. Recently another Standing Committee has been appointed under Prof. Kangle to inspect the Pathasalas and advice the Government about their grants.

The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, has set up a branch in Delhi.

West Bengal: The Bengal Government is also contemplating some action to promote Sanskrit studies in the State. Under the Scheme of Co-ordination of teaching arrangements between the Presidency College and the Sanskrit College, Sanskritic studies at the under-graduate stage have been concentrated at the Sanskrit College, with satisfactory results.

The State Government has started a Post-Graduate Research Department at the Sanskrit College where Research Assistants and Research Scholars are trained for Research in Vedas, Smriti and

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Purana, Indian Philosophy and Sanskrit Literature. Valuable Sanskrit texts, hitherto unpublished, have been edited and translated, some of these under the auspices of the State Government.

A body called Vangiya Sanskrita Siksha Parishad has been created by the West Bengal Government for supervising Sanskrit education in the traditional method.

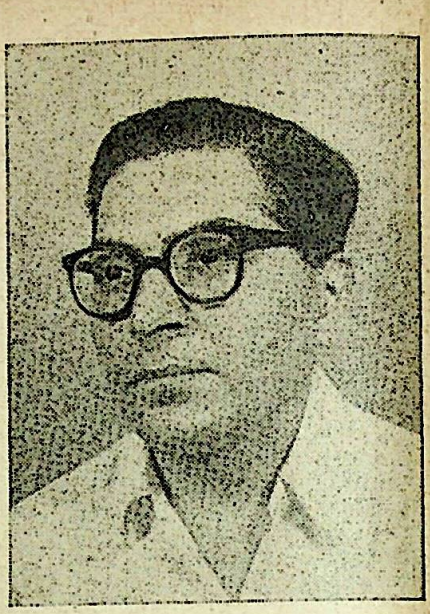
Delhi: In Delhi State, Sanskrit has been introduced from the Sixth Standard.

Hyderabad: In Hyderabad it is reported that Sanskrit has been made compulsory study upto the matriculation stage.

Madhya Pradesh: The Madhya Pradesh Government have instituted a Committee for the promotion of Sanskrit recently with Mahamahopadyaya Sri V. V. Mirashi as the Chairman to review the present state of study, financial positions, management, qualifications of the teaching staff and the standard of examinations. On the Gandhi Jayanti Day this year a full fledged Sanskrit College was opened at Raipur, which in course of time, is expected to become a Sanskrit University.

Mysore State: The Mysore State has made or is shortly going to make Sanskrit compulsory, upto the matriculation stage in the High Schools.

Orissa: In Orissa, a new syllabus for the Prathama examination



Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. Gen. Secretary of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.

satisfying the requirements of the modern age was introduced in the Sanskrit institutions of the State. A sum of Rs. 66,044/- was paid towards the construction of buildings and purchase of furniture for the Sanskrit Colleges and some tols of the State. Graduates and undergraduates are proposed to be appointed in the Sanskrit institutions to teach the modern subjects included in the new syllabus besides the Sanskrit pandits who have been already appointed to impart instructions only in Sanskrit. A proposal is under consideration for the establishment of an Oriental University.

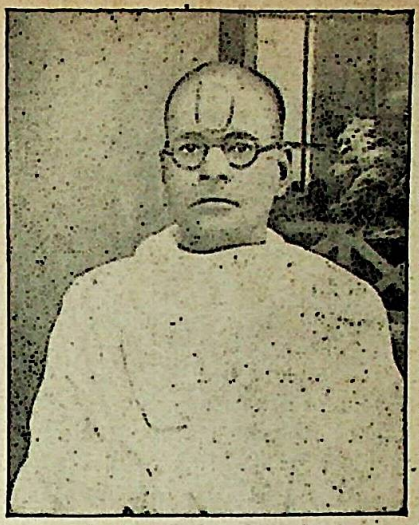
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Punjab: The Punjab State Government has recently appointed the Punjab State Sanskrit Committee with Prof. H. R. Aggarwal as Convenor for promotion of Sanskrit in the State. Another Committee has also been appointed to formulate the scheme for the establishment of a Sanskrit University at Kurukshetra. It has also started a Training College for Shastris and raised their initial pay.

Travancore-Cochin: The Tranvancore-Cochin State Government was contemplating to convert the existing Sanskrit schools in the State into English schools. But in deference to the representation made by the Vishva Parishad and wishes of Sanskrit loving public, it has now withdrawn that order. The courses of studies in the Sanskrit Colleges have been re-organised.

Uttar Pradesh: The Uttar Pradesh Government had appointed a Committee under the Chairmanship of Acharya Narendra Deva to consider the question of making Sanskrit compulsory in High Schools and Colleges. In the current session of the Legislature, the U.P. Government is going to introduce a Bill establishing the Sanskrit University of Banaras.

Apart from the scheme for development of some of the Sanskrit Pathashalas in the State, the U.P. Government have also a scheme for the improvement of Saraswati Bhawan Library at Banaras, which includes sufficient provision for the collection, purchase and printing of Sanskrit Manuscripts.



Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar, Jt. Gen. Secretary of the Parishad.

The Lucknow University has made Sanskrit a compulsory subject at the first degree examination for certain categories of students, such as Arts students.

Many of the States hold Sanskrit examinations and where they do so, the Government have been taking interest in them. Bengal, Bihar, U.P., The Punjab, Mysore, Madras, M.P., Baroda, have their independent examinations and it is desirable that their courses should be standardised so as to save wastage of energy.

The following Universities in India have got Sanskrit departments and Chairs.

1. Allahabad
2. Annamalai
3. Banaras (Hindu)
4. Baroda
5. Calcutta
6. Delhi
7. Gauhati

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8. Lucknow
9. Madras
10. Mysore
11. Osmania
12. The Punjab
13. Poona
14. Saugor
15. Tirupati
16. Travancore and
17. Vishva Bharati

Most of these have Research Journals, publishing results of research. Apart from these there have been a number of research journals. Among them are the Vishveshwaranand Institute, Hoshiarpur, the Ganganath Jha Institute, Banaras, The K. P. Jayaswal Institute, Patna, the Darbhanga Institute in Bihar, the Rajasthan Puratatwa Samshodan Mandir at Jaipur, the Oriental Institute at Baroda, the Vidyasabha at Ahmedabad, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, the Bhandarkar Oriental Institute, Poona, the Kuppuswami Shastri Institute at Madras, the International Institute of Indian Culture, Nagpur, Prajna Pathasala at Wai, Vaidic Samshodhan Mandal at Poona, the Swadayaya Mandal, Pardi, the Deccan College Post Graduate Institute in Poona and Veda Samasthana in Ajmere.

Several conferences for the promotion of Sanskrit were held in different parts of the country and though independent of the Vishva Parishad, helped in creating an increasing interest in the cause of Sanskrit.

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Appendices

1. *RESOLUTIONS: SOMNATH*

The following Resolutions were passed in the Somnath Session of the Parishad.

I. "We the delegates of the Akhil Bharatiya Sanskrit Parishad now assembled at Prabhas, declare in all solemnity and faith:

(a) That Sanskrit is the language of India's Culture and inspiration; that it is the world's classical language and the key to a true understanding of India's cultural and spiritual greatness; and that through Sanskrit and its allied languages, particularly Pali and Prakrit, the world can realise the life of the spirit enshrined in them.

(b) That India's immediate and paramount need is to promote the study of Sanskrit so that the treasure-house of her past and the source and inspiration of her modern languages should become an intimate part of the life of the people; that research in Indology and other allied subjects keep pace with the advance of knowledge and thus the varied and manifold wealth of our heritage be made more readily available to the entire world;

(c) That to achieve these purposes, a Sanskrit Vishva Parishad be established which would work in association with Somnath Trust and all other agencies throughout the world that have similar aims in the same field.

We further declare that it will be our steadfast resolve and endeavour to realise these aims".

In token of our consent to the above we have this day set our signatures hereunder.

II. To accomplish the ends enumerated above, it was "Resolved that the delegates of the Akhil Bharatiya Sanskrit Parishad, now assembled at Prabhas, do hereby constitute the Somnath Sanskrit Vishva Parishad."

By further resolution it appointed the first Council of the said Parishad: Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President, Republic of India, as President.

Shri K. M. Munshi was elected Chairman of the Council.

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RESOLUTIONS: BANARAS

The following resolutions were passed in the Banaras Session of the Parishad:

(1) Recognising the necessity of promoting the study of and love of Sanskrit, the most important of all Indian languages, as also its allied languages, particularly Pali and Ardhamagadhi 'of establishing a closer bond of association between all students and lovers of the aesthetic, moral, cultural and spiritual heritage embodied in Sanskrit and the said allied languages in different parts of the world.

Being of the opinion that the Basic Resolution adopted when the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad was founded at Somnath on May 11, 1951 requires to be early implemented.

THIS CONFERENCE

(a) Recommends to the Council that an exchange of professors and lecturers should be arranged between different parts of the world where Sanskrit and the said allied languages are studied, wherever necessary with the aid of the Government and Universities;

(b) Regrets

(i) that the study of Sanskrit, on which depends the cultural unity of India, the future development of Indian languages and literature and the maintenance of the cultural, moral and spiritual outlook of our people, is coming to be considered of secondary importance in our Universities and educational institutions; (ii) that, in several Universities, even highest degrees in Sanskrit and Ancient Indian Culture are obtainable without much textual knowledge and capacity to speak or write Sanskrit; and (iii) that even in Pathashalas, Sanskrit has come to be imparted in the regional languages.

(c) Considers it essential

(i) that all Universities in India should have a department of Sanskrit for research, teaching and extension lectures; (ii) that Sanskrit should be made compulsory at the secondary education stage and in higher education in arts; (iii) that at all stages of education, prominence should be given to the history of the culture and people of India, bringing out the continuity and inspiration which Sanskrit has provided to the people of India in all ages, and the influence which it has had in different parts of the world; and (iv) that Vishva Parishad Professorships should be instituted, enabling recognised scholars and competent lovers of Sanskrit to deliver lectures on Sanskrit and the said allied languages and other parts of world where Sanskrit or the said allied languages are being studied:

(d) Views with alarm the progressive extinction of the Pathashalas in the country, due partly to loss of patronage and partly to the inability of its products to earn their living;

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(e) Urges upon the Governments and Universities in India that, if the love of Sanskrit and its place in India as a living language is not maintained, it will adversely affect the character, moral and cultural, of its people and that, therefore urgent measure should be taken to;

(1) give support to the Pathashalas now largely denied to them by elimination of the ruling princes and jagirdars, and by the diversion of trust funds, reserved for Sanskrit learning by the terms of settlement; and endow chairs for scholars who have attained high scholarship according to Shastric methods of study and organise some form of recognition for scholars who have attained distinction;

(ii) help the Parishad to increase the usefulness of the Pathashalas;

(a) by the coordination of the standard of education in the pathashalas all over the country.

(b) by the introduction of certain modern subjects in Shastric studies to make the holders of Shastric titles eligible for employment in Government and private service on the same salary and other terms as graduates of the Universities;

(c) by the establishment of uniform recognition of Shastric titles acquired throughout India;

(d) Further urges upon the Government and Universities and constituent members: (1) to place, at the disposal of the Parishad one or more of their specialists who may organise steps to achieve this purpose: and (2) to provide funds for Vishva Parishad Professorships.

(g) Further urges upon all educational authorities to recognise the study of Sanskrit at all stages by modifying the course of studies, so that except in special higher courses, they may provide an attractive literary background and to see that Sanskrit teaching, as far as possible, is conducted by the direct method through the medium of Sanskrit.

(h) Recognises that, in order to fulfill the objects of the Parishad, it is necessary to have an All-India Sanskrit University in order to coordinate and stimulate Sanskrit studies throughout the country.

(i) And urges upon Governments, Universities and Institutions that steps may be taken to organise such a University where Sanskritic studies may be pursued on ancient as well as modern lines in addittion to modern studies and which may help to standardise and co-ordinate Sanskrit studies in all Universities and Institutions, with Sanskrit as the medium.

(j) And congratulates the Government of Uttar Pradesh on having already taken some steps which are calculated to lead to the fulfilment of this purpose.

(k) Recommends that all Indian languages should adopt Devangari as their script.

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II. This Conference resolves:

(a) That the Council constituted at Somnath do continue to function with the addition of not more than 20 members as may be elected by the Conference.

(b) That the Council so constituted, in addition to the powers conferred at Somnath, frame and adopt a constitution for the Vishva Parishad which will be in force till the next Session of the Parishad where it will be submitted for approval.

(c) That, in the constitution so framed, Government, Universities, founder Institutions and Associated Institutions and the branches of the Parishad, shou'd have a right or direct representation a certain percentage of seats being reserved to be filled by the election by individual members.

RESOLUTIONS : NAGPUR

The following resolutions were passed at the Nagpur Session of the Parishad.

This Conference expresses its sense of gratitude to those State Governments, institutions and philanthropists who have helped in establishing Vishva Parishad professorship and requests them to continue this help in future also and invites them and others to render further help;

Regrets that some of the Universities in India have still not established departments and chairs of Sanskritic studies and Ancient Indian Culture and requests them to do so at an early date;

Resolves that in order that Sanskrit may continue to play an effective role in the development of the languages and life of India, it is necessary that the useful features of the traditional method may be preserved:

(i) And therefore requests the Universities to institute appropriate degrees or make suitable arrangements to ensure the award of existing degrees for such students who qualify themselves in the study of Sanskrit according to traditional methods, supplemented by such studies as would impart knowledge in the critical and historical appreciation of the languages and literature and by such studies as might be found absolutely necessary for bringing the degrees to an appropriate level;

(ii) to make appropriate provision to affiliate *Pathashalas* within their jurisdiction so that the students preparing for such degrees could avail themselves of such institutions for studying Sanskrit according to traditional methods; and

(iii) to make provision in the Universities on the lines of the Madras, Lucknow, Nagpur, Bihar and other universities to enable students to qualify themselves in Sanskritic studies according to traditional methods.

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Requests the Union and State Governments that students who have passed the Shastric examination of the Government College, Banaras, or an examination of similar standard and those who have passed the Acharya examination of the Government College, Banaras, or an examination of similar standard may be recognised respectively as equal to those who have passed B.A. or M.A. examination of Universities for purposes of Government Service and for franchise.

Requests the local authorities all over India such as municipalities, local boards and schoolboards as also religious bodies and temples to take up the responsibility of maintaining and keeping alive the existing Sanskrit Pathashalas, tolls and colleges and calls upon the branches of the Parishad either to see that the responsibility is taken over by such bodies or themselves to maintain those Sanskrit Pathashalas and Colleges.

Requests the Union and State Government to encourage original works in Sanskrit as in other regional languages;

Requests the Union and State Governments to set up agencies by which all the unpublished manuscripts in India or in other counteries may be brought together in one centre in India, either in the original or in photostat copies. so that the vast store of knowledge may be brought together and preserved, and as and when convenient, published."

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2. *Branches, Kendras etc.*

Thanks to the popular support and the efforts of Vishva Parishad Professors, the Parishad has now 24 regional branches, 199 local branches, 68 Sanskrit Mandals in Educational Institutions and 84 Kendras.

State	*Regional Branches*	*Local Branches*	*Sanskrit Mandals*	*Kendras*
Andhra	—	17	3	5
Ajmer	—	—	1	—
Assam	—	4	—	1
Bombay	1	7	12	—
Bengal	2	4	—	—
Bhopal	—	—	1	—
Bihar	1	3	1	—
Cutch	—	1	—	—
Delhi	1	4	—	—
Himachal Pradesh	1	2	—	—

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State	*Regional Branches*	*Local Branches*	*Sanskrit Mandals*	*Kendras*
Hyderabad	1	7	1	—
Jammu & Kashmir	1	1	—	—
Madras	2	2	1	—
Madhya Bharat	—	1	—	—
Madhya Pradesh	1	46	2	—
Orissa	1	6	—	—
Mysore	1	6	1	—
Punjab	1	20	—	—
PEPSU	1	6	—	—
Saurashtra	—	3	—	—
Travancore-Cochin	1	3	—	—
Uttar Pradesh	3	23	18	—
Vindhya Pradesh	1	23	17	50
Nepal	1			
Outside India				
America	1	—	—	25
Japan	1	—	—	—
Total:	24	199	68	84

3. Office-Bearers

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Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Chairman:
Shri K. M. Munshi

Vice-Presidents:
Shri M. Ananthashayanam Ayyangar
H. H. Shri Padmanabhdasa Balaram Varma
H. H. The Maharaja of Darbhanga
Shri C. D. Deshmukh
Dr. Panjabrao Deshmukh
Dr. Kailasnath Katju
Shri B. K. Mukherjee
Shri Justice P. V. Rajamannar
Dr. Sampurnanand
Pt. Ravishankar Shukla
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4: Sanskrit Vishva Parishad Hon. Professors (Full Time)

1. Acharya Panditraj, T. A. V. Dikshitar, Jt. Gen. Secretary and All-India Professor of Sanskrit, Vishva Parishad.
2. Prof. S. B. Warnekar, M.A., Kavyatirth, Organising Secretary and All-India Professor of Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.
3. Shri Gopikrishna Dwivedi, Sahityacharya, Asst. Secretary of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad for Madhya Pradesh.
4. Prof. K. M. Dwivedi, Hon. Professor for Orissa.

Sanskrit Vishva Parishad Hon. Professors (Part Time)

1. Prof. K. Vasudeo Shastry, Rajampet, for Andhra.
2. Prof. Jiveshwar Varma, Gauhati, for Assam.
3. Prof. Durgamohan Bhattacharya, Calcutta, for Bengal.
4. Prof. Nalin Bhatta, M.A., Bombay, for Gujarat.
5. Pandit Balram Panikkar, Trivandrum, for Kerala.
6. Prof. Prabhudayalu Agnihotri, Jubbulpore, for M.P.
7. Prof. Vasant Gadgil, Visharad, Poona, for Maharashtra and Marathavada.
8. Prof. Satya Pal Sharma, M.A., Vedasiromani, Mysore, for Mysore, Karnatak and Hyderabad States.
9. Prof. Hansraj Agarwal, M.A., P.E.S., Ludhiana, for the Punjab, PEPSU, Himachal Pradesh, Delhi and Jammu & Kashmir.
10. Prof. Narmadashankar Raval for Saurashtra and Cutch.
11. Prof. Ananta Shastri Phadke, Banaras, for Eastern Districts of U.P.
12. Prof. Dr. Dharmendranath nath Shastri, Meerut for Eastern Districts of U.P.
13. Prof. K. A. Subramaniya Iyer, Lucknow for Uttar Pradesh.
14. Prof. Prabhakar Mishra Acharya, Jhansi for Bundhelkhand and Vindhya Pradesh.

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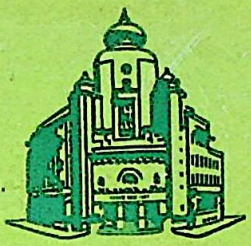
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No. 8

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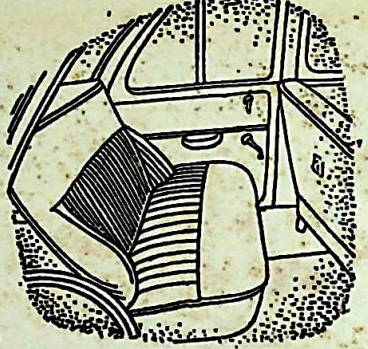
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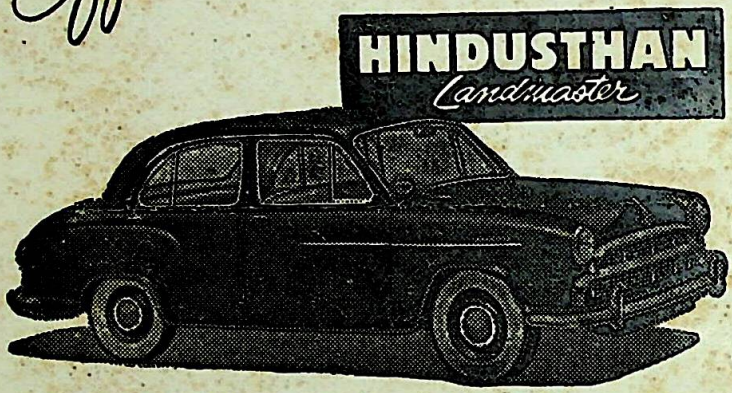
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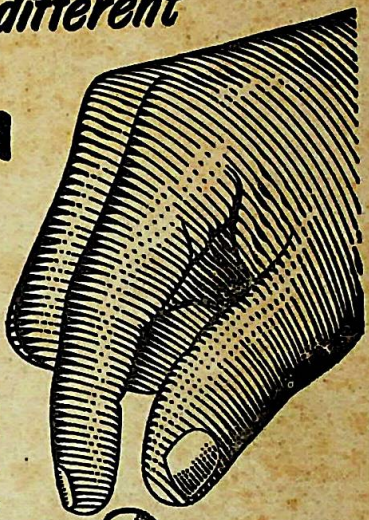
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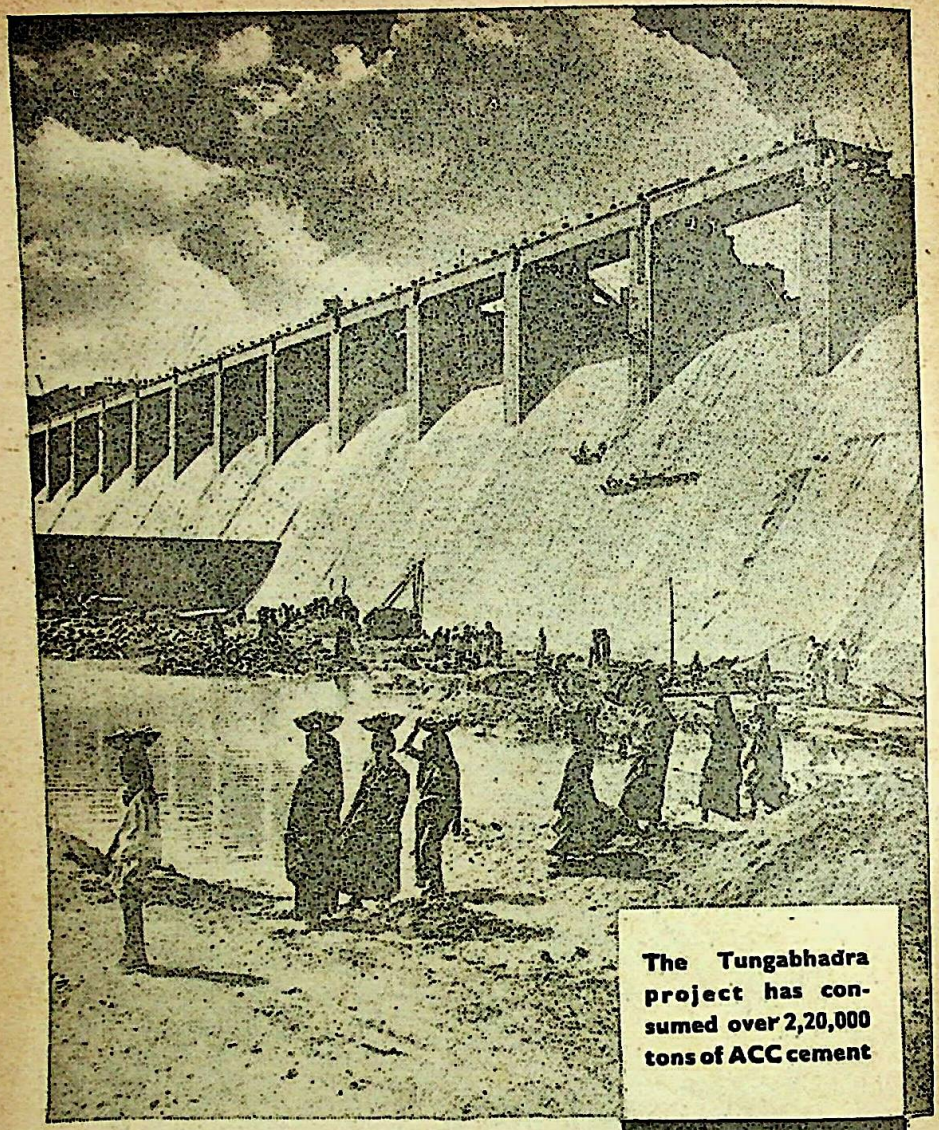
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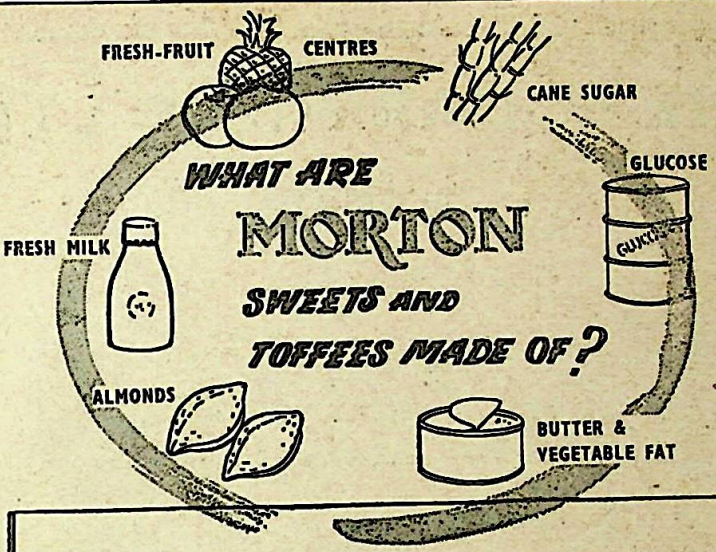
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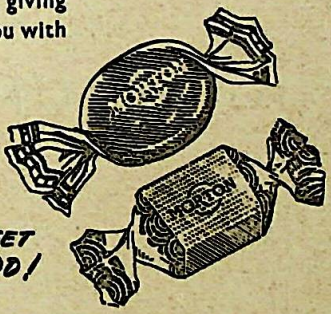
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 8] [NOVEMBER 20, 1955

THE MORAL LAW

मधु वाता ऋतायते
मधु क्षरन्ति सिन्धवः
माध्वीर्नः सन्त्वोषधीः।
मधु नक्तमुतोषसो
मधुमत्पार्थिवं रजः
मधुद्यौरस्तु नः पिता॥
मधुमान्नो वनस्पतिः
मधुमानस्तु सूर्यः
माध्वीर्गावो भवन्तु नः॥

Sweet do the winds become unto him who desires to abide by the Moral Law; sweet do the streams flow for him; even so, may the herbs be sweet unto us; may night be sweet and dawn also sweet unto us; may the region of Earth be sweet and also Heaven, our father; may the sylvan god be sweet unto us; may the sun be sweet and sweet may our kine become.

Rigveda.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 88

★ Living on Rails ★ The Sarnath Buddha
★ The Flooded Districts

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow,
November 20, 1955.

My Young Friend,

I HAVE been fourteen days on rails. Do you know what that means? It means a fascinating change in your life. Your bedroom, bath-room, dining-room and office are compressed into a few square feet of space. What a small space do we really need!

Day after day you spend your time passing through green fields and flooded river-banks. You halt at stations amidst clattering wheels and puffing engines. Now and then, when the train stops at a station, you are surrounded by the clatter of voices—the shrill impatient cries of ladies, the shouts of men and the laughter of children—all anxious to board a train or to get out of it.

The peace of your nights is shattered by piercing shrieks which passing engines emit from their whistles—urgent, pained or frightened.

Living night and day in the train, you are at first disturbed by these unfamiliar sights and sounds, but gradually they sink into your senses and you forget about them. Like the music of the spheres, this music as of a disturbed soul, becomes part of your existence.

Then there is the ceaseless patter of the rain; the sudden gusts of wind which may bring streams of water through your closed windows; the difficulty of not stumbling over each other in the narrow passages, even though we were only two; the waiters struggling in the narrow space between the chairs to serve you in orthodox European style. It is a new life indeed!

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☆

I prefaced my tour of the flood-affected areas in the Eastern districts of Uttar Pradesh by a visit to Sarnath. The place was being put into shape for next year's celebrations which are connected with the 2500th birth anniversary of Lord Buddha.

At Mulagandhakutivihara I paid my homage to His relics. Then I went over the ground which was once that Deer Park where the Lord delivered his first sermon to his four disciples, and set the wheel of righteousness revolving.

I visited the original site of the Asoka Pillar with the lion capital, which is now in the Museum at Sarnath. The remains of the column are still lying there. I also saw the place where the famous image of the Sarnath Buddha had first been installed.

I then paid a visit to the ancient shrine of Sarnath, the name of which is derived from Saranganath—the Lord of the Deer. The place where it stands is picturesque. The tank in front has been re-excavated by villagers by *shramdan*, but the old temple is sadly neglected.

Then we visited the Sarnath Museum and were photographed at the feet of the famous giant statue of Buddha which was dedicated by Friar Bala. Then I stood before that wonderful image of the Sarnath Buddha and gazed at it in admiration.

I was struck by the purity of its lines which are so human, yet without any earthly taint. It is like a full-blown lotus in its delicacy and linear grace.

The eyes, perfect in shape, are closed in contemplation of a beauty which cannot be seen by mortal eyes. The eyelids look sensitive enough to open at any moment. The mouth, so delicately shaped, is lovely. It is not the face of an ascetic, nor of a man of learning, nor even of a handsome lover. It is more eloquent than the words of noble meaning which issued from it. And with its hint of a smile, it glows with the light of a fadeless joyous serenity.

It has a surpassing tenderness which is neither pity, nor compassion, such as we dream of as having been on the face of a long-lost loving mother. It speaks in sweet and silent accents of a bliss, self-experienced, yet infectious.

As I looked at the face, the lips seemed to me to part in a half-smile. The eyelids flickered, and the music of a world which knows no sorrow was about me.

☆

After a short visit to Delhi and Lucknow, we left on the 28th of August for Balrampur in the Gonda district, where we were to be the guests of the Maharaja of Balrampur, once one of the big Taluqdars of Uttar Pradesh. A very generous man, he has endowed a splendid

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College, one of the few to which I have been able to give affiliation with real pleasure. It is well-housed, well-financed, well-furnished—none of which characteristics are usually to be found with new Colleges in Uttar Pradesh.

Balrampur, the seat of the Maharaja and his ancestors, is only a small town, but it is very well laid out and can boast of some fine buildings. Though his *taluqdari* is gone, the Maharaja takes pride in the town and continues to give generously for the maintenance of its charm. It is a pity that such places as this, which are well-built and laid-out, should fall on evil days. The handsome buildings should be utilised for educational and other purposes.

Incidentally, I was surprised to find that the Maharaja is descended from Somavamshi Mansukhmate, the ruler of Pavagarh in Gujarat. One of his adventurous ancestors, who was entrusted with the task of clearing the eastern districts of forests by the Sultan of Delhi did his job so well that he was allowed to rule over what he had reclaimed.

It is wonderful how in strange places throughout India we may still see the interweaving of old traditions in a single network.

On the 29th we went to Sravasti, where, for twenty-five years, Lord Buddha spent four months of every year.

It is also a sacred place associated with Lord Mahavir. Being one of the chief places of Buddhistic pilgrimage, the roads are being repaired, jungles cleared and dharmashalas built for the pilgrims who will come next year to visit the shrines.

We left the main road on an elephant and went round the sacred spots associated with the ruins of the old monastery. I should have liked to go across to visit the ruins of another monastery which Lord Mahavir used to visit, but as we crossed the rice fields, our elephant trumpeted a deep note of refusal and declined to put his foot further forward. He sensed a danger which we could not see and so we returned.



The eastern districts of Uttar Pradesh, bounded in the North by Nepal and in the South by the river Ghagra are the drainage area of the Himalayas, still in the process of geological formation. The rain that falls on the Himalayas runs down over this area through hundreds of little *nalas* and streams and scores of rivulets and in the monsoon their waters pour into rivers such as the Rapti, which empties itself into the Ghagra; and Ghagra in its turn joins the Ganga to make it mightier than ever.

Because of heavy rainfall in Nepal and the adjacent districts during the last few days of July, all these channels overflowed their banks. The rivers were flooded, the overflow could find no escape

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and miles of rural areas came under water. Roads and bunds were breached and a large number of houses collapsed. Many villages came to be eroded: quite a number were marooned and people had to be rescued from them with great difficulty.

When the rains came the calamity must have been overwhelming. Imagine for a moment: The family has just risen from its evening meal. The rains begin to pour down in torrents. The roof leaks; the lights go off; the cattle have to be brought into the house out of the deluge. After a time the incessant rain penetrates through the mudwalls of the house. Men, women and children fly from it with the cattle and all their belongings. The downpour continues with ever-increasing ferocity. Roads and gullies are flooded: the rivers rise apace. Village sites are already under water and hundreds of villagers, unable to escape in time, climb shivering to tree-tops to share their hospitality with cobras.

Though the floods had been receding for a month, the towns of Gonda, Basti and Gorakhpur were still heavily water-logged and parts of Basti and Gorakhpur appeared more like houses built in the middle of a river than on land. At all times their open drains are filthy; now they were water-logged and would remain so for months.

On the 30th of August we came to the very heavily affected district of Basti. In the morning we went to the village which contains the ancient shrine of Bhadesharnath. The destitute populations of the flooded villages turned out in large numbers. Kuano, ordinarily a small rivulet, had overflown its banks and looked like the Ganga.

By means of motor-launches and with some difficulty we reached the flood-affected village of Jogipur. Men, women and children had collected there from the surrounding country.

Apart from the floods, the condition of these villages shocked me beyond words. Few of the men had anything to wear but a narrow loincloth and the women possessed one sari apiece and no more. The children had nothing on at all. The eyes of most of them were afflicted by trachoma or some other disease and they had never been to school.

After distributing clothes and other necessities, our party re-embarked in the launches and went down-stream to another village, again the home of poverty and hopelessness. After that, village after village told the same story!

On the afternoon of the 31st we went to the Nadua Camp, where two thousand people from the flooded villages had collected to receive their weekly rations. Here again, there was a distribution of clothes.

On the night of 29th July, for instance, the Rapti, normally a shal-

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low river but now in angry flood, breaks through the Nadua Bund in Gorakhpur. That same night, seven hundred men of the army and the police reach the spot in jeeps. Sandbags are improvised and heaped against the bund and they work in the dark till break of dawn. In the unceasing rain the lights they have brought with them are extinguished. The rains, however, continue to lash the bund in fury. The villagers, wise in experience, seek safety in flight. Next day, the bund gives way and fifty villages are inundated.

In many parts of these districts the situation is the same. Families and their cattle seek asylum with hospitable neighbours. For a day or two they have no food and no fodder. Then the administration springs into activity. Boats are despatched to rescue marooned villagers. Relief camps are organised, where the Health Department and the Red Cross Society set up stalls for medical and health services and free food, clothing, milk powder and multi-vitamin tablets are distributed amongst the sufferers.

★

On September 1st I visited two well-organised camps in Gorakhpur, one housed in the University building, the other in the Gurkha Recruiting Centre. Between them they had given hospitality to about seven hundred persons and their cattle. Shri Hanumanprasad Poddar, of the Gita Press, Gorakhpur, had been supplying free food to these camps. Provision had also been made by Government for medical attendance and the supply of clothes. The women in the Camps were being trained in spinning, and primary classes had been opened for children. There were also community prayers. But the direst poverty was writ on every man, woman and child.

The same day I paid a visit to Kushinagar, visiting Hatimpur Centre in the Deoria district.

In the evening of the 1st of September, we went by a rail-car to Ghun Ghun Kotha and Manjharia villages. The people from several places round had come there for rations, clothes and medical treatment. In this area, the swollen Rapti and Rohin rivers had met to form an eleven mile expanse of water and we saw several villages heavily eroded by the floods. These two rivers had changed course and as a result twenty-eight villages in the district had lost all their agricultural and pasture lands.

How to find suitable land for the rehabilitation of the displaced villagers is the most difficult part of the problem of floods. The district is over-populated and there is hardly any vacant land for fresh village sites. Rivers have shifted their courses; villages have been submerged; at the same time new lands have appeared in the villages on the opposite bank. This is sure to lead to all kinds of conflict.

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These districts are proverbially poverty-stricken and prolific. Poor in physique, afflicted by disease, always on the verge of starvation and wretched beyond words, these men, women and children, battling against nature, cling to their tiny farms, for want of anything else for them to do. There is so much water and so little of cleanliness. Oh God! when will these conditions improve? When will such parts of the country change?

When I went to these districts there was a hope that some of the crops might be saved. But in September, floods came again and I am told that those that were standing were all but destroyed.

We are passing through strange times. Floods have inundated at most the whole of North India from the Punjab to Bengal and from Delhi to Bengal. They have raised tremendous problems and put the energy and resources of our people to a supreme test.

Our planners have done the wisest thing in concentrating first on the prosperity of the rural areas for the hopes of ten million people rest on it, and with it the hope of a great future for us all.

Yours sincerely,

Rajendra Prasad

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—
strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.
Give me the strength to bear my joys and sorrows.
Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.
Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.
Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.
And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

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LORD WHO NEVER FAILS

Sri Vedanta Desika

Sri Desika is a major Vaishnavite Acharya who lived between 1268 and 1369 A.D. He has written a number of works, comprising philosophy, religion, etc. He spurned riches and royalty. The following is a selection from his 'Achyutashtaka', which is typical of his philosophy.

O LORD, Who never fails His worshippers! You are the ultimate rest of all the Vedas, the Inner Soul of all the gods, the source of all fruits, One Who is equal towards all people.

O Lord, Who never fails His servants! You are the safest boat in the deep sea of Samsara, the boat at whose helm sits your own Will (to help), the boat which is propelled by yourself with the wind of your own compassion.

O Lord, Who never fails his worshippers! Those who have known their own and others' natures, follow you, their Lord, in their conduct, and are compassionate, never give up the attitude of friendliness towards all people.

O Lord, Who never fails His servants! The evils born of delusion, like pride, infatuation, jealousy, intolerance, vanity, detraction, fear, anger and avarice, are not seen in your devotees.

O Lord, Who never fails to protect those who seek refuge in You! Free from enmity to any, upholding the eternal Dharmas, bereft of mundane attachments—your devotees attain You, Who are hard to be attained by others.

O Achyuta! Your devotees, full of the pleasure of serving you, still keep their bodies alive for long, in the desire and yearning for saving all people, being so appointed by You, though they are anxious for their own deliverance too.

O Achyuta! As a mother her child, lift me up who am overpowered by the sensual pleasures and am sinking in the whirlpool of the ocean of Samsara, and you yourself treat me with what is wholesome.

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Jawaharlal Nehru

THE BEAST IN MAN

On November 14th the nation celebrated the 66th birthday of our Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Here, in this article, which is a summary of a speech made by him recently at Delhi, is summed a great problem in his inimitable manner.

THE machine, various scientific discoveries and their applications have made the world of today an age of potential, if not actual, abundance. There is no need for conflicts in the world. When we can easily produce enough to go round and more, it seems rather odd to have these conflicts. If there is to be any competition, let it be a competition, a friendly rivalry, as to who could do more good to humanity.

How much good could be done to humanity if the efforts of all the people in the world today and the resources were diverted entirely to peaceful objects and not armaments and the like! It is obvious that the face of the world will immediately change, once all the tremendous activity and resources are diverted to the promotion of peace and prosperity in the world. The basis of conflict will go too. That kind of friendly rivalry will be an inducement for greater effort. Whoever does best, wins the prize in the minds and hearts of the people.

The world today has to find a balance between the God and the devil in the big machine, extricate the god-like qualities in it and not allow the devilish qualities to overcome us. We are living in an age of rapid change, in an age when enormous power is at the disposal of man. We cannot run away from the machine which is inevitable because only the machine can solve the problems of today. If we have to have the machine, then we must have the latest and best machines, technologically and otherwise.

But the machine is surely for the betterment of human beings. If by any chance, the machine, instead of bettering the lot of human beings, brings suffering and misery to them, we will lose in every direction. The only way, therefore, in which the machine can be

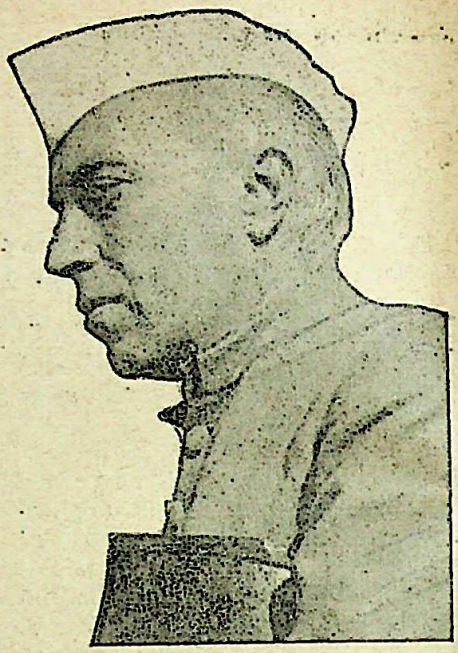
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tolerated is if it is allied to humanism, tolerance and compassion. Otherwise, the machine will cause havoc as during wars, when the machine or the military mind, which is just another word for the machine or the one-track mind, dominates.

While the more advanced countries, having satisfied the primary needs of their people—food, clothing, housing, etc.—are thinking of other things, India and other countries in Asia and Africa have still to satisfy those primary needs of the people. The fact that the countries of Asia and Africa have necessarily to think of their primary needs, while the countries of Europe and America have satisfied those needs by and large makes a great deal of difference in the approach of the people of Asia and Africa and the approach of those other countries.

While we have to keep certain ideals and objectives in view, ultimately everything has to be measured by the test how far it has satisfied the primary needs of the people. I have no doubt that India will be able to make progress and satisfy the primary needs of food, housing, clothing, education and health, which every person must have.

And yet while we think in terms of atomic power, there is a mentality of an eye-for-an-eye and a



tooth-for-a-tooth. How far that is good or not, it is not for me to say. But it has no place in the modern world. I am speaking strictly practically. That is a stage of the beast and not of human beings. Every civilized human being is partially a beast too.

We are all a combination of good and bad, of the beast and of something that is divine. The point is whether there is any necessity today for the beast to function quite so obviously and aggressively in international and national affairs where there ought to be no necessity for it to function so.

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S. Radhakrishnan

The Adventure of Peace

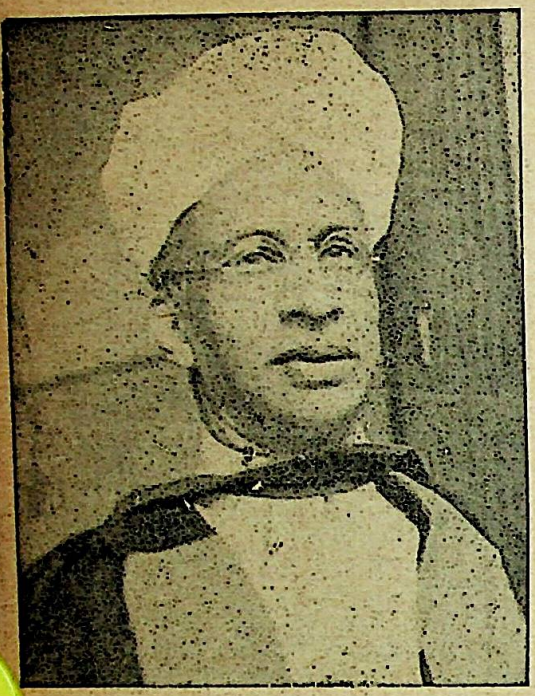
ON a world filled with anger and hate, where we look in vain for a smile of humanity, for a sigh of understanding, we must turn back to that fundamental religion of spirit which is neither Eastern nor Western but universal, if we are to bring to our task a little hope, a little charity. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it." Unless we have a sound attitude of mind, a spiritual philosophy of life, we cannot build anything that will endure. We must adopt the Eastern outlook on life with its faith in the divine possibilities of the human soul, unity of all life and existence and insistence on an active reconciliation of different faiths and cultures so as to promote the unity of mankind.

Man, as the object of scientific enquiry, as fully understandable in terms of race, or heredity, psychoanalysis or economic determinism is neither the true nor the entire human being. He has in him the element of spirit which gives him his uniqueness. No man is the duplicate of his neighbour; no one is a mere example of a class. He is more than the rational historical being. He is a vehicle of the divine. From the spirit in man, his powers and qualities fan out, like the spokes of a wheel to the rim which is his outward form. The closer any thought or action approaches to the centre, the greater is its intensity and the more closely is the diversity integrated into unity. The farther it is from the centre, the wider is its extension, and the looser its integration.

We should look upon apparently conflicting opposites as not fundamentally incompatible but as capable of reconciliation by mutual modification, if necessary. There are two ways of dealing with evil and error, the way of firm resistance, a steady denial, negation; the other is the way of comprehension which enters into the mind of the erring or evil individual and transforms him from within. Psychological conflict as much as physical warfare, darkens the mind both of those who use it and those against whom it is used.

The whole history of Western development, as of any other cultural growth, illustrates how different currents have mingled their waters. Even the so-called heresies which were condemned and

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Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

persecuted have become part of the Western heritage. Though Justinian closed the schools of Athens and did not desire any compromise with neo-Platonism, the latter entered into the stream of Christian thought. St. Augustine's deepest ideas on God and the world were moulded by neo-Platonism. In the Middle Ages, heretical and non-Christians Aristotelianism influenced Christian theology. St. Thomas Aquinas used the foundations of Aristotle for building his revealed theology. Gibbon saw in the history of the Crusades the World's debate, and yet the spirit of Islam has influenced the world's thought. Look at the devastating wars between the rival fanaticisms of Catholicism and Protestantism three centuries back. Their seemingly insoluble conflict has not faded away.

All this teaches us that our enemies are not as black as we paint them when our passions are aroused. A few years ago we hated the Germans and the Japanese. We vowed a Carthaginian peace. We were forbidden to speak even to their children. Now we are on the Rhine as guarantors and friends of the Germans. We have concluded a treaty with Japan. We are now prepared to welcome these "dangerour" people into the family of free nations and harness their dynamic energy for democracy.

History warns us that the present conflict between Marxist logic and missionary fervour on the one side and our zeal for God and man on the other, can also be terminated by a process of understanding and adjustment. If we know only our side of the case—we do not know even that—need we revert to the ancient pattern of self-righteousness, dividing mankind into sheep and goats? Charity is the quality we need most. St. Paul's statement that "We are members one of another" is a true observation as well as a call to a moral order. If we wish to achieve peace we should avoid the passion of self-righteousness which gives to every conflict a

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religious flavour. When a war is of "ideologies", we resolve to win the war even if, in the process, the whole world is ruined. When we fight for a piece of territory, the war will cease when the objective is achieved. If we fight for righteousness, we are dedicated to a war of destruction. The military methods involved in a new war are so disastrously dangerous and the economic, social and cultural consequences of a third world war would be so catastrophic that the winner would be left with nothing but uninhabitable ruins and unalterable misery. Any man in his normal state of mind will shudder at the prospect. We must save mankind from collective suicide.

Mankind is once again standing on the brink of an abyss the depth of which no man can presume to measure. There is a new sense of foreboding, a sense of fatality, of vast masses moving slowly and irresistibly towards a final collision. Let us dedicate our gifts to a reasonable objectivity and sanity in our thinking. Neither the political East nor the political West need imagine that they are the appointed educators of humanity. It is our task, as thinkers above the battle, to act as bridges —when all the bridges are down— not only between East and West but also between the partial and complementary truths buried under the warring philosophies. The spirit of religion is the essence of democracy. Appreciation of differences is a characteristic of both. Democracy functions where people differ and not where they agree.

When the Soviet leaders speak of the co-existence of the two systems, they get behind their doctrinairism and adopt a view which brings them close to Eastern thought. In a lecture to communist leaders, Stalin once said: "If capitalism could adapt its production not to getting maximum profits but to the systematic improvement of the masses of the people, then there would not be any crisis, but then capitalism would not be capitalism." We need not quarrel with words. America, prominent among capitalist countries, is striving to improve the general welfare, not only of the Americans but of the whole world. With lessening of the general tension, the Soviet system itself may undergo radical changes and become a true people's democracy where there will be the freedoms whose lack in Russia we deplore.

The Greek and the barbarian, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Moslem, the Protestant and the Catholic, the Allies and the Axis-powers of the last war have now learnt to live together. It is a matter of no small importance for the peace and advancement of the world that the Communist and the non-Communist should learn to live in this world, if not in harmony, at least in reasonable mutual accommodation. Even in a family, if the husband and the wife can-

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not love each other they learn to put up with each other. If we put up with people, it does not mean that we give in to people. If we have a little more charity, the possibilities of the future seem to be infinite, surpassing all hitherto known forms of adventure.

In this troubled age the responsibility, nay the opportunity, of the leaders of thought is great, for in the long run, ideas, not things, will determine the future of mankind. We have for our motto an ancient text which proclaims that truth will conquer. The spirit of man will prevail, the spirit capable of understanding, endurance and compassion.

(Condensed from his address to the UNESCO Seminar in New Delhi, 1951.)

Take time for work—
It is the price of success.
Take time to think—
It is the source of power.
Take time to play—
It is the secret of youth.
Take time to read—
It is the foundation of wisdom.
Take time to be friendly—
It is the road to happiness.
Take time to dream—
It is hitching your wagon to a star.
Take time to love and be loved—
It is the privilege of the gods.
Take time to look around—
It is too short a day to be selfish.
Take time to laugh—
It is the music of the soul.

—Irish Prayer.

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Swami Ranganathananda

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

SAGE Narada went to the great philosopher Sanatkumara for thorough instruction in the knowledge of Truth.

"Please teach me, O Master", solicited Narada.

The teacher replied, "Tell me what you already know; then I shall teach you further."

Narada replied, "I know what is in the sacred books, the Vedas; I know also many sciences like astronomy etc." and he gave quite a long list of subjects. He concluded, "And yet I am unhappy; there is gnawing sorrow; I am not able to get peace of mind."

He added, "I have heard from great teachers like you that only the *Atmavit*, the knower of the Self, can get rid of sorrow. So take me across the ocean of sorrow."

To this earnest question of a great seeker, who had much knowledge but little peace and who was in search of that higher knowledge, which puts an end to all doubts and sorrows, the great teacher, Sanatkumara, replied:

"You have learned all the Vedas, the sciences, and the arts; but they are merely strings of names, words, mere transformations of sound; you must seek for the meaning behind all sounds, behind even all thought, the supreme truth of Being."

A whole chapter in *Chandogya Upanishad* is an exposition of this great idea, the search for not merely the meaning of words, but the *meaning of meaning* itself.

This is philosophy, *paravidya*, the basis of all forms of knowledge, *Sarvavidya pratistha*, the knowledge of That by which all else is known, and as such synthetic and comprehensive.

★

The Upanishads contain an impressive record of great minds wrestling with the problems of life and existence and arriving at the truth of unity of Being through perfect self-control, concentration, and meditation. Narada as well as modern man illustrate Bertrand Russell's statement that, if there is increase in knowledge without a corresponding increase in wisdom, such increase of knowledge is only an increase of sorrow.

Narada had the urge to go beyond knowledge to wisdom and he pursued that urge with courage and determination. Many others like him had done the same, both men and women. Indian philosophy and culture bear the impress of their passion for truth, comprehensive understanding, and unifying and pacifying love for all man-

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kind. Modern man is just beginning to feel the need to go beyond knowledge to wisdom.

But what is this wisdom? In our country, we have been taught that the nature of wisdom consists in the synthesis of all knowledge, in the awareness of That "by knowing which all else becomes known." It is that total *Weltanshauung* which includes and transcends all relative knowledge contained in science, art, and religion, leading to universality of outlook and unfettered sympathy.

★

The attainment of wisdom is no quick process because it involves a struggle to change human nature itself through the practice of deliberate self-control and self-transcendence *(indriya-samyama* and *tyaga)*.

As an unanchored boat dragged by the wind and tossed by the current gets lost in the turbulent waters, even so, this human personality, when allowed to be carried away by the turbulent senses, and by the mind that follows in their wake, comes face to face with grief and sorrow and spiritual disaster.

The whole of modern civilization is but a palpable reminder to man of this warning that life suffers shipwreck, if there is nothing to check the outward tendencies of the mind and the senses, if it is not anchored in the inner Self, the source of all strength, resource, and joy. This is the great idea that the *Bhagavad Gita* expounds to humanity with much force and lucidity.

Swami Vivekananda taught that, the purpose of religion is to transform man the brute, into man the God. This is not the sphere of science and politics. These do not constitute wisdom and the good life, but only provide the conditions thereof.

"The basis of all systems, social or political", says Swami Vivekananda, "rests upon the goodness of men. No nation is great or good because Parliament enacts this or that, but because its men are great and good ... Religion goes to the root of the matter. If it is right, all is right ... One must admit that law, government, politics are phases not final in any way. There is a goal beyond them where law is not needed ... All great Masters teach the same thing. Christ saw that the basis is not law, that morality and purity are the only strength."

If this message is properly understood, man will be able to grasp the meaning of science and democracy, make the forces they generate his servants, and utilize them to enhance life and build a steady character. And because our country has held on to this message of religion in good and evil fortune, and borne witness to the undying reality in man and nature, that she is able repeatedly to re-build herself whenever there is a sagging of her spirits and a lowering of her ideals.

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Immortal India—32 **J. H. Dave**

BRINDABAN

वर्हापीडं नटवरवपुः कर्णयोः कर्णिकारं
बिभ्रद् वासः कनककपिशं वैजयन्तीं च मालाम्।
रन्ध्रान् वेणोरधरसुधया पूरयन् गोपवृन्दै-
र्वृन्दारण्यं स्वपदरमणं प्राविशद् गीतकीर्तिः॥

—*Bhagavata* 10-21-5.

"Having assumed the form of the Chief Actor, put on the peacock's tail, placed the ornament of Karnikara flowers in the ears, put on the cloth of the golden colour and the garland vaijayanti, filling the cavities of his lute with the nectar of his lips—the celebrated Krishna, along with Gopas entered the forest of holy Basil trees (Brindaban) which had become charming on account of his presence".

ABOUT six miles from Mathura is situated the present town of Brindaban which has been considered as one of holiest places of Hindus since the days of Krishna. *Bhagavata,* 10-11, gives the reason why Nanda and other Gopas shifted from Gokul to Brindaban: "At Gokul there have befallen many calamities afflicting children; we must therefore shift" (*Bh.* 10-11-23).

Brindaban was a place full of cattle, it was a new forest, it had grass, creepers, the holy mount Govardhana, and the sacred bank of river Yamuna. The Gopas shifted there in their bullock-carts, arranged them in the shape of the half-moon and started residing at Brindaban.

At Brindaban there is a curve or the "dragging" of the river Yamuna attributed to Krishna's elder brother Balarama. One version is that while trying to imitate Krishna, he performed his dances with Gopis rather crudely and clumsily; Yamuna taunted him. In rage, he drew the river with a deep furrow of his plough. The other version is that Balarama, fond of sweet liquor, found it on a Kadamba tree. He got intoxicated, desired to take a bath, ordered the river to come near him, and on her failure to come, he dragged her with a furrow of his ploughshare.

Krishna's sports with Radha at Brindaban have been the subject of a vast literature. Poet Jayadeva starts his *Gita Govinda* by saying

राधामाधवयोर्जयन्ति यमुनाकूले रहःकेलयः।

"Victorious are the love sports of Radha and Krishna on the bank of Yamuna".

Radha, according to *Padmapurana,* was found by Vrishabhanu while he was clearing the ground for sacrificial purposes. According to *Brahma Vaivarta,* Radha who

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was residing in Goloka, cursed Sridama to become a demon by name Sankhachuda. She was in turn cursed by him to become a human being. She became the daughter of Vrishabhanu and his wife Kalavati.

She is said to have been born on Sunday, Bhadrapada Shukla 8th. According to certain Puranas, she was not a mistress but the wife of Krishna and *Adi Purana* says that she was married to Krishna on the 3rd of the bright half of Vaishakha in the Rohini Nakshatra. She was Krishna's beloved. She is called Vrindavani, Vrinda and Vrindavana-Vinodini She is considered as one of the Saktis of Vishnu and the deity of prosperity. Vishnu is believed to have assumed the form of Krishna and Lakshmi of Radha. The word Radha is derived from the root *raa,* to give (liberation) and *dhaa,* to run towards Krishna's abode.

This sacred site of the Basil forest or Brindaban has its ancient temples dating from the 16th century A.D. Buddhism did not flourish at this place. Some of the largest temples in North India were built at Brindaban during the last 500 years. The Chief ancient temples are those of Govinda Devaji, Radha Vallabha, Gopinath, Jugalkishore, and Madan Mohan. The Chira-harana Ghat is the place where Krishna is said to have stolen the clothes of the Gopis while they were bathing. The incident is narrated in *Bhagavata,* 10-22.

By now there are more than a thousand temples and 32 ghats in the town which has its Municipality. People start on a pilgrimage of the Vraja and while crossing Yamuna in a boat near Kesighat, they reach Brindaban. Apart from the five ancient temples stated above, there are temples of Rangaji; and those built by Lal Babu, the Maharaja of Gwalior and Shah Biharilal; also the temples of Radha Gopal, Indra Kisor etc. There is also the shrine of the Gopisvara Mahadeva.

Govinda Devaji's red-stone temple is highly impressive and Fergusson says that it is one of those interesting and elegant temples in India from which a European architect might borrow a few hints. Growse describes it as solemn or imposing, instead of calling it elegant and adds that the suggestions to be derived from it are "many" rather than "few". It was built in 1590 A.D. under the directions of the two Gurus Rupa and Sanatana. Originally there was the image of Govinda Devaji, but in anticipation of Aurangzeb's visit the image was removed to Jaipur.

Seth Govinddas and Radhakrishna built the temple of Sri Rangaji of the Ramanuja Sampradaya at a cost of 4½ lacs. It is both spacious and artistic and is constructed in the South Indian Style with Gopuras and the gold-plated *stambha* in front of the deity. In the months of Chaitra and Pausha, there are festivals.

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Brindaban contains various spots like the Kunja gali, the Mana gali, the Dana gali etc. which are supposed to have associations with Krishna's life. Krishna subdued the famous Kaliya Snake at this place. The incident is narrated in *Bhagavata*, 10-16, and Narasimha Mehta's famous song

जलकमल छांडी जाने वाला स्वामी हमारो जागशे
जागशे तने मारश मने वालहत्या लागशे ॥

Krishna had his celebrated Maha Rasa with Gopis at this spot. (*Bhagavata* 10-29 and 33). Regarding this Rasa, Krishna himself says:—

न मय्यावेशितधियां कामः कामाय कल्पते ।
भर्जिता क्वथिता धाना प्रायो बीजाय नेष्यते ॥

—*Bhagavata* 10-32-26

"In case of those who have their minds concentrated on me, their Kama towards me is no Kama or eros at all. Fried or cooked grain can never become a seed."

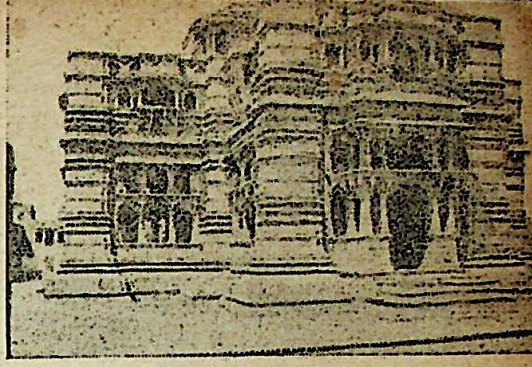
In reply to a relevant question of King Parikshit, Sage Suka concludes by saying:—

विक्रीडितं व्रजवधूभिरिदं च विष्णोः
श्रद्धान्वितोऽनुशृणुयादथ वर्णयेद् यः ।
भक्तिं परां भगवति प्रतिलभ्य कामं
हृद्रोगमाश्वपहिनोत्यचिरेण धीरः ॥

—*Bhagavata* 10-42-40.

"He who hears or describes with faith this sport of the milk-maids of Vraja with Vishnu establishes his firm devotion in the Lord, and this steadfast devotee is immediately enabled to drive out the dirty disease of the heart —namely, sex—passion".

And the conception of Krishna in the minds of those Gopis is also clearly described in *Bhagavata* 10-31-4.



Govindaja's Temple

न खलु गोपिकानन्दनो भवान्
अखिलदेहिनां अन्तरात्मदृक् ।
विखनसार्थितो विश्वगुप्तये
सख उदेयिवान् सात्वतां कुले ॥

"You are not only the loved companion of the Gopikas, but also the inner soul and seer of all creatures. Our friend! You were begged of by Brahma to incarnate yourself for the protection of the world and therefore you have been born in the family of Satwats."

Krishna's famous lute was played at this spot. It maddened the peacocks. Even the deer with their young ones appreciated and worshipped it with their glances of love. Cows drank it with outstretched ears and touched Govinda with tearful eyes. Birds heard it with unwinking eyes. Krishna sang the Samaveda in his flute.

This Brindaban is described by Kalidasa in *Raghuvamsa*, 6-50, as equal to the garden of Kubera.

संभाव्य भर्तारममुं यूनानं
मृदुप्रवालोत्तरपुष्पशय्ये ।
वृन्दावने चैत्ररथादनूने
निर्विश्यतां सुन्दरि ! यौवनश्रीः ॥

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Indumati who is seeing various princes one by one for her *swayamvara* is pointed out Sushena the Ruler of the Surasenas. She is told that if she selected him she would be able to enjoy her youth in Brindaban which was equal to Chaitraratha, the garden of Kubera.

Brindaban is famous for its peacocks and monkeys. There are special endowments for both of them. There are several *chhatras* also for distribution of food. The Muslims tried to rename the town of Brindaban as Muminabad but did not succeed; the old name remains and the muslims have kept out of it.

Nabhaji's *Bhaktamala* written in the reign of Akbar is respected by all sects of Brindaban and it propounds the catholic view that

भक्त-भक्ति-भगवान-गुरु चतुर नाम वपु एक।

The devotee, devotion, the deity and the teacher are all one. There is one God in all creatures and everyone is entitled to the path of devotion.

Brindaban became the centre for the religious and spiritual activities of numerous Vaishnava reformers particularly from the 15th century onwards.

The oldest of the Vaishnava Sampradaya is that of Ramanuja with its great temple at Brindaban of Sri Rangaji. Ramanuja flourished in the 11th century A.D. and established more than 700 maths. His philosophy is known as qualified monism or Visishta Advaita.

The Nimbarka Vishnavas form another important Vaishnava sect at Brindaban. Kesava Kashmiri and Harivyasa Muni were the heads of the lay devotees and the ascetics respectively. They were the contemporaries of Chaitanya and Vallabha. Devotees of this sect perform mainly the Sankirtana and their main centres are at Salimabad and Brindaban. They have a number of temples at Brindaban. Their original founder is called Nimbarka because he once invited a sadhu to dine. The Sun in the meantime had set. The sadhu would eat only when there was day-time. It is said that with the prayers of Nimbarka, the Sun-god obliged them by shining for some time on the Nimba tree under which they were sitting.

Madhva (1199 to 1278) was born at Udipi in South Kanara. He became sannyasin at an early age and had received training in his early days in the system of Sankaracharya. He was very much influenced by the *Bhagavata Purana*. His philosophy is dualistic. There is worship of Krishna but it is without Radha. Madhva is considered as an *avatara* of Vayu. After him came Jayatirtha who became the head of this sect. This school fought bitterly against the school of Sankara.

Bhagavata Purana does not directly mention Radha, though she is recognised in other Puranas. But in *Bhagavata,* Krishna does move with one Gopi more fre-

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quently. The *Gopala Tapaniya Upanishad* contains the account of Radha in detail. Isvara Puri the ascetic of the Madhva School won over Chaitanya to this faith. It was Chaitanya who made Sankirtanas very popular.

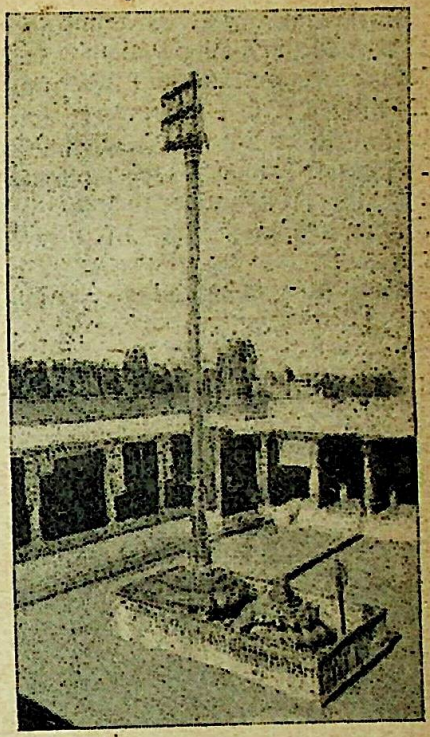
The Vishnuswami sect was eclipsed by those of Vallabha and Chaitanya. Vallabha calls himself the follower of Vishnuswamin. Vallabha is considered as an incarnation of Agni. He places Bhakti on a higher level than Jnana. It comes by the Lord's grace which is called Pushti.

पोषणं तदनुग्रहः ।

—*Bhagavata* 2-10-4.

Radha is the eternal spouse of Krishna. The 4 disciples of Vallabha and other 4 disciples of his son Vitthala—called Ashtachhap—composed religious poetry and they lived near Mathura and Brindaban. Surdas (16th century) and Dayaram (1762-1852) belonged to this school and wrote charming poetry in Hindi and Gujarati respectively.

Chaitanya, though initiated by the Madhva sannyasin Isvara Puri, went beyond the Madhva sect and gave great importance to the worship of Radha. He is influenced by Nimbarka, Madhva, Bhagavata, Jayadeva, Vidyapati and Chandidasa. Rupa, Sanatana, Jiva, Raghunatha Das, Gopala Bhatta and Raghunatha Bhatta were the six leading Goswamis of this sect. Jiva wrote the *Satsandarbha*, a philosophical work. They also wrote



The golden dhwajastambha of Sri Rangaji's Temple.

Mathura-Mahatmya which is part of the *Varaha Purana* and described therein every sacred spot of Mathura and Brindaban. They started annual Ras Lila festival and also the Vraja-Yatra, being a pilgrimage round all the sacred places of Mathura and Brindaban. The Maathura Mandala is described as having 20 Yojanas and a bath in this place is said to destroy all sins.

विंशति योजनानां तु माथुरं मण्डलं स्मृतम् ।
यत्र तत्र नरः स्नात्वा मुच्यते सर्वपातकैः ॥

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Hari Vamsa or Hit Ji founded in 1585 A.D. the Radha Vallabhi sect. Radha is more important here than Krishna. It is a Sakta sect and is influenced by the Madhva and Nimbarka schools. He founded a temple at Brindaban. Nabhaji's *Bhaktamala* says that Hit Ji was a staunch devotee but that it is difficult to understand at once his method of devotion.

Hari Dasa Swami flourished in the 16th century and he founded the sect of Hari Dasis similar to that of Chaitanya. They have a temple in Brindaban.

Many Vaishnavas in their age of retirement come to and stay at Brindaban for the rest of their lives.

The following is a pada from the *Chaurasi Pada* of Hari Vamsa or Hit Ji.

बनी राधा मोहन की जोरी ।
इन्द्र नीलमणि श्याम मनोहर
सातकुंभ तन गोरी ।
भाल विसाल तिलक हरि कामिनि
चिकुरचंद विचरोरी ।
गज नाइक प्रभु चाल गयंदनि
गति वृषभानु किसोरी ।
नील निचोल जुवति मोहन
पटपेती अरुण सिर षोरी ।
जै श्री हितहरिवंश रसिक
राधापति सुरत रग मै बोरी ॥

"Radha and Krishna make a lovely pair. Krishna is dark and beautiful like Sapphire. Radha's body has the lustre of gold. Hari has tilak on his broad forehead. Lovely Radha has the *Roli* streak in her tresses; the lord moves like a royal elephant, the daughter of Vrishabhanu like an elephant queen. She has a blue garment; he has a yellow garment with a red headdress. Rejoice O Sri Hit Hari Vamsa! Radhi's loving lord is dyed deep with the colour of love."

Love, take me.
Take me, Beauty.
Take me, Earth.
I take you—Love, Earth, Beauty,
I take God.

—Kahlil Gibran.

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LAKSHMI WORSHIP

T. C. Janaki Amma

THE month of Karak (July-August) is one of great significance to the people of Kerala in that it is devoted to the worship of Lakshmi, the Goddess of prosperity, better known as Sri Bhagavati.

This month marks the climax of two and a half months of pouring rain and chill and clammy days. By about this time the usually clean compounds are overrun with wild growth as the monsoon prevents cleaning out of doors. So, in order to keep away the forces of Evil—disease and poverty—special *pujas* are offered to the Goddess of prosperity and Ganesh.

The last day of the month of Mithuna, the month preceding, coincides with the day the sun begins his southern solstice. Before that, all houses in Kerala are given a thorough cleaning. Compounds are cleared of weeds, the lofts and granaries are swept out and pots and pans polished. On the last day, towards evening, one of the servants, usually a casual labourer engaged for the cleaning, fills a broken earthenware pot with some sweepings, thrusts an old broom into it and with a lighted wick runs round the house and leaves it. Jyeshtha Devi (ज्येष्ठा देवी) is supposed to leave with him and he is not expected to enter the house that day. Water is sprinkled on the floor and around the house to purify the place, and the sacred lamp is lit.

The same evening, the other part of the story also is staged—the welcome of the Goddess of prosperity. In the room set apart for Gods—and each home has one such room—elaborate arrangements are made for the reception. The welcome is as to a lady, whose presence gives the house and all its inmates all the good things of life.

Along with the sacred lamp are kept a vessel of water for ablutions, lace-cloth for apparel, a bell-metal mirror, *kumkum* and other

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cosmetics like collyrium for the eyes, a measure of rice and some parched rice, a sacred book and a seat. To wear in her hair, Dasa-pushpa or ten types of herbs are also placed on the plate.

In the next morning after early bath people of the house visit nearby temples and partake of these offerings of the previous night. Ladies wear the herbs on their hair, and read the sacred books, especially the *Ramayana* and *Devi Mahatmya*. This *puja* goes on from seven to thirty days according to local custom.

The *dasapushpa* consists of ten herbs found in Malabar. They are weeds and have no fragrance or beauty to speak of; yet, they are worn usually for the fulfilment of wishes, for the removal of sin and residue of evil that is in man. The verse below gives the names of the herbs.

विष्णुक्रान्ती च वाराही देवी भृंगी शशश्रुती
दुर्वेऽन्द्रवल्ली लक्ष्मी च भद्रा स्पर्शासनेत्यमू ॥

In order of arrangement each of these herbs promises the gift of blessings that devout Hindu ladies ask for the prevention of re-birth, long life for the husband, prosperity, absence of enemies, protection from evil spirits, long life, children, fame and beauty, blessings of lord Siva and removal of sin through the grace of Uma.

These ten herbs also represent the ten deities popularly worshipped and whose blessings would bestow boons which all devout people wish for as listed above: God Vishnu, Kama, Lakshmi, Varuna, Rudra, Brahma, Indra, Krishna, Yama and Parvati, the spouse of Siva. It is assumed that by wearing these in their hair, the ladies get blessings.

In the Ayurvedic system of medicine, these ten herbs are described as very efficacious medicines and it is common knowledge that they protect the user against common diseases.

It is worth noting that this festival emphasises cleanliness, hygiene and environmental sanitation by associating them with religious discipline and observance.

Happiness is neither within us, nor without us; it is in the union of ourselves with God.

—Pascal.

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Origin of *Swaha*

IN the beginning Prajapati created Agni and other subjects. Finding no work whatsoever, Agni kept on worshipping Prajapati for a long time. After that, he ran away sorrowfully.

On seeing this, Prajapati ran after him to stop him from fleeing, but unable to do so, halted on the way. Noticing this, Agni too stopped.

Being tired, Prajapati wiped away the perspiration from his forehead, but the perspiration turned into ghee!

Prajapati wiped out the sweat from the right side of his forehead, considering it to be inauspicious. Consequently, those who have hair in that region, the upward part of which grows upward and the nether portion downward, will be graced by the Elder Lakshmi, i.e. unlucky in life.

Because Prajapati wiped his forehead, no hair grows on that region.

Taking the ghee, got from perspiration, Prajapati went to perform the *homa*. But on the way a doubt arose in his mind whether the ghee got from perspiration was admissible for *homa*. This doubt is the progenitor of the doubts of mankind.

While Prajapati was cogitating thus, an unseen voice commanded him: *"Juhudhi!"* meaning, "Perform *homa* with that ghee."

"Who are you?" asked Prajapati of that voice.

"I am your own voice" it replied.

Afterwards Prajapati performed the *homa* with that ghee with the *mantra* "Swaha". This is the origin of the *mantra* "Swaha".

Whosoever performs *homa* with this knowledge, is vouchsafed the fruits of the *karma*. The object will never fail.

Prajapati understood the command as coming from Narayana, his own Creator. We also perform *homas* to all *devatas* with the *mantra* "Swaha', meaning thereby "You ordered Prajapati to utter that *mantra* in connection with Agni."

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper.

—Francis Bacon

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Swami Sadananda

PARASURAMA AVATARA



THE Haihaya King Arjuna, popularly known as Kartavirya Arjuna worshipped the Vishnu part in Dattatreya and obtained thereby a thousand hands and invincible martial prowess. He secured also the eight great yogic powers, *Anima* and the rest, which enabled him to roam wherever he liked and do whatever he wanted.

Puffed up with pride, he began to lead the life of dissoluteness, sporting with women in rivers which he could convert into lakes by damming the flowing waters with his thousand arms!

Once, while out hunting, he chanced to see the forest-hermitage of Jamadagni, who entertained Arjuna and his retinue royally, because the sage had Kamadhenu, the celestial wish-bestowing cow with him. Arjuna coveted the cow and forcibly took it away to his own capital.

Parasurama, the son of Jamadagni and partial incarnation of Vishnu, had been away from the hermitage at that time, but when he returned, he came to know of what had happened. He became as angry as a wounded cobra and seizing his battle-axe, rushed to Mahishmati, Arjuna's capital and opened fight. Single-handed he destroyed seventeen Akshowhinis of armies and in the end, Kartavirya Arjuna himself.

When he returned to his father with Kamadhenu, and narrated what he had done, the sage said

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that he had committed a sin, because forbearance was the ornament of a Brahmin and that, to expiate the sin, he should go on a pilgrimage with his heart full of devotion to the Lord. Parasurama carried out the advice and returned home after a year.

Again, when he happened to be away from the hermitage for a short while, the sons of Kartavirya Arjuna entered the hermitage with arms and in spite of the entreaties of Renuka, Parasurama's mother, severed the head of Jamadagni who was in meditation by the side of the fire-altar.

Renuka called aloud for Parasurama who rushed to the scene and pursuing the enemy into Mahishmati, killed all the ten thousand sons. He followed it up with going round the whole land twenty-one times, destroying all evil-doing Kshatriyas.

On his return, he replaced his father's severed head upon its trunk and through his own Atma-Sakti, gave life to his father who was then made one of the Sapta Rishis.

Then Parasurama betook himself to the Mahendra hill where he still remains as the embodiment of tranquillity and peace.

Some points in this story are worth examination. We find that Kartavirya Arjuna had obtained his powers only from Mahavishnu, through Dattatreya. Yet, it was Vishnu Himself as Parasurama, that destroyed him, when he misused the powers. The Lord did not interfere till Arjuna did harm to the harmless Jamadagni. That was because there was no need to interfere in the early stage, for, the licentiousness practised by the king would itself remove all his yogic powers in due course! But when he acted unrighteously against the saint, He did interfere, thereby demonstrating once for all that He would not tolerate the misuse of yogic powers by any one. This is to be remembered by all yogis who achieve powers.

The fight between Arjuna and Parasurama is symbolical of the fight between Kama with all its ramifications (the innumerable armies of Arjuna) and Dispassion. Parasurama's battle-axe is the single weapon of Dispassion which can totally cut down all the manifestations of Kama. The tree of Samsara or the Universe which is only the product of Kama—is called Asvattha in the *Bhagavad Gita*, and Lord Krishna's advice is to cleave its branches and cut off its roots by the sword of Dispassion.

Jamadagni's accusation that Parasurama was guilty of sin is justified, because, Parasurama was filled with anger even like a wounded cobra. He was therefore forgetful of his natural duty, as a Brahmin, to establish himself in forbearance. For that purpose, he had to go on a pilgrimage. The continuous self-surrender to the Lord which he

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practised as a pilgrim, changed his nature and he became thenceforth Atma-Conscious or a *Sthita-Prajna,* as such a person is described in the *Gita.* That was the reason why he was not guilty of sin when he fought with the Kshatriyas a second time and uprooted them.

If he had not become a *Sthita-Prajna* he would not have succeeded in giving life to his dead father by uniting his severed head with the trunk.

Lastly, the purpose of the incarnation is also to be noticed. The Kshatriyas are to be the protectors of the Dharma or righteousness. If they themselves destroy the Dharma, who can save the universe other than the Lord Himself?

When Vishnu incarnated Himself as Parasurama, He destroyed only the sinning Kshatriyas. He did not destroy the whole body of Kshatriyas. This is proved by the fact that there still remained many Kshatriyas in the land who went on discharging their function of protecting righteousness. The foremost among them was Visvamitra, whose story is narrated next in the same chapter of the *Bhagavata.* (IX Skandha, 16th chapter).

Not to kill any living thing; not to be tempted to steal other people's property; to speak the truth; to distribute in charity according to one's capacity; not to participate in discussions about other people's wives; to curb the flow of greed; to be meek before teachers; to sympathise with all creatures; to have faith in the 'shastras' and to make no distinction between faith and faith—these are the various paths leading to everlasting Bliss.

—Bhartruhari

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Stops falling hair with two bottles only
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Our Vedic Seers—14 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE JAIMINI

SAGE Jaimini is chiefly remembered as the author and propounder of the Purva Mimamsa Sutras—that part of the six-fold system of Hindu philosophy which lays down precise rules as to the performance of Vedic rites and rituals. Purva Mimamsa means "Prior Enquiry" and is in the nature of an investigation into the real purport of works. In fact, this is a branch of study which is an essential auxiliary to the understanding of Uttara Mimamsa, or "Latter Enquiry" or an investigation into the nature of the Supreme Spirit or Brahman.

Tradition has it that sage Jaimini laid down the rules of the Purva Mimamsa system in pithy and epigrammatical *sutras*. But it is to the *Mahabharata* and the Puranas that we must turn for informative titbits as to the sage's early life and doings.

It is said that he was descended from one Kautsa, himself a great sage. He officiated as a priest in the great Yagna that Yudhishtra performed. We are also informed that upon entering the grand hall specially constructed for the Yagna by Maya, Yudishtra was struck dumb with the ornate opulence of the elaborate arrangements made for the Yaga. His wonder grew when he beheld, before him, seated, the serried ranks of the sages, ready to join in the Sacrifice. Among such distinguished company was our Jaimini. It is for this reason that the *Mahabharata* goes so far as to hail him as the chief of the Assembly. (सभापति.)

The sage is an epic figure. The Anushasana Parva of the *Mahabharata* identifies him with one of the prominent sages who were present on the occasion when Bhisma, in the final agonising moments of his life, lay upon a bed of arrows, so thoughtfully and soothingly improvised for him by a dutiful Arjuna. As the Udgata Priest in the Serpent Sacrifice, performed by the great Janamejaya, Jaimini covered himself with glory. It is believed that he was a devout disciple of one Krishna Dwaipayana of the Sama Vedic persuasion.

From a minute examination of all available literary evidence, both external and internal, provided by his works, it is fairly correct to regard him as having flourished round about 1000 B.C. The various Puranas, *Agni, Brahmanda, Vayu* and *Vishnu* speak with one voice about his great intellectual eminence and about the large and wide circle of close and devoted disciples he had.

The sage had a remarkable output of literary effort to his credit.

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He is reputed to have composed a *Bharata,* quite as famous as, and in some particulars even rivalling, the justly famous work of the same name by the great Vyasa, so much so, we are told, even Vyasa had to take umbrage lest his own fame should suffer. Vyasa, however, commanded Jaimini to destroy his *Bharata* which command he promptly obeyed. But by a piece of sheer lucky accident, Vyasa suffered him to retain a part of the *Bharata* and that explains the existence in our midst today, of the *Jaiminiya Aswamedha,* a fragment of the whole work. In this work, we find treated in great detail, the cruel and inhuman treatment, meted out by the Kauravas to the Pandavas. But this *Jainminiya Aswamedha* is not elevated either to the position of a Maha Purana or Upa Purana. It is in this work that a reference is made to the work of the *Bharata* and the *Bhagwata* in the following words:

भारतं हरिवंशश्च पुत्रदं धनदं भवेत् ।
श्रीमद् भागवतं पुण्यं भुक्तिमुक्तिफलप्रदम् ॥

To this sage is also attributed the authorship of a Samhita, dealing with *karma kanda* (works portion) of the veda. In his चरणव्यूहभाष्य Haridasa refers to this thus: "In राणायनीयशाखा of the सामवेद जैमनीयमिति कंचन नवमं भाग मकरोत् । This *samhita* is popular even today in the Karnatic region.

जैमिनीयब्राह्मण, जैमिनीयोपनित्ब्राह्मण dealing with the Brahmana portion of the *Sama Veda* are some of the sage's other works that are still extant. Of the many other works of which the authorship is credited to him are the following:

1 जैमिनिकोषसूत्र 2 जैमिनिनिघंटु
3 जमिनिपुराण 4 जेष्ठमाह्मात्म्यं
5 जैमिनिभागवत 6 जमिनिभारत
7 जमिनिसूत्र 8 जैमिनिसूत्रकारिका;

It is noteworthy that he is grouped with सुमंतु,-वशंपायन, पुलस्य, and पुलह as among the gifted few who are supposed to have the power to protect people from the destructive influences of thunder and lightning. (वज्रा.)

Vishnu Purana mentions one सुमन्द Sumanda the son of the sage.

It is clear that the sage has in him much historical sense and the knack of the chronicler. We find mention made in the body of his works, of incidents and episodes of an earlier age. These are graphically portrayed. The *Brahmanda Purana* refers to him in terms of the highest respect and veneration. It concurs with the *Vayu Purana* description that he was the disciple of one लांगली. This latter is said to have belonged to the Sama Vedic Persuasion.

Thus Jaimini is a name to reckon with, his Purva Mimamsa Suttras alone ranking him as a rare and gifted seer, drunk deep at the fountain of Vedic wisdom.

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ART ON WHEELS

ENTERPRISING Virginia authorities in U.S. take art to the people instead of waiting for them to come and see it.

Along with the "artmobile"—a miniature museum that hauls a collection of priceless paintings and art objects—comes a man who is probably the world's first combined truck driver and museum curator.

The "curator-driver" has found in his travels around the state for the past year or so that his own deep interest in fine art is shared by many thousands of his fellow citizens.

Technically, the artmobile is a "wing" of the state Museum of Fine Arts and the museum's director conceived the idea of a museum on wheels.

For years, he had been concentrating on methods of bringing art from his state-owned museum to all the people. The city-folks naturally have no trouble—there are good galleries in the major cities, but the rural areas were missing much of the pleasure and inspiration that fine art can bring.

For a long time, boxed exhibitions have been sent out by the museum to schools, colleges, libraries and other organisations for short showings. These were never really satisfactory since they were necessarily limited and were rarely shown to their best advantage for lack of the right facilities for hanging and lighting the pictures.

Hence, the idea for an artmobile. Several of the museum workers got together and designed the proposed vehicle's interior and exterior; mechanical problems of transport, air-conditioning, lighting, arose and were solved on paper. But the cost looked prohibitive. Nonetheless, they persevered. Eventually one museum trustee and one of the local department-stores donated the truck and trailer, and the state Women's Clubs raised $10,000 to finance the project for the first year. The artmobile was ready to roll. But did anyone know a "curator-driver?"

The choice finally narrowed down to the museum's registrar. He had never driven anything that resembled a truck, but he agreed to take instruction at a nearby factory. For five months he shuttled back and forth until he knew almost as much about trucks and motors as he did about art (he had taught children's art classes for years and has an excellent art background despite his comparative youth).

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In October 1953, the artmobile set out on its maiden voyage and was an immediate success. Since then nearly 100,000 people have visited its long, narrow, air-conditioned gallery and, under the guidance of the curator, have learned how the various masterpieces on display were conceived and composed.

The gleaming, aluminium artmobile usually arrives at a scheduled stop early in the morning. Within a short time, the Curator-driver swings some flaps out from the sides of the trailer to form a canopy, pulls others down to cover the wheels and uncover a display, zips out a flight of steps leading to the interior and unfolds a booth from the trailer's rear!

The artmobile is ready for business. Loudspeakers play recorded music to match the exhibition. The Curator either by his explanations in person or through a tape-recorded talk, gives visitors a new insight into this aspect of culture.

Thousands have come again and again to see "The Little Masters" display. But it is for the youngsters that the artmobile has found its greatest use and value. The rolling gallery is open only to children during the morning and afternoon hours. Teachers frequently arrange their classroom schedules to take their pupils to the artmobile when it is parked nearby.

For some it is the first time they have ever been in a picture gallery. Others are more sophisticated. The Curator recalls one case of a seven-year-old girl who looked steadily at one painting and then remarked, "That looks like a Vermier." "You know," he added, "she was absolutely right!"

But the young Curator's favourite story is about an energetic, young lad who bounced into the artmobile hoping to see some motion-pictures. He was only slightly crestfallen when he discovered that the pictures he had come to see didn't move, and soon became absorbed in the paintings and the Curator's stories about them. He was particularly intrigued by the large, typically detailed work entitled. "The Kermess", by Pieter Bruegel the Younger. Finally he burst out: "Did somebody really paint this? Golly! It would take me two years!"

This is art appreciation at perhaps its most enthusiastic, if not its highest level. Yet it is just what the Museum officials are trying to stimulate—by their artmobile—and ultimately through good local museums in many towns.

If, instead of a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give.

—G. Macdonald.

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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

TIRUPATI SESSION

THE Fourth Annual Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad met at Tirupati, Andhra State, on November 11, 1955.

The Parishad was attended by over 1,500 delegates representing all parts of India and thousands of visitors from Andhra, Madras and Mysore States.

The following Resolution was passed unanimously:

"In furtherance of the resolutions passed at the .Somnath, Benaras and Nagpur sessions, this session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parihad welcomes the recognition by several nations of the principle of *Panch Seela* which represents in international affairs, the supremacy of those moral and spiritual values for which India stands and of which Sanskrit is the store-house and medium and draws attention of the Universities of the world to the necessity of taking steps to further the study of Sanskrit in order that moral and spiritual values for which it stands become the effective heritage of all the nations.

"This session urges State Governments and universities to prescribe at high school and early university stages, the compulsory study of Sanskrit so that proper appreciation of the heritage of India might inspire the younger generation to reinforce our national solidarity: to join in developing the culture of India on lines suited to her genius, but so as to meet the demands of modern conditions; to help by upholding the moral and spiritual values for which India stands, so that the conflicts and tensions, of present-day might be replaced by an emotional awareness of human unity based on peace and faith which those values involve.

"This session urges the Government of India to appoint an All-India Board of Sanskrit studies for co-ordinating, standardising and promoting Sanskrit studies all over India. This session urges the Central and State Governments to establish Sanskrit Universities at several centres to which *Pathasalas* could, in their respective regions be affiliated; to make in the Second Five-Year Plan provision for such Universities; for Departments of Sanskrit in universities within their jurisdiction; for grants-in-aid to *Pathasalas;* for a fund to help institutions to collect and publish

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manuscripts; and for a fund to publish critical editions of Sanskrit works; and to appoint a Committee of the following to approach the appropriate authorities: Mr. M. Patanjali Sastri, Chairman, Mr. N. Chandraseskhara Aiyar, Mr. M. Aanantasayanam Iyengar, Bakshi Tekchand, Sardar Panikkar and Mr. J. H. Dave.

"This session resolves to appoint a Committee of the following members to inquire and report on the reorganisation of traditional courses in Sanskrit so as to fit them into a scheme of modern education and create possibilities of a career; to inquire and report on the method of teaching Sanskrit at all stages with special reference to new method of teaching, which is being tried by the Kuppuswami Sastri Research Institute, Pandit Anant Shastri Phadke and others and such other matters as may be germane to the above. Messrs. K. M. Munshi, Chairman and M. Patanjali Sastri, Dr. Sampurnanand, Messrs. B. Gopala Reddi, P. V. Rajamannar, P. Govinda Menon, B. Ramakrishna Rao, C. Subramaniam, Jagat Narain, Panalal Ghose, B. A. Mandloi, H. V. Divatia, R. N. Dandekar, J. H. Dave, K. Chandramouli, Convener and R. P. Naik, Secretary.

"This session places on record its appreciation of the action (1) of the Central Government in convening a conference of University Professors of Sanskrit for discussing Sanskrit education and research in all stages; and of All India Radio in giving place to Sanskrit in their programmes at all stations; (2) Of the Andhra Government for having introduced as a main subject of study in the B.A. course and for having given triple increments to Telugu pandits who have passed the prescribed examinations in Sankrit; (3) Of Madhya Pradesh Government for having established a Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya at Raipur affiliated to the Saugor University; (4) Of the Punjab Government (a) for having announced their intention to establish a Sanskrit University at Kurukshetra; (b) for having upgraded the status of Pandits; (c) for having started a training college for them, (d) for having made graduation in Sanskrit compulsory for lecturers in Hindi and Punjabi and for having provided grant-in-aid to Sanskrit *Pathasalas*; (5) Of Uttar Pradesh Government for having announced their intention to introduce the Banaras Sanskrit University Bill in the session of the U.P. Legislative Assembly; (6) Of the University of Lucknow for having made general Sanskrit a compulsory subject of study for all graduates in arts and (7) of Travancore Dewaswom Board for providing free hostel facilities and special scholarship of a large value for Sanskrit students."

(Full reports of the proceedings of Parishad Session will appear in the next issue).

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Our Fortnightly Profile—33

MARSHAL BULGANIN

NIKOLAI BULGANIN, the Russian Prime Minister, has been described as "the most handsome man" to hold the post since the Russian Revolution which took place thirty-eight years ago. Indeed, when the Comedie Franscaise paid a popular visit to Russia last year, handsome actress Mlle. Bretty was much impressed by Bulganin's looks whom she preferred to call "a real gentleman".

Bulganin, in his well-tailored pinstripe suit, cambric shirt, silk socks, *eau de cologne*, pince-nez and pointed goatee, does not look grim or grave like a Marshal. Of middle height, he is a mild-looking man with ginger-coloured moustaches. Although said to be not given to much talking, his bonhomie is unmistakable. He can smile and jovially too, at the day's end, when the table is cleared except for generously filled glasses.

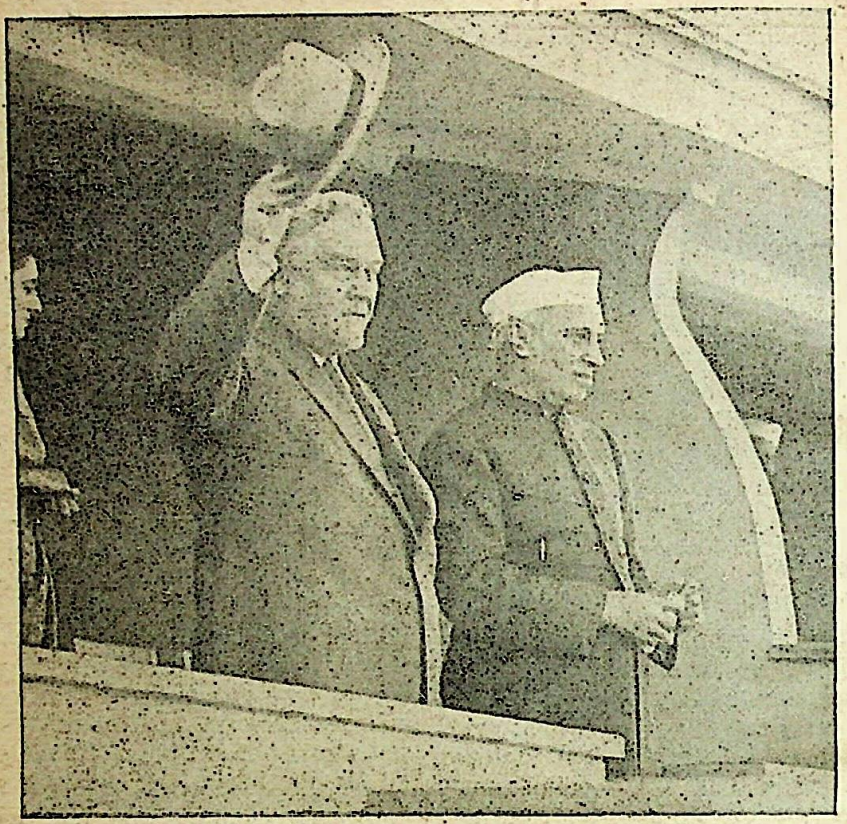
Born in 1895 at Gorki as the son of a clerk, Bulganin had to seek work after a small education. He clerked for a time and then became a textile worker. Came the Revolution and he joined the Bolshevik Party and fought in Siberia. Then he entered the Cheka, the secret police, and subsequently the guerilla forces. Since becoming a member of the Communist Party of Russia in 1917, he has held a variety of important posts.

In 1922 he found scope for his ability in the economic sphere. He held several key-posts connected with the Supreme Economic Council and later, became the head of an electrical manufacturing organization. Another important post he had occupied was as the boss of the Soviet State Bank in which capacity he consolidated the financial resources of his country, and put the system in trim. This earned for him many boquets.

In 1931, Stalin, who had been watching his career, made him Chairman of the Moscow Soviet; and under Stalin's personal direction, he matured as the Vice-Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars.

When war broke out, he was appointed member of the Military Council of the Western Front and by 1944, made full General, crashing right into Russia's Inner War Cabinet, replacing Voroshilov. In 1947, he was made a Marshal, the highest Soviet honour. Bulganin

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Bulganin with Pandit Nehru in a Russian Theatre.

was the recipient of the Order of Lenin in 1931 and the Military Order of Suvarov and Kutuzov in 1943, for his civic and defence work.

It was, however, during the post-war years that Bulganin's star has been running consistently high in the sky. With his natural shrewdness, he has been able correctly to judge men and policies. He has been maintaining an effective liaison between the administration and the army since 1950, when he was made Vice-Premier and Controller and Supervisor of the armament industries. In 1953 he became Defence Minister and after Beria and Malenkov, has become number one through shrewd judgement and sheer efficiency.

Since becoming Premier, Bulga-

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nin has been reorientating Russia's foreign policy, so as to fall in line with the trends of the times. His visit to the foreign capitals are straws in the wind. His utterances no less than those of Krushchev have the ring of sincerity in their desire to break the ice of suspicion and distrust, on the part of the big Western Powers. Apparently the Iron Curtain for once is being rung down. Towards this end, Pandit Nehru's open diplomacy has undoubtedly been catalytic in effect and set the pace, and let us hope that the Geneva spirit will continue and pave the way for a new era of international good-neighbourliness, if not mutual esteem the world over.

It is a happy augury that the end of war-like talk about peace, and belligerent demand for goodwill is giving way to a genuine policy of "live and let live". Humanity is hungering for peace; the cool, refreshing air of peace has just begun to blow; the oppressive fear of war and consequent tension is easing. Marshall Bulganin and his colleagues deserve our thanks and gratitude for their contribution towards this happy consummation.

Let us hope and pray that this is the beginning of the end of distrust and suspicion between man and man, nation and nation, and real enduring world peace, goodwill and amity will soon be an accomplished fact.

Lord, give me
Faith to see
Thy light
When all is dark
And Love
To hold the hand
That breaks
The Furrows
Of the heart.

—Lucia Dunbar

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Animals on Spree

Mohammad Abdullah

Just as human beings, birds, animals and fishes too have their recreations. Some play for themselves and others for their masters. Cats have to play as a part of their profession. Atmospherics excite a few into a spree. Their modes and moods are of great interest to the naturalist. Professor Mohammad Abdullah of Muslim University, Aligarh, has put down his observations in an interesting manner.

THE busy life of ours requires some recreation for oiling the wheels of life. Not only men, but animals too require recreation.

Many animals are fond of games. Some play for their masters, while others for themselves. Their games depend on their habits, whether nocturnal or diurnal. Further, different animals have different tastes, varying degrees of brain-development, and particular requirements. These factors have strong bearing on the games that they play.

Not only the mode of life, but the habitat as well determines the nature of the game. A fish living in the water, a snake crawling over its belly, a bird tearing the air, and a beast conquering the land has its own game. A cat running after a mouse, may indulge in a game, but it is hell for the poor mouse. Frogs at play at night may sing their chorus-song, but surely disturb the student burning the midnight oil.

Animals belonging to the weasel family are active players, and have developed interesting activities. The caperatel, a honey-eating animal of the weasel family, like the polecats, moves in circlets. It goes on moving round and round, till it performs a somersault.

Stoats and ermines are jolly creatures. They come out in groups or singly, and dance in a

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peculiar fashion, often catching small birds of prey. Of the weasel family, the otters are most interesting at play. They play both on land and in water. During winter a group of young otters search out a frozen water-fall, and go ahiking. Often the ice-slope leads to a tank. They glide down and take a plunge in the water, one after the other. This seems to be a favourite recreation with them.

The sporting spirit of animals vary considerably in the different families. Some play with objects, others in company. They exhibit speed, flight, jumping, climbing, diving or crawling, better in a mood of competition.

Birds of course are masters in their aerial mode of life, but they are equally proficient in water or on land. Often the weather stimulates them to play. Gulls are often observed gliding in the sky before a stormy weather. In their aerial manoeuvres they as well as kites and vultures, move up in the sky in formations of circles of varying diameters. It is made more colourful when augmented by other birds, and the game continues for hours on end. Kites are adepts in locating a prey with their minute eyes and keen power of smell. When the game is up they descend in formation.

Rock-pigeons, rooks, and tumbler pigeons often enjoy the "floating game". This is more common in shore-birds. They ascend an enormous height in a spiral and then shoot down to the earth aplomb, crying loudly as if to amuse us with their joke. Parrots are masters in their game. They possess

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an uncanny power of imitation. They can copy the voice of other birds, as well as human voice and exactly reproduce lessons taught by their masters.

It is great fun to watch hen kept hungry for a long time, and released before some food-material. They quarrel like men which we enjoy.

Many birds are stimulated to aquatic demonstration by environment. Yielding to atmospheric conditions, ducks and domestic geese dive in water, running with the powerful strokes of their wings, then suddenly disappearing under water, and appearing somewhere else. It is more difficult however for an overgrown domestic goose, to move with the same rapidity as the water-hen, but nevertheless its speed is quite good for its bulk.

Mammals on the whole are not so agile as birds, because of their less efficient respiration, and low body-temperature. But then there are some mice which suffer from a hereditary type of brain-disease. They are known as walting mice, that move in circles like the birds. It is explained that the disease restricts their locomotion to a rotatory one. But there are "Roedeers" in dense forests that are perfectly alright, and have a similar course. This may involve the recognition of their foot-prints.

Elephants, although becoming gradually rare, are trained to display various games in action. We have observed elephants playing foot-ball with their gigantic legs. They are trained to sit on chairs. A bear was trained to drive motor-bicycle. Dressed in its black suit, moving on the motor-bycycle, it presented a grand show.

Monkeys are by far the most intelligent among the animals. Equipped with a well-developed brain, and anatomy resembling very close to human structure, they approach and exhibit the development of social instinct to a marked degree. They can be trained to perform wonderful jobs. They can dance, typewrite, beg for money, and can do other activities.

The hoofed animals, like cattle are slow-going creatures and have no play-games. They may fight with their horns, but I do not think if it has a sporting effect on the spectators. Their kids are very playful. Like the puppies and lambs, they run, jump and climb. This causes anxiety to their mothers who observe their young ones standing on top of a well, or running over the table tensely. Horses are not very marked in their games. They may indulge in fight with their fellow creatures, or may perform other rough antics, which may be called "Horse-play".

The cat family which includes lions and tigers are highly adapted for predatory mode of life. They have not only to play for themselves, as the poor herbivorous animals do, but to read the

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face of their prey as well. The thought and tricks involved in this job render them more active and intelligent.

A fox hiding in the field, locating the position, path, and possible courses of rabbits feeding nearby, or a cat catching a mouse, employs its imagination and brain, and thus increases its speculative powers. By itself a cat may ignore a bird, playing with itself, but when it becomes a question of competition with say, a dog, it becomes the more active, ferocious, and cunning, to pull down on its rival. The intelligence and interest of the dog in games are less subtle than those of the cat.

Not only terrestial animals, but fishes too have their own sports. It is interesting to watch a trout at play. It will come up at the surface, and then suddenly dart forth to the bottom. The flying fish exocoetus, springs from the surface of water and flies for a pretty long distance over the surface. Many fishes tend to shoot out of water, and stand vertically erect on their tail ends. They remain in this upright position for a moment and they again drop back in the river.

Whenever vanity and gaity, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, extensive diversions, and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral, or political, they will lead us.

—John Quincy Adams.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—7

Serial

THE CURTAIN TELLS A STORY

THE shore which King Vikrama and the boy reached turned out to be an island. Handing over his magic wand and other personal accoutrements to the custody of the ghoul which had become his invisible personal valet, King Vikrama went into the interior taking the boy along with him.

He soon found out that a king by name Shambhunath ruled over it and that, he had an extremely lovely daughter by name Ela and for whose *swayamvara* all the eligible kings and princes of the land had come over. The capital was gaily decorated for the occasion and was humming with activity.

On seeing the gala appearance of the city, King Vikrama too wanted to participate in the function. Being a king without his retinue that he was, he thought of a plan whereby he could make known his identity appropriately. Accordingly he ordered the faithful ghoul to bring valuable gems, pearls, diamonds, rubies, jewelleries and other fascinating ornaments suitable for kings which was instantly done. After entrusting the boy to care of a city-dweller for a consideration, he went to the bazaar, and in one of the cross-roads spread his carpet on which he displayed the valuable gems for sale.

THE STORY SO FAR—

When King Bhoja started ascending the third step of the Divine Throne, the statuette bearing it stopped him and related how King Vikramaditya delivered a brahmin boy from the womb of a whale and how, on his return he landed on an island. Now read:—

Soon crowds gathered round him. The princes who had specially come seeking the hand of Ela, hearing of this merchant and his fabulous wares, swarmed round him. Countless were the purchases. By his miraculous powers, the fake merchant was able not only to satisfy each princely customer, but continued to make the whole lot of them stay around him, unmindful of the purpose of their island-visit.

When, therefore, the time came for the *swayamvara*, the King of the island found the hall deserted; he sent out messengers to fetch the royal suitors but heard, instead,

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how a funny merchant had inveigled them.

The King himself could not contain his desire to visit the merchant and so, postponing the *swayamvara* for a few minutes, went to the square where the merchant was selling his fabulous wares with infinite charm and eloquence. The King too could not resist purchasing a decent lot.

Finding that the crowd had no mind to melt, the king did the wise thing of inviting the merchant too to his palace, to participate in the palace-function of *swayamvara,* of course as a distinguished visitor.

The merchant agreed and collecting his wares, he accompanied the royal troupe to the palace where he was a silent witness to the function.

Princess Ela in her maidenly beauty was bewitching and in the ordinary course, King Vikrama would have been a highly eligible suitor; but in the special circumstances in which he found himself that day, he had to invoke his special powers.

When Princess Ela had gone round the assembly twice with the garland in hand, accompanied by her retinue and was about to enter on the third, King Vikrama spelt certain *mantras* which had been vouchsafed to him by his favourite deity Kali, which immediately attracted Ela towards him.

Ela too felt attracted to this stranger and impelled by a force within her, she moved close to him and garlanded the fake merchant to the astonishment of all kings and princess assembled, and fainted.

There was wide commotion and not a few uttered uncomplimentary remarks about the King's daughter marrying a commoner. King Shambhunath was greatly agitated but put on a brave face till the august visitors departed.

Meanwhile Ela was taken to her bed where, after first-aid, she recovered and saw before her mind's eyes the whole episode and the face of the fabulous merchant. She could not explain his strange attraction, at that time.

King Shambhunath came into her room and seeing her conscious, wanted to express his disapproval of her choice stating "Ah frailty, thy name is woman".

But Ela was quick to perceive what was passing through his mind and said "Father, I don't think I can make a mistake. I am sure the merchant is more than what he looks. I cannot conceive of an ordinary man possessing such fabulous wealth. Something tells me that he comes from a very high royal family and is a person of high attainments. I shall make it all clear to your satisfaction. Will you kindly send him to my apartment tonight, for, after all, he has become my husband?"

"Yes, my dear, I hope you are right", replied the King.

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"Daddy, you, mummy, and others keep listening to our conversation, by posting yourselves round my apartment", said the Princess.

The king agreed and departed.

★

When the king communicated the desire of his daughter that he should visit her apartment that night, the fake merchant smiled within himself that his plans were working satisfactorily, and of course, consented to do so.

Princess Ela, in her wedding dress looked adorable that night as she rose up from her couch to greet her strange husband.

After partaking of the sweets and fruits she held out for him, Vikrama seated himself on a beautifully decorated couch to which the Princess led him. In between them, she laid a curtain and retired to her own couch without a further word.

Vikrama felt that, if he did not make his identity known soon, his stay would become impossible in the palace. For, no commoner however exalted, can hope to get an unreserved respect in a royal household.

Needless to say that the King and a select number of courtiers had posted themselves around the apartment according to plan.

King Vikramaditya, then, invoked the faithful ghoul to perch itself on the curtain before him, invisibly of course, and speak what he wanted. After that, he addressed the curtain:

"Oh, Curtain, this Princess threw the garland round the neck of one who was an innocent spectator and thus married him of her own volition. But now, apparently, she regrets her mistake and that is why she has left him on this couch alone, with none to speak to while the lights are on like day. And, sleep refuses to oblige him. Will you, at least, out of compassion for a desolate soul, entertain him with a story?"

To the astonishment of all ears, the curtain spoke in clear human voice: "Ah, great man! You want me to tell you a story, but hear my own story first. Before becoming a curtain I was in two separate pieces of cloth, which the palace-tailors pieced together and with great effort, decorated to my infinite pain, and now I find myself tied on all fours between you two. What story shall I tell?"

Princess Ela thereupon became enormously interested in the man seated opposite to her, for who could make a curtain speak? So, she immediately undid the chords that pulled about the curtain, which fell down, enabling her to see him face to face.

On seeing this, the fake merchant further addressed the fallen curtain, "Oh Curtain! The lady opposite has apparently been touched by your sorrow and so has released you for the nonce. Won't you oblige her at least, with a story?"

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"Hear, great King, once upon a time a king by name Gaddeswara ruled over Chandragiri. He had a hundred and twenty wives. By the grace of God, his first queen gave birth to a son by name Kantarupa who, like the name, was exceedingly beautiful. He became an adept in all kingly sports as well as studies and when he became twelve years, the royal couple began to worry themselves about a suitable bride for him, who would be his equal in beauty as well as accomplishments. Finding such a combination extremely difficult to find, the king had her son's portrait painted and sent his ministers along with that portrait, to search for a suitable match all over the world. The ministers combed almost all the kingdoms but finding none equal to their prince, encamped on the banks of a lovely tank near Tantrapuri, exhausted and heart-broken.

After a few moments, they perceived another camp on the opposite side of the tank which bore royal signs. On enquiry they learnt that that party belonged to King Mahendra of Maheswarapuri and that they were in search of a suitable match for their princess Kanta-rupi. They too had been combing all the country, carrying the portait of their princess and encamped there, heart-broken.

The desire of both the parties was to see the portrait carried by each other. They were brought and lo! all of them were unanimous that the two perfectly matched!

The ministers of both the Kings, then and there finalised arrangements for the marriage of the two and repaired to Mahendrapuri to consult the bride's father as to other details.

The marriage between Kantarupa and Kanta-rupi was celebrated with great eclat at Mahendrapuri. Almost all the kings of the country were present by invitation and the comforts of the guests were looked after in an exemplary manner.

When all the guests had departed, the bridegroom stayed behind at the bride's place for honey-moon. It was a sight for Gods to see the couple enjoying their married life!

King Mahendra became worried that the evil eye might do harm to the young couple. So he constructed a seven-storied building, on top of which he made the couple stay, far from the ken of human eyes.

But who can avoid destiny? While the young couple were thus having the best time high above the earth, one full-moon night, the divine Seven-Virgins happened to roam in the sky in that part of the city. Roused by curiosity by the seven-storied building, they hovered round it and peered through the balcony of the top-floor, where the princely couple lay asleep on their exquisitely decorated couch.

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On seeing them, the Seven-Virgins became dumb-founded as to whether such a beautiful pair was ever created by Brahma! This wonder soon turned into desire on their part, and so, they carried away Kanta-rupa to their celestial abode, in an attempt to possess him for themselves for ever.

"What happened afterwards I do not know," said the Curtain, "for I do not know it."

On hearing this absorbing story, Princess Ela, and all other invisible ears that listened to it were genuinely disappointed.

The fake merchant Vikrama then intervened: "Oh, Curtain! This is certainly unkind of you. How can you stop at this most interesting place? Please do continue."

Replied the Curtain: "Oh! great King, honestly, this is all that I know of the story. If you want to hear its continuation, please ask the chandelier hanging above, it will oblige you."

The fake merchant took his cue and invoking the ghoul on the chandelier, addressed it: "Oh Chandelier, if you happen to know what happened to Kanta-rupa after he was abducted by the Seven-Virgins, kindly tell me."

The wonder of all those who were hearing, including the Princess, rose to a high pitch. Could ever a curtain and chandelier speak? They awaited in anxious expectation.

[*To be continued.*]

Labour and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.

—Sir Walter Scott



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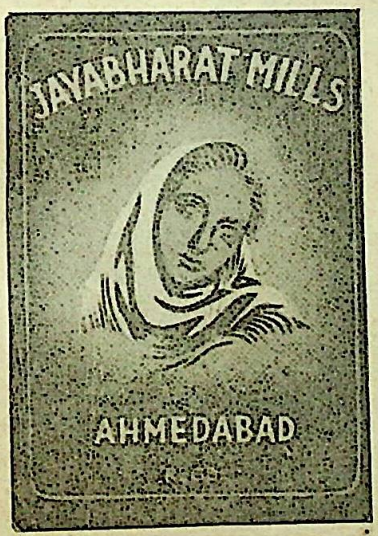


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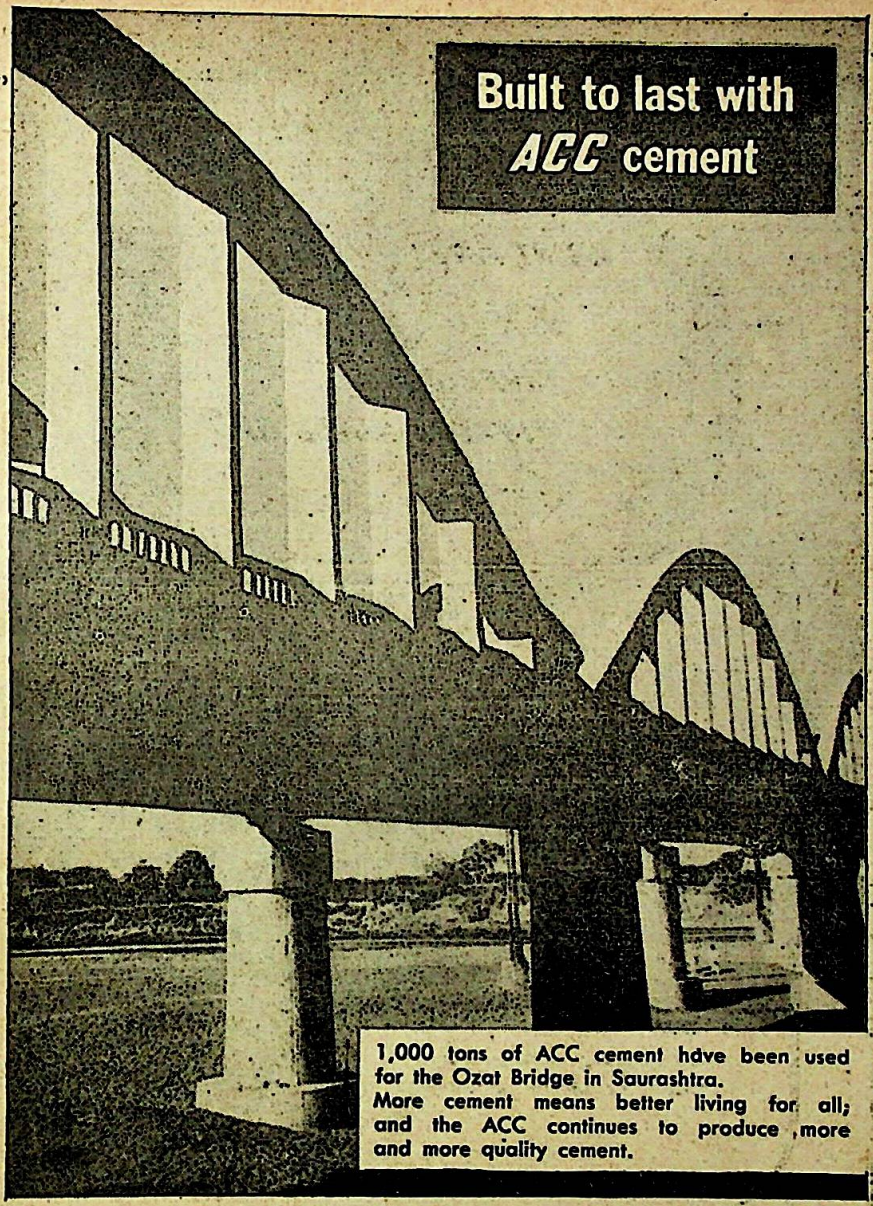
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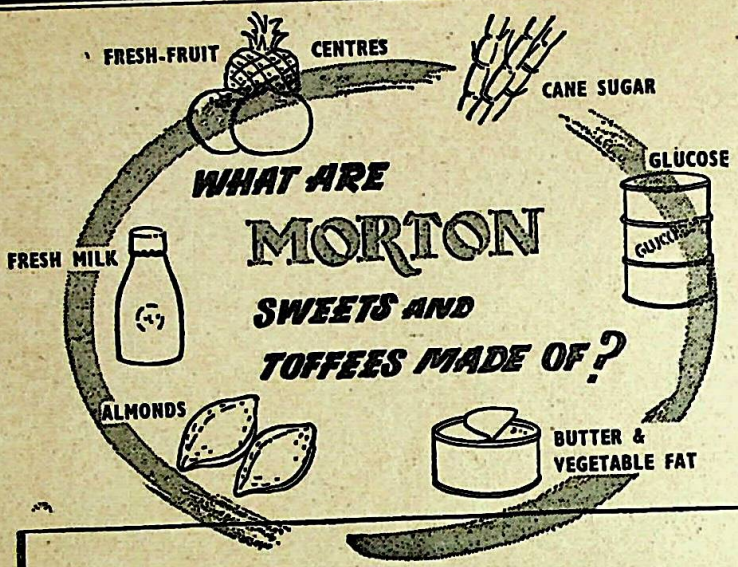


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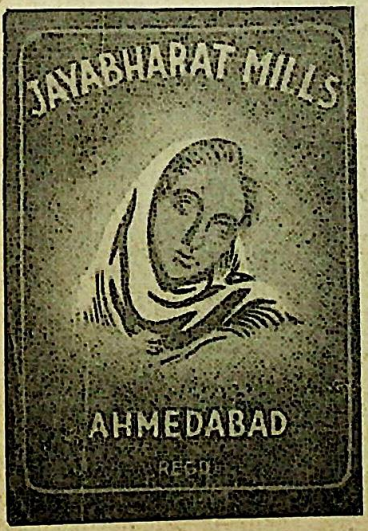
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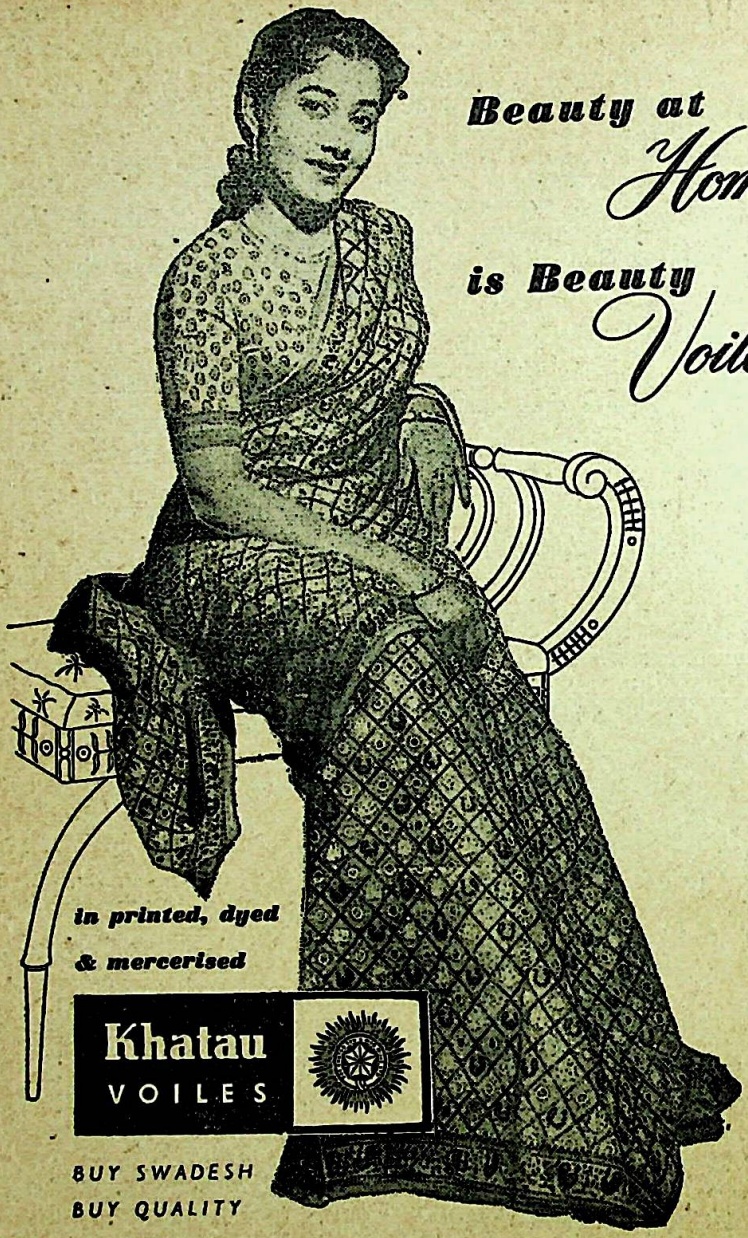
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 9] [DECEMBER 4, 1955

MOTHER EARTH

सत्यं बृहदृतमुग्रं दीक्षा
तपो ब्रह्म यज्ञः पृथिवीं धारयन्ति।
सा नो भूतस्य भव्यस्य पत्नी
उरुं लोकं पृथिवी नः कृणोतु ॥

यां रक्षन्त्यस्वप्ना विश्वदानीं
देवा भूमिं पृथिवीमप्रमादम्।
सा नो मधु प्रियं दुहाम्
अथो उक्षतु वर्चसा ॥

Great Truth, formidable Moral Order, Vow, Penance, Spiritual knowledge, Sacrifice, these sustain the Earth. May that Earth, the mistress of our past as well of our future, make for us a wide world (for our activity).

The wide Earth whom the Gods, sleepless and with care, guard at all times,—may She yield us the things sweet and loveable, and then, let her sprinkle us with lustre.

—Atharva Veda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 89

The "Kachauri" Case ★ The Comic Opera

★ The Happy End ★

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
December 4, 1955.

My Young Friend,

As I promised to you in my Letter No. 87, I resume the narrative of the Ratlam Conspiracy, which I have styled the "Kachauri Case".

The next day we met the accused in the jail, a disgusting and vermin-infested place. They sat huddled together, for they were shivering with cold that winter morning.

The atmosphere in the Court remained the same: the Dewan now and then reading *The Times of India* which he held on his lap below the table, the Home Minister hostile, the Revenue Minister all smiles.

The same evening I gave tea to the local lawyers, who were happy that the ring-fence had been destroyed.

★

As I proceeded with my argument, I referred to the evidence which went to show that the accused were preparing for the violent overthrow of His Highness's Government.

"What were the weapons?", I asked.

"Rifles", returned the advocate of the State.

I asked for an inspection of them, but the Home Minister refused to give it.

The next day, as I had become suspicious, I made a formal application for the inspection of the rifles. I used rather strong language, of which I am sometimes fond, and the Dewan granted the application. The Home Minister also acquiesced in thinking that the Dewan might be prejudiced if the inspection was withheld. The

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Home Minister rose from his chair, caused the bundle of exhibits to be opened and pointed out the weapons.

I walked over to the bundle, picked up one of the guns, held it up for the inspection of the Court and said: "My Lords, you will see that this is a toy-gun of Japanese make and available in the market for a rupee or two. The prosecution has evidently proceeded on the footing that the Court does not know what a 'rifle' means."

The Dewan glanced maliciously at the Home Minister, and "not all the king's horses nor all the king's men" could stop the crowded Court from bursting into laughter.

Encouraged by this discovery I asked for the target and ammunition exhibited in the case. The Home Minister walked up to the bundle of exhibits again and I followed suit. When the bundle was opened, it was seen to contain a heap of burnt match-sticks and a cheap calendar which showed the map of India with the town of Ratlam marked in red. And not a mark on the target to show that any match-stick had touched it!

The situation was becoming comic opera.

The only evidence against another accused, who had been sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment, was that he had drawn the portrait of the first accused. The criticism of the evidence on which this man had been convicted furnished another occasion for a burst of uproarious laughter, which not even the frown of the Home Minister could control.

*

Within two or three days the atmosphere in Ratlam had changed. The lawyers gave me a return party, to which they invited the judges of the Court and several members of the public. The *munim* of my Marwari client also summoned up the courage to give a party and as our car proceeded through the town, it was obliged to stop now and then so that we could be offered *atar*.

On about the fourth day, the Gujarati residents gave us a dinner. Just as we were sitting down to it, someone ran in crying "Shivjibhai has come. Shivjibhai has come. He wants to see Mr. Munshi." A shiver ran down the spine of most of the people present; the Defence Minister had come to arrest me. I told one of my hosts to invite Shivji inside so that he might join us at the dinner. The reply that came back was that as he was not properly dressed, he would like to meet me outside.

Accompanied by Moolji Sheth I went out of the dining hall to find a big motor car standing in front of the gate: near it stood its owner in a *kurta* and a jacket of green velvet. Moolji Sheth whispered in my ear, "Shivjibhai". Though I did not like this visitation, I assumed as cheerful an air as I could and

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walked up to him. "Hallo, Shivji-bhai," I said. "I have been trying to meet you all these days, but never could."

Shivji replied in Gujarati: "Munshiji, I was out on tour. I am very sorry that I could not meet you before."

We walked a few paces away by ourselves. Moolji Sheth stood at a distance, a picture of unhappiness. Shivji looked every inch what he was reputed to be: an ill-educated and egregiously self-important palace favourite. But, for the moment, he appeared deflated.

"Munshiji, please accept my apologies. His Highness has taken me to task for not being hospitable to a distinguished man like you. He says that I have ruined the prestige of Ratlam by my bad manners. You must, therefore, come to tea with me tomorrow."

The next day after Court rose, Shivji's car took me to his richly-furnished house. His welcome, a curious blend of Gujarati warmth and Malvi ceremoniousness, was effusive. Three of us, the host, his *charan* (bard) and myself, all three Gujaratis, sat down in front of tables heavily laden with tea and coffee pots, sweets and fruits. Shivji and the bard were the fans of my historical romances; and they were ecstatic in praise of my heroes and heroines. I had to do my best to look as if I was lapping up their compliments greedily.

The bard then recited a few heroic poems. As we proceeded with our tea, Shivji pressed me to eat one of the *kachauris* which lay on the table in heaps. For years I had not taken the smallest morsel of food between lunch and dinner. I explained to my host how my health would suffer if I broke the rule. But Shivji would not accept a "no". He had the best cook in Rajasthan, a world specialist in the making of *kachauris;* and these he had had specially made for me.

I thought of the men rotting in that vermin-infested jail and decided to eat a *kachauri.* For once, Shivji was right. It was the finest of its kind. But it was flavoured with green chillies and pepper, and I knew that for three days to come my system would be in flames. But duty was duty. "Better to die doing one's duty", Shri Krishna has said, and the lawyer's duty was to save his clients—even by setting fire to his system.

When the bard left us, Shivji-bhai's attitude suddenly changed. He was meek, humble and flattering: "Munshiji, the whole of my life and reputation is in your hands", he said in an appealing voice. "We started this prosecution because the Resident wanted it. I did my best. But now His Highness is very angry with me. The Resident also thinks that I have bungled things and he too is angry with me. People say that I

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am their enemy. Gandhiji thinks that I am a wicked man. Look at this world: I wanted to oblige everybody, but I am now the scapegoat of everyone. Please save me. My life is in your hands." On and on he went in this exaggerated fashion.

"Look here, Shivjibhai", I replied, "I have not come here to harm anyone. I only want justice to be done to my clients. If you leave it to me, I shall see that your reputation does not suffer. On the contrary, the reputation of the Privy Council of Ratlam will be enhanced and so will the reputation of His Highness."

He replied: "Please find a solution." I said, I would. "Will you come to His Highness at midnight? We do not want the Dewan to know anything of this."

"Certainly", I said.

"I will be at the hotel at 11-45 tonight," promised Shivji.

We parted as friends, and he saw me off with many effusive compliments.



At 11.45 Shivji came to the hotel, with his big motor car close-curtained as for the use of *pardanashin* ladies. We drove to the palace, which we entered by a backdoor, and, after climbing up a servants' staircase we found ourselves in the presence of His Highness, who was awaiting me.

He greeted me warmly. Then for about twenty minutes he abused Shivji to both his heart's content and mine. "Shivji is a wicked man", he said. "He has put me into this difficulty. I have always been a good ruler and looked upon my people as my children. But Shivji has ruined me by mismanaging this case. Now the Governor-General is making enquiries into the proceedings. Gandhiji has sent you here. My good name is in the mud."

I did my best to soothe his feelings. I told him that I was in Ratlam to save the accused, but at the same time, I was anxious to save His Highness's reputation.

"If you ask me", I said, "I will give you my frank opinion about the merits of the case. There is no evidence against accused numbers ..... They should be acquitted. The conviction of the rest deserves to be confirmed, but the sentences on accused numbers .... are absurdly heavy. They should be reduced substantially. As regards the rest of the accused, in no event could their sentences be more than three years, in view of the precedent of the Meerut Conspiracy Case. If this is done it would establish that the prosecution was justified and your Court independent."

I do not know whether it was proper for me as counsel for the accused to give my honest opinion about the merits of the case. But if I had to help them at all, that was the only way.

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Then I added: "If Your Highness is anxious to take a parental view of your subjects, the sentences of those who have been convicted for less than three years could be remitted on the birthday of Your Highness's daughter, which falls about a fortnight hence. After a further two months Your Highness's own birthday is going to be celebrated. This is a great occasion on which Your Highness, if you should be so pleased, may exercise the prerogative of mercy. The sentences of the rest can then be remitted. This will bring universal satisfaction. The professional agitator who has advocated some kind of sabotage is an outsider. If your Highness is dissatisfied with him after his sentence is remitted, he can be externed from the State."

His Highness was delighted. While bidding me good-bye he turned to Shivji, saying "Everything Munshiji has said must be carried out."

Shivji folded his hands, bowed low and said: *"Hukum."*



As soon as I got up the next morning I told Shelat to gather all the papers and fling them away.

We went to the Court and I resumed my address. But a miracle had taken place. A magic change had come over the Home Minister. He was all smiles. No sooner did I make a point than he saw it and not only saw it but saw it clearly: "Yes, Mr. Munshi, perfectly right; I see your point," he would say and add "Page so-and-so of the records supports you and so does Exhibit so-and-so."

With visibility thus improved, the Home Minister not only saw point after point but also saw new ones as well. The Dewan was the only person who felt dazed.

The weather and the wind both having turned favourable, my case sailed briskly along with the Home Minister now as my pilot. By the evening we had demolished between us the best part of the prosecution case.

The change had been so sudden and unexpected that when, next day, the lawyer for the State rose to reply, he did not know where he stood. The Home Minister pounced upon him, criticised the prosecution in no uncertain terms and tore the judgment of the Lower Court to shreds. Within two hours the Government Advocate had nothing left to say. His case had been smashed by the Home Minister, or rather, by the *'kachauri'*.

The sudden collapse of the prosecution case had a sensational effect on the town. Many important citizens turned out to meet me and we had quite a crowd to give us a send-off at the Ratlam station when we left for Bombay.

Thus ended the *'kachauri'* case.

The judgment was delivered shortly after. My formula, with appropriate changes, was enshrin-

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ed in the order of the Court. In about three months' time all the accused were free. When Kanaiyalal reported to Gandhiji on the *kachauri* case, he wrote me an exceedingly nice letter.

The professional etiquette in England affords a lady-lawyer to shed tears—of course, professional—to secure a verdict for her client. Why should I not eat a *kachauri* to secure the same result?

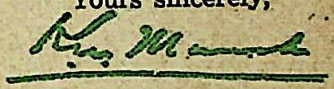
★

The *'kachauri'* case, however, gave me a friend in His Highness, than whom a gentler man it would be difficult to find. Born a polo-player and not a ruler, he had only Shivji as his stand-by in the wilderness of intrigue which surrounded him.

Some little time after the case the Resident directed His Highness to extern Shivji from Ratlam. Heartbroken, Shivji left, came to Bombay and fell seriously ill. Presently, true to his friend, His Highness came to Bombay on a long visit.

A few months later His Highness left Bombay with the dying Shivji in his saloon. The Frontier Mail halted at Ratlam the next morning. Shivji opened his eyes. Regaining consciousness for a moment he asked what station it was. "It is Ratlam" said the nurse. His eyes opened wide. He looked at His Highness, who was standing near him, gave him a smile of affection and devotion, and expired.

Yours sincerely,



What is most profitable? Fellowship with the good. What is the worst thing in the World? The society of evil men. What is greatest loss? Failure in one's duty. Where is the greatest peace? In truth and righteousness. Who is the hero? The man who subdues his senses. Who is best beloved? The faithful wife. What is wealth? Knowledge. What is royalty? Command.

—Bhartruhari

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Sri Ramakrishana Paramahamsa

MEANING OF BHAKTI

BHAKTI is to adore God with body, mind and words. "With body" means, to serve and worship God with one's hands, go to holy places with one's feet, hear the chanting of the name and glories of God with one's ears and behold the divine image with one's eyes. "With minds" means to sing hymns to Him and chant His name and glories.

Devotion as described by Narada is suited to the Kaliyuga. It means to chant constantly the name and glories of God. Let those who have no leisure, worship God at least morning and evening by whole-heartedly chanting His name and clapping their hands.

The "ego" of a devotee begets no pride; it does not create ignorance. On the contrary it helps one to realise God. This ego is no more like the ordinary ego than *hinche* is like ordinary greens. One generally becomes indisposed by eating greens, but *hinche* removes excessive bile; it does one good. Sugar-candy is not like ordinary sweet. Sweets are generally harmful, but sugar-candy removes acidity.

Nishtha leads to *bhakti; bhakti* when mature, becomes *bhava; bhava* when concentrated, becomes *mahabhava;* and last of all is *prema. Prema* is like a cord; by *prema* God is bound to the devotee; He can no longer run away. An ordinary man can at best achieve *bhava.* None but an Ishvarakoti attains *mahabhava* and *prema.* Chaitanyadeva attained them.

What is the meaning of *jnana-yoga?* It is the path by which a man can realise the true nature of his own Self; it is the awareness that Brahman alone is his true nature. Prahlada was sometimes aware of his identity with Brahman. And sometimes he would see that God was one, and he another; at such times he would remain in the mood of *bhakti.*

Hanuman said, "O Rama, sometimes I find that You are the whole and I a part, sometimes that You are the Master, and I Your servant. But O Rama, when I have the Knowledge of Reality, I see that You are I and I am You!"

A man can see God if he unites in himself the force of these three attractions: the attraction of worldly possessions for the worldly man; the husband's attraction for the chaste wife; and the child's attraction for its mother. If you can unite these three forms of love and give it all to God, then you can see him at once.

[From: *Gospel of Ramakrishna*]

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....We have to make our choice.... Shall we give up what is ours.....? If there is any society in the world, it is the Indian society which, through the ages, centuries, has been able to adapt itself to changing conditions, without giving up its fundamental position..... We should be foolish to throw away that heritage.

THE CHOICE BEFORE US

Rajendra Prasad

WE are passing through a stage of transition. All old values and old ideas are more or less in the melting pot. New things, new ideas and conceptions are also equally in the melting pot before us. We have to make our choice, whether we shall stick to our old ways as far as possible, of course, adapting them and adjusting them to modern conditions, or we shall give up what is ours and adopt what is not ours and thus go into wilderness for ages. That is the choice which we have before us.

To every thinking person it should not be a difficult choice to make, to vote in favour of preserving the best that we have and adopting the best that we can get from others. There is a line in Tulsidas which says "Do not accept anything and do not give up anything without clearly understanding it and examining it." That is exactly what we have to do at the present moment.

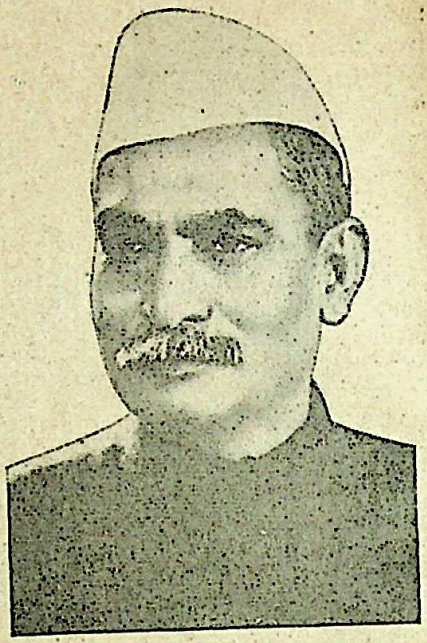
Very often our approach to many questions is to dub them unscientific. Many of our ideas are simply cast aside because they are considered by some people to be unscientific. I do not know if there is anything more unscientific than accepting or rejecting a thing without examining it. And we are at the present moment more or less in a mood of rejecting many things without understanding them, without caring to study them and of accepting other things in their place without at the same time examining or understanding them. That I consider to be the stage of transition.

Our forefathers were wise in establishing institutions and in placing in their hands facilities

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and resources with the help of which they could not only keep up our traditional knowledge and culture, but also in course of time go on adapting them according to the experience freshly gained. And if there is any society in the world, it is the Indian society which, through the ages, centuries, has been able to adapt itself to changing conditions, without giving up its fundamental position and that is why after so many thousands of years we still exist whereas many other nations and civillsations which had their time, are no longer in existence and some knowledge about them can be gathered and gleaned from only books and other records available to-day. This is the great heritage which we in India have, and we should be foolish to throw away that heritage, at any rate, without examining it fully. I have therefore pleaded more than once that there is a great deal in our culture, in our religion and in our mode of life which requires to be studied, to be preserved and propagated also.

Today, we are, of course, carried away by a current. We are trying to adopt things physically, bringing them from other countries and establishing them in our midst. We are now able to see that many of these things which looked so noble and splendid, have not lasted long enough, have not been tested by time, have not had the opportunity of being buffeted by the



Dr. Rajendra Prasad

world during the long period and of surviving these buffets.

In our own country, we have these things which have stood the test of time and experience, and which have still maintained us. Why should we give them up, why should we not try to understand them and adapt them to modern conditions or rather adapt modern conditions to our ideas as far as that is possible? I do not believe that it is not possible, because in the past we have successfully done that, times without number. Whereas in politics and administration we have suffered, we have

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been defeated, we have had our misfortunes but after every misfortune, and after every fall, we have been able to rise.

I would therefore humbly suggest to all well-wishers of the country to give thought to these spiritual values which have been at the basis of our life and culture through centuries and ages and in so doing, we shall be doing only what is the minimum that can be expected of us not only by ourselves but also by the world.

At best we can only be successful imitators of the West and cannot have anything original to contribute to what they have possessed or what they have invented.

But we have something which is absolutely original so far as they are concerned and I am quite sure in my mind that the world needs what we have got and what the rest of the world has not got at present. It is that which we have to preserve and develop and present in a form which will be easily intelligible to the modern world and which modern world can understand and accept. That is the great responsibility which has devolved on us after Independence.

Undoubtedly the same is correct that you cannot have big or high thoughts on an empty stomach. So we are trying our best to fill our stomachs, but we should not be content with filling our stomachs and starving the mind and the spirit. We should fill the stomach but we should also try to fill the mind with noble thoughts and develop that kind of spiritual and moral force which has enabled us even in our difficulties to reach the stage which we have so far reached.

It is really astonishing how soon after Gandhiji's death we have forgotten so many of the things which appeared to us to be absolutely clear and open and almost self-evident while he was living. It is really astonishing how those things now appear not only to require proof but also appear to us to be wrong in many matters. What was the fundamental thing which Gandhiji said? Of course, he has often stressed the importance of the economic condition of the people, removal of hunger and disease; he was not ignorant of or indifferent to all these. In fact he did his best to remove these. But at the same time he built up the whole thing upon the solid foundation of the spirit and morals. This foundation we are not able to see today, but if we build upon it, we shall be able to build correctly and strongly in future.'

[From his speech in Madras on 15-11-55]

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Acharya Vinoba Bhave

LOK RAJYA

Vinoba Bhave

"LOK RAJYA" is far bigger than democracy and is ideally suited to India.

Democracy is based on majority rule, its aims being the greatest good of the greatest number: "Lok Rajya" is different from democracy, as its goal is the highest good of all, that is, "Sarvodaya".

"Lok Rajya" is possible only by giving up violence.

The centre of power in "Lok Rajya" is every village and not New Delhi.

In "Lok Rajya" every village and the weakest man has the same rights as the tallest.

"Lok Rajya" aims at levelling up and not levelling down.

"Lok Rajya" could come into existence only after a peaceful revolution and not by Government legislation.

[From his speech on 26-11-55]

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Pankaj Kumar Roy

EVOLUTION OF BUDDHA-IMAGES

MAHAYANA Buddhism, when it came to play its part, realised this vital drawback of its counterpart, the Early Monastic Buddhism: it understood clearly that no symbol could produce devotional sentiment in the hearts of common men. Symbols could command respect and reverence, but neither complete self-surrender nor devotion. Mahayanism rightly noticed that to worship a superhuman personality like Buddha only through his symbolic representations was not easy for the layman. And that is why the Hindu gods and goddesses are represented both in iconic and aniconic representations from the days of the Indus Valley Culture.

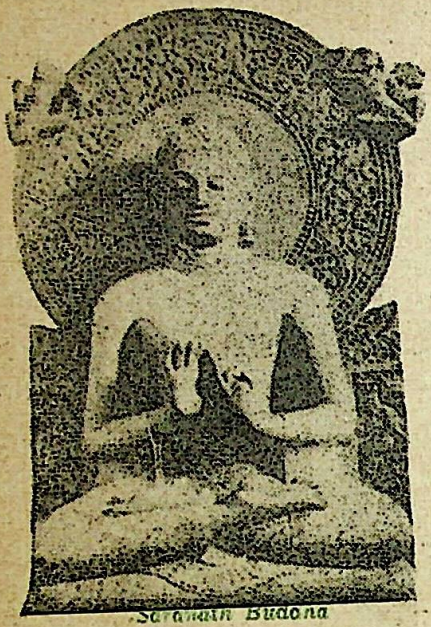
Take for example the case of "Krishna". He is represented both as a "Salagramasila" as well as in anthropomorphic forms. Mahayanists thought the images of the Master would be an example to the devotees reminding them of the stages of Bodhisattva-hood Gautama had to pass to become a Buddha; the services he did to suffering humanity and his sacrifices to free the souls under bondage. Not only would these images be a reminder of Buddha's activities but they also helped men to follow and emulate them, if possible. But above all, a Buddha-image would help the devotee to think that he could also become a Bodhisattva, then a Buddha and attain "Nirvana" by constantly rectifying himself—by living and leading the life of devotion and sacrifice to all men.

Further, a Buddha-image could be worshipped very easily at the devotee's home, requiring no hard and fast rule, and helping him to stop all formalities within the modes of devotion.

These factors played the leading role in the evolution of the Buddha-images. The common worshipper now no longer was required to visit the monasteries, Viharas and the stupas for formal and methodical ovations and prayers. The Master was now before his eyes in all His character-features. Devotion thus naturally welled-up in the sentimental heart of the common man who had for long been under rigorous formalities and this pure devotion led him to the path of complete self-surrender and the forsaking of all worldly bondages.

Two parts of India, Gandhara (the modern Kabul, Peshawar re-

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gion) and Mathura, were the first to originate Buddha-images, almost simultaneously.

Mr. B. Rowland calls the Gandharan art "the official art" of the Kusanas and their successors. The Gandhara school is usually credited with the first representations of the Buddha in anthropomorphic form. The quality of devotion in the later Buddhist sects demanded a representation of the Master in an accessible human form. The earliest Buddha-images were a compound of iconographical and technical formulae....." (Rowland, *Indian Art—Hindu, Buddhist, Jain).*

Usually these images are of three types—Seated Buddha, Standing Buddha and Buddha as the Prince Siddhartha. In the first two types, Buddha is shown wearing a monk's garment (with folds of drapery). Adolescent features, wavy hair, elongated earlobes, "Urna and Ushnisha" as also the definition of the third eye between the eyebrows are the other important features of Gandhara Buddha-images. All these images, according to Mr. Vogel, are shown in relief and never as statues carved in the round. The right hand as a rule is raised to the height of the shoulder; the open palm is turned towards the spectator as expressive of the Master grant of "Abhaya".

In the third type we find a young man in princely garb—turban, jewellery and muslin robe. He is Siddhartha. Another innovation of this art was the continuous representation of the Buddha legend in a series of separate episodes. "The Gandhara reliefs show no less stylistic variety than the statues of Buddha and Bodhisattva..... Gandhara relief sculpture owes its rather puzzling character to the fact that it is technically an impossible mixture of archaic and developed styles of carving", writes Mr. Benzamine Rowland. The carving is characteristic of the isolation of the figures against a plain background, although the forms themselves are related one to another by their postures and gestures. Such legends as the "Presentation of the

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bride to Prince Siddhartha" or "the Nirvana" are only some of the examples of these richly carved relief panels.

Now to the other school of Mathura. "The great period of Mathura's florescence coincides with the great century of Kusana rule under the reigns of Kaniska and his successors and this is exactly contemporary with the Gandhara school" (Rowland). "The most obvious characteristic of the Kusana school in Mathura is the fact, by no means astonishing, that it represents in the main a direct development of the older Indian art of Bharhut and still older art of Besnagar" (Coomaraswamy). Mr. J. P. Vogel also shares the same opinion along with Dr. Mrs. Lohuizen De Llew (authoress of *Scythic Period in Indian History)* and many others.

The Mathura images are usually of red sand-stone; the sculpture is in the round, the head is shaven and never covered with curls, the "usnisa" wherever preserved, in spiral, there is no "urna" and no moustache; the right hand is raised in "abhaya" *mudra,* the left is often clenched and rests on the thigh in seated figures, or in standing figures supports the folds of the robe, the elbow being always at some distance from the body. "The breasts are curiously prominent, though the type is absolutely masculine and the shoulders very broad" (Coomaraswamy). The robe leaves the right shoulder bare—the



Mathura Buddha

drapery moulds the flesh very closely and is arranged in schematic folds; the seat is always a lion throne, while in the case of standing figures there is often a seated lion between the feet. The gesture and features express enormous energy....." (Coomaraswamy).

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"The Buddha already conceived of as a transcendent, almost forced a reliance on preconceived ideals of divine beauty and a dependence or certain superhuman proportions and attributes which would properly assume the image's assuming an appropriately iconic aspect of divine perfection" (Benzamine Rowland).

Mr. Vogel, Foucher and Dr. Mrs. Llew support this view along with many others. According to Mr. Rowland, the eyes of the Mathura Buddhas are fully open, the cheeks round and full, the mouth ample, with lips drawn into a slight smile and the face has a warm, friendly expression. Sculpture in relief under the Kusanas at Mathura is in many respects an outgrowth of the styles of the archaic period, although at the same time it is undoubtedly influenced by innovations from Gandhara, notably in the inclusions of Buddha in anthropomorphic form. This is vouched by Dr. Coomaraswamy, Mr. Vogel, Dr. Nihar Ranjan Ray, Mr. Foucher and others.

Mathura sculptors followed a shorthand manner of presentations by stripping off all details of action and setting from various episodes so that the event is often represented only by the figure of Buddha in characteristic pose and *mudra*.

The Buddha-images of Amaravati in the far south have resemblances to Mathura except the definition of the drapery by a combination of incised lines and overlapping ridges indicating the course of the folds and seams, which are reminiscent of Gandhara Buddha-images. The face of the Amaravati Buddha is oval-shaped.

This process of the evolution of the Buddha-images comes to its fullness in the golden days of the early Imperial Guptas and this classical type is the main source of all later forms both in and beyond the Indian boundaries. "The Gupta type is characterised by its refinement, by a clear delineation and definition of the features, by curly hair, absence of urna, greater variety of mudras, elaborately decorated nimbus, the robe covering one or both shoulders, clearly revealing the figures" (Dr. Coomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art).*

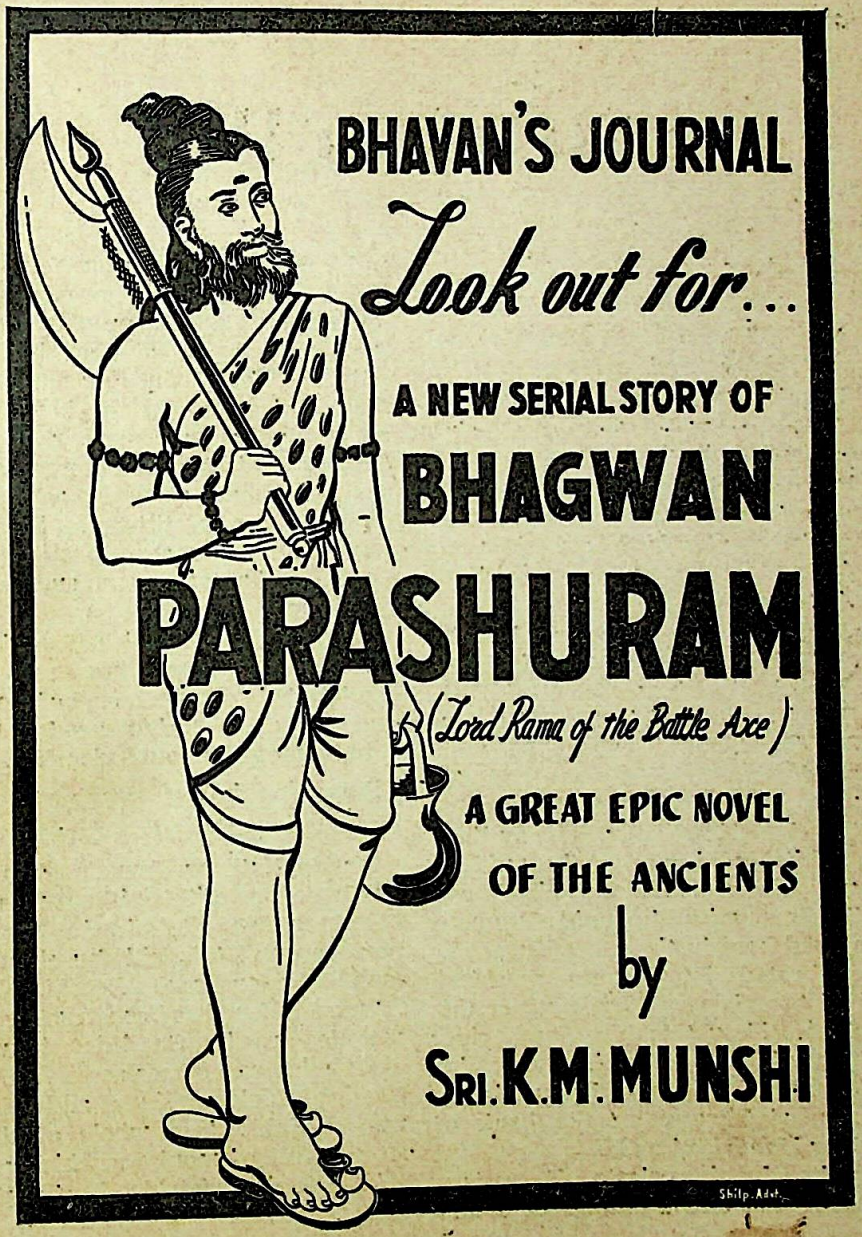
True meal is that which is taken after feeding the children and the elders.

True love is that which is directed towards even a stranger.

True wisdom is that which commits no sin.

True Dharma is that which has no hypocricy.

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Immortal India—33

J. H. Dave

CHITRAKUT

सुरम्यमासाद्य तु चित्रकूटं
नदीं च तां माल्यवतीं सुतीर्थाम् ।
ननन्द हृष्टो मृगपक्षिजुष्टां
जहौ च दुःखं पुरविप्रवासात् ॥

Valmiki Ramayana—Ayodhya 56-35.

"Approaching the sacred river covered with lilies, Sri Rama rested on the lovely hill of Chitrakut. He was delighted to see it, surrounded as it was by birds and deer and forgot the gloom of exile from Ayodhya".

CHITRAKUT is the celebrated hill and place of pilgrimage in the Karwi Tahsil of Banda District, situated in 23° 13′ N. and 80° 40′ E. It is about 60 miles south-west of Prayaga and 3½ miles from the Chitrakut station on the Jhansi-Manikpur Railway line.

Chitrakut is one of the most sacred places of Hindu pilgrimage. Sri Rama with Sita and Lakshmana stayed here in the Treta Yuga. The celebrated Hindi poet Tulsidasji had the vision of Sri Rama at this place. Near this hill flows river Payasvini or Paisuni, also called Mandakini. Near Chitrakut is the town of Sitapur on the bank of river Mandakini and it is mostly inhabited by the priests. There is a Rama-ghat and a temple of Rama and Lakshmana. Religious festivals and fairs are held in the month of Chaitra on Rama Navami day, on the Divali day, as also on days of eclipses. Near about this place, on the hill-side and on the banks of the river, there are more than 30 temples dedicated to different deities. The main spots of religious interest are—Kotitirtha, Devangana, Hanumandhara, Sphatikasila, Anasuya, Guptagodavari and Bharata Kupa.

It is said that Tulsidasji used to sit here on a *chotara,* prepare sandalwood paste on a slab of stone and apply it to the forehead of Sri Rama whom he could visualise.

चित्रकूट के घाट पे भई सन्तन की भीर ।
तुलसीदास चन्दन घसे तिलक करे रघुबीर ॥

Kamta Nath or Kamada Nath is another name of this hill. It means "the granter of all desires". People move around this hill for circumambulation or *Pancha Kroshi.* The Panna Ruler has constructed a metalled road. On this circumambulation one comes across Rama Chotara, Mukharavinda and Charana Paduka. The whole of this area is full of monkeys which are offered various eatables by the pilgrims.

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Kotitirtha is on the hill-side; there is a Kunda where a bath is taken. It is so called because crores of Rishis are said to have performed penance here. Hanumandhara is the place where there is a huge image of Hanuman and on whose hand a water-stream falls from the hill-side. Sphatiksila is a big stone-seat on which there are foot-prints. Legend says that Jayanta, the son of Indra, had assumed the form of a crow and bit Sitaji with its beak on this Sphatikasila.

Nearby the Maharaja of Rewa has constructed the temple of Lakshmi Narayana.

At a distance of a few miles from Sitapur is situated the Asram of Atri and Anasuya. Nearby is Guptagodavari. There is a Kunda here which is called Sita Kunda.

Bharata Kupa is the well where Sri Rama is said to have thrown the waters collected from all the Tirthas. When Bharata came to Chitrakut to persuade Sri Rama to come back to Ayodhya, Sri Rama in turn persuaded Bharata to get crowned and be the Ruler himself. In order to crown Bharata, Sri Rama got collected sacred waters from all the Tirtha places. On Bharata's refusal, these waters were thrown in this well, known as Bharata Kupa. A bath here is considered very sacred. It is six miles from Chobapur.

After Sri Rama left Ayodhya in exile he crossed Ganga and came to Sringaverapura; there he met Guha. From him they came to the Asrama of Sage Bharadwaja. The Sage advised Sri Rama to go to Chitrakut Hill by following the course of Yamuna and crossing river Amsumati in a raft; they would then see a Nyagrodha tree and at a distance of one *krosha* from that the Neela Kanana. The sage said that that was the way leading to Chitrakut, smooth, soft and without the burning woods; that way was often trodden by the Sage himself. It was all very pleasant, green and fair to look at. (Ayodhya 55).

Sri Rama came to Chitrakut with Sita and Lakshmana. They saw the trees overburdened with fruits and flowers, ponderous honeycombs in leafy trees, the wild cocks, peacocks, elephants and sweet birds. They then came to the Asrama of Sage Valmiki who entertained his guests with a fair welcome and requested them to rest there. Sri Rama performed the *vastu* ceremony with the sacrifice of a deer. He was trained in the rituals; pure from a bath and with his mind restrained, he repeated Vedic hymns. He performed *vaisvadeva* and offered oblations to Rudra and Vishnu. In this way he performed the *vastu* ceremony to protect his newly built home. He said his silent *japa* (prayer), again bathed in the river and offered the *bali* or offering that removes the stain of sin. He then prepared altars and shrines to suit his newly constructed cottage. After this the

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three of them entered the cottage. (Ayodhya 56).

Bharata with an army followed Sri Rama to persuade him to come back. He came to the Asrama of Sage Bharadwaja. The Sage asked Bharata the story of each one of his Royal mothers. Bharata introduced them thus:

"She whom you see here like a goddess was the chief consort of the King. She is now worn with fast and sorrowing. Like Aditi to Dhatri, this Kausalya gave birth to the lion-like Rama. On her left arm is fondly hanging Sumitra, the second consort of the king, pained with woe and appearing like the branch of karnikara tree whose flowers are withered away—she is the mother of two brave and godlike princes Lakshmana and Satrughna. And that wicked dame who has caused gloom to my brothers and sent our mourning father to heaven, that proud, foolish, irritable, self-imagined beauty, ambitious Queen—*arya* in appearance but *un-arya* in nature—she is Kaikeyi, my mother, whose unholy will is the cause of all the woe which crushes me!"—so saying, prince Bharata with red eyes was in sobs and tears and he breathed like a furious snake. Sage Bharadwaja told Bharata not to look down upon Kaikeyi and stated that the exile of Rama was going to be for the benefit of humanity. Bharata went further in search of Rama towards Chitrakut. They saw the rising smoke from sacrificial altars. Bharata asked his army to stand aside and went further in company of Sumantra and Dhriti. Here the impact of the army drove the forest beasts toward Rama's cottage. Lakshmana climbed up a tree and saw Bharata's army. He suspected mischief and angrily sought Rama's permission to destroy Bharata for whose sake all the trouble was created by Kaikeyi. Rama consoled Lakshmana and vowed "If I seek any bliss without Bharata, yourself or Satrughna—let that bliss be turned into ashes by the flames of fire!"

यद् विना भरतं त्वां च शत्रुघ्नं वाऽपि मानद।
भवेन्मम सुखं किंचिद् भस्म तत्कुरुतां शिखी॥
—*Ayodhya 97-8.*

Rama said that if he so advised Bharata would immediately give over the entire kingdom to Lakshmana.

उच्यमानो हि भरतो मया लक्ष्मण तद्वचः।
राज्यमस्मै प्रयच्छेति बाढमित्येव मंस्यते॥
Ayodhya 97-18.

On hearing Rama's confident, affectionate and re-assuring words regarding Bharata, Lakshmana felt ashamed and became cool. Bharata came, cried and fell at Rama's feet. "Arya!"—this was the only word he could address Rama.

उक्त्वार्येति सकृद्दीनं पुनर्नोवाच किंचन।
Ayodhya 100-38.

Brave Satrughna also wept aloud. Rama with tears running fast, cast his arms around his brothers. Rama raised up Bharata, kissed and breathed deeply over his head, embraced him and placed him on

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his lap. Bharata gave the news of Dasaratha's death, and said that Rama was now in the father's place. Rama embraced him and directed him to enjoy the kingdom. Bharata, Sage Jabala, and Sage Vasishtha requested Rama to take up the reins of the Government as the Ruler. Rama utters his famous vow:

लक्ष्मीश्चन्द्रादपेयाद् वा
हिमवान् वा हिमं त्यजेत् ।
अतीयात् सागरो वेलां
न प्रतिज्ञां अहं पितः ॥
Ayodhya 112-18

"The Moon may forego his beauty, the Himalaya may forsake the snow, the ocean may sweep over its fixed line of the shore—but I shall keep the word of my father". He addressed to Bharata: "Your mother might have been led to this action by love for you or greed. But remove from your mind the memory of that and show to her your filial love and reverence.. This is Sita's earnest prayer and mine".

This memorable vow was taken by Sri Rama on the Chitrakut Hill.

Ultimately Bharata took Rama's sandals, promised to rule in the name of Padukas for 14 years, lead the life of an ascetic and if Rama did not return after 14 years, he threatened to enter fire. Rama took leave of all of them, saluted them and permitted them to go. He stood steadfast in his duty like the king of mountains—Himalaya. Bharata took with him the Padukas and stayed at Nandigrama. Rama moved further and came to the Asram of Sage Atri and his wife Anasuya.

Legend says that on account of her *Satitva,* Anasuya made Ganga flow at this place after a famine of a number of years and this river is called Mandakini.

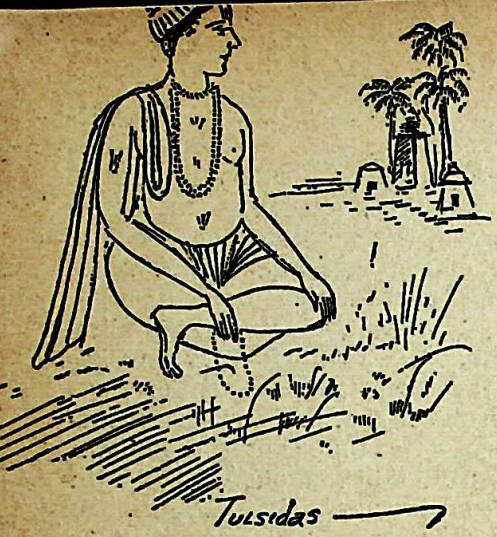
Ramayana says that the Chitrakut Hill was situated 10 *kroshas* away from the Asrama of Sage Bharadwaja which was near Prayaga. This Chitrakut is also known as a Pitrithirtha and Kalidasa in *Meghaduta* calls it Ramagiri. In *Raghuvamsha* 13-47 Rama says to Sita on his journey from Lanka to Ayodhya:

धारास्वनोद्गारिदरीमुखोऽसौ
शृंगाग्रलग्नाम्बुदवप्रपंकः ।
बध्नाति मे बन्धुरगात्रि ! चक्षुर्
दृप्तः ककुद्मानिव चित्रकूटः ॥

"Lady of lovely limbs: this hill of Chitrakut attracts my eye. It appears like a proud majestic bull. The sound of the falling streams is the bull's bellowing. Its cave is the bull's wide open mouth. The cloud on the top of the Hill is the mud raised up by this bull in sport and stuck to the ends of the horns."

Tulsidasji (1531 to 1623 A.D.), son of Atmaram Dube and Hulsi, was born at Rajapur which is about 20 miles from Chitrakut. His Guru was Naraharidasji. Being born in the inauspicious Moola Nakshatra, he was given up by his father. His Guru took him to Banaras at the Ramanandi Math on the Panchganga ghat. There he met Sesha

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Sanatanji, a great scholar. He married Ratnavali, daughter of Dinabandhu Pathak. He was much enamoured of her; so one day she taunted him:

अस्थिचरममय देह मम तामें जैसी प्रीति ।
तैसी जो श्रीराम में होति न तो भवभीति ॥

"Instead of wasting your devotion on my bones and skin, if you direct it on Sri Rama you will have no reason to fear any further re-births."

This taunt changed the course of Tulsidasji's life. He left home, became an ascetic devotee of Sri Rama and moved on a *yatra* for 20 years. He stayed at Ayodhya for four months, moved to other sacred places and then stayed long at Chitrakut. There he is said to have had the vision of Sri Rama. Many saints started collecting to see him. He met a number of friends and also poet Surdas. He then returned to Ayodhya and started composing his celebrated *Rama-Charita-Manasa* on Tuesday, 30th March 1574 A.D.

Legend says that once a ghost living on a mango tree watered by Tulsidasji was pleased and told him to ask for a boon. Tulsidasji wished for a vision of Sri Rama. The ghost directed him to Hanuman, who, according to him, came regularly to hear the recitation of Ramayana at a temple. Tulsidasji did as he was told, met Hanuman and with his grace he chanced to see Rama Leela at Chitrakut with Rama and others actually present. Tulsidasji thus describes the securing of Rama's sandal by Bharata at Chitrakut:

चरनपीठ करुनानिधान के ।
जनु जुग जामिक प्रजा प्रान के ॥
संपुट भरत सनेह रतन के ।
आखर जुग जुनु जीव जतन के ॥
कुल कपाट कर कुसलकर्म के ।
विमल नयन सेवा सुधर्म के ॥
भरत मुदि अवलंब लहेते ।
अस सुख जस सियराम रहेते ॥

"The sandals of the Lord who was the ocean of mercy were like the two guardians of the life of people, the box to keep the jewel of Bharata's affection; they were the two syllables 'Ra' and 'Ma' of the Maha Mantra for the liberation of souls: the two doors of Raghu's dynasty, the two hands of virtue; the two pure eyes of Service and Duty. On securing this consolation, Bharata became happy as if he was in company of Sita and Sri Rama."
Tulsidasji's *Ramacharitramanasa.*
—*Ayodhya Kanda* 307, 5 to 8.

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Don't Fuss About Your Child

Helen Colten

PARENTAL overwork, over-devotion, consuming absorption with children, is often motivated *not by what children really need to prepare them for happy mature living, but by what parents' psychological needs are.*

Such parents use their children to express and maintain their financial, social and intellectual standing in the community by pressing them into activities, clothes, studies, careers, model behaviour, which are for the parents' gratification rather than for the child's.

Practically no child enjoys parents who everlastingly work and sacrifice for him. Such a "picture of their folks can haunt children to a point where they really cannot enjoy themselves," says Dr. Alexander Reid Martin, consulting psychiatrist to the Children's Aid Society. "They need to know that their father and mother have free happy times on their own hook."

Studying the home lives of 3,000 members of the Society's Youth Clubs, he found that happiest children came from homes where, among other things, parents gave children time, thought and effort "rather than material things"; they accepted the child's early ideas and ambitions "without trying to foist their own upon him"; they gave the child physical jobs to do "that made him feel strong and important."

One psychologist found that what mothers consider devotion, children often consider nagging. Many children of "devoted" parents have confided that their main ambition was to grow up and get away from these nagging attentions.

It is especially when children are grown and married that these "professional parents" become a serious problem, as they continue trying to extract gratification for themselves from their children's lives.

A young father finds his own mother a nuisance because "she never had any other interests besides us kids. If she had, she'd be much happier today, and so would we. And she'd be more fun. Frankly, she's a bore."

That, unhappily, is the fate that's probably in store for most one-tract parents. One such woman says "I am completely lost, with no diversions, no interests, no hobbies. This aloneness is a terrifying thing."

Actually, most parents sincerely believe that, by giving all, they

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will make their children healthy, happy, sucessful, adjusted adults. The results are often just the opposite.

After all, what kind of adult can we expect from a home in which a child frequently hears: "Nothing's too good for you .... Don't try it, you might get hurt .... We'll do that chore, you run off and have a good time .... You'd better be good at it; you want to make us proud of you, don't you? .... Sit still, don't dirty your clothes .... What will people think if you don't behave?"

Because they protect their children from everyday problems, responsibilities and decisions, inhibit and stifle their natural curiosity and impulse to explore the world around them, create in them a fear of failure and of people's opinions of them, such parents, far from rearing well-adjusted children, are more likely to turn out indecisive, uncertain, fearful, unresourceful men and women easily bowled over by day-to-day occurrences in which the rest of the world, unlike Mom and Dad are not their slaves.

How do you start emancipating yourself—and your children? You can start by adding up, roughly, the number of waking hours you are (a) with your children (b) doing chores and errands for them, (c) discussing them. You may get a shock at how "child-centred" your life is, and at how "parent-centred" you're making their lives.

Accept kind offers to take over the children for lunch, after school, on a Saturday. Even if yours is toddler who protests when you leave, you'll be surprised at how quickly he'll become absorbed in another adult and get the idea that life requires parents to be off by themselves sometimes.

"Don't let a sense of duty compel you to spend all your time with your child," urges psychiatrist Alfred Blazer. "Two happy hours with him are more rewarding to both of you than twelve harrowing hours."

Next time you plan an expenditure for a child, analyze its need first. Does he *have* to have boxing gloves, or would the money bring more pleasure if you surprised Dad with that fishing rod?

When you are about to admonish, warn or threaten your child, ask yourself first: "Am I depriving him of an experience that is his right? Am I exaggerating the hazards, creating unnecessary fear, just passing on my own fears? Am I enforcing certain behaviour because this is *really* what's best for him, or is it for my own gratification? Am I protecting him from the very problems he must learn how to handle?"

Do you insist that your children be included in every invitation? Start accepting invitations that don't count them in.

[Condensed from *Coronet*]

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R. K. Prabhu

Honeymoon Through The Ages

TO all appearances, the custom of the newly wedded couple going on a Honeymoon or a trip away from home, spent either in travelling or visiting, is an essentially English one. One of the earliest references to it dates so far back as 1546.

According to one authority, originally the word 'Honeymoon' was employed to denote an occasion of advantage, as when one goes out of one's way to benefit from some opportunity that has presented itself. The use of the word in connection with marital love becomes apparent in the seventeenth century. One reference to it says that it is "applied to those married persons that love well at first and decline in affection afterwards, it is honey now, but it will change as the moon." A more sarcastic reference to the custom appears in an 18th century text, which says, "The first month is all honey and smick-smack, the second hither and thither; the third the devil take him that brought thee and me together."

According to the same authority, the going-away honeymoon came with the accession of George III, though there were honeymoons of a sort before that. In an early issue of *The Tatler*, it is remarked that "sometimes the parties fly asunder in the midst of courtship and sometimes grow cool in the very honeymonth" and in Sheridan's *School for Scandal* there is the confession, "I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon and had lost all comfort in life before my joy". The going-away business is stated to have got into definite popular vogue only since the middle of the last century.

It will be seen from what has been stated so far, that though the shades of the meaning of the word "honeymoon" have changed in the course of the last four centuries, its original connection with the wedding ceremony has remained unaltered. Going to the root of the word "honeymoon," etymologists have found that the original word was not honeymoon but honeymonth. As has been seen, the word used in *The Tatler* passage is "honeymonth" and not "honeymoon". This, however, is of little consequence, since the moon and the month are closely allied.

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The term "honeymonth" is stated to have arisen from an old Teutonic practice of drinking honey-wine or a concoction made of honey and other ingredients, for thirty days after marriage. Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrases and Fables*, quoting from W. Pulleyn's *Etymological Compendium*, says, "It was the custom of the higher order of Teutons to drink meed or metheglin (a beverage made from honey) for 30 days after every wedding. From this comes the expression "to spend the honeymoon."

Now, if one pursues one's research further, one will find that this custom of the newly wedded couple drinking honey was not peculiar to the Teutons of old only. The custom obtained in olden days and is widely prevalent even today not only among many European races but also among the Egyptians, Persians, Chinese, Japanese and Hindus. According to Edward Westermark, the rite of the newly wedded couple drinking together out of the same vessel is found in Europe from Italy to Norway, from Brittany to Russia and there are traces of it in Scotland too. It also forms part of the nuptial ceremony of the Jews of all countries.

In modern Greece, the bridegroom's mother makes the couple eat honey from the same vessel, so that their marriage shall be sweet. There is also the custom among them, of the priest, bride and groom walking round the altar through the incense fumes, whilst the guests pelt them with sweetmeats. Among the Greek peasantry, honey is smeared on the lintel of the young bride's door so that strife may not enter the house.

Among the Ruthenians of Bukovina, the face of the bride is smeared with honey, or sugar is thrown into her bosom so that her future shall be sweet. In Bulgaria one of the women anoints the bridegroom's face with honey, saying "Be fond of each other as the bees are fond of honey." In Rhodes, on arrival at the new dwelling, which constitutes the dowry of the bride, the husband dips his finger in a cup of honey and traces a cross over the door, while those present cry aloud. "Be good and sweet as this honey is."

In the neighbourhood of Sparta, when the couple arrive at their new house, the bridegroom's mother stands waiting at the door holding a glass of honey in her hand. From this glass the bride must drink, that the words of her lips may become sweet as honey, while the lintel of the door is smeared with the remainder, that strife may not enter in. In Croatia and Turkey, a cup of honey is handed to the bride at the door, while the Poles anoint the bride's lips with honey. At Vlach wedding, the bride is given honey and butter with which to anoint the door. It is also the custom among

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the Balkan peoples for the bride and bridegroom to eat together in the evening a cake baked some days before, which is dipped in honey as it is eaten. The gypsies and other peoples of the Balkan peninsula are also said to observe the custom of anointing certain parts of the bride's body with honey.

In China, "the couple, before the consummation of the marriage drink wine or a mixture of wine and honey alternately from two goblets, which are sometimes tied together by a red string, the bridegroom, after having sipped from his goblet, handing it over to the bride, and the bride handing hers over to her husband, and so repeatedly."

In Japan, the binding ceremony at the wedding consists in the bride and the bridegroom drinking "sake" (a kind of wine) together out of a set of three cups, which are exchanged nine times between the couple. This ceremony is named San-San-Kudo.

Coming to the Hindus, we find that one of the important rites at the wedding is the offering of "Madhupurka" or a mixture of honey, curds, clarified butter and candied sugar, to the bridegroom on his arrival at the door of the bride's father. In Bengal, the custom is also said to prevail, of anointing certain parts of the bride's body with honey. I don't know if Hindus elsewhere observe this latter custom, but I shall not wonder if they are found to do so, for on several occasions during the wedding ceremonies, the Hindu bride is anointed with various unguents and salves among which honey also might be included.

From all that has been stated above, it will be seen that honey figures prominently at the weddings and post-nuptial ceremonies of most Occidental as well as Oriental races and that the custom of drinking honey or a concoction of it, which has given the Honeymoon its peculiar name, has obtained and still obtains widely among these races.

In this connection, it is worthy of note that the use of honey both for edible and ceremonial purposes obtained among the ancients in the West as well as the East, from the remotest times. Indeed, it would appear as if it was one of the few articles in use among the progenitors of the races when they lived in one central region before their dispersal far and wide over the earth. "Madhu", the Sanskrit word for honey, is clearly seen to be etymologically identical with the Greek, Methu; Lithuanian, Medus; Anglo-Saxon, Medu or Medo, Latin, Mel, French, Miel; Avestan, Madhu; English, Mead, Old Persian, Meddo, Celtic, Mid, Old Slavantic, Medu, Old High German, Metu and Chinese, Me.

Now, in connection with the custom of drinking or eating this *Madhu* or mead by the newly wedded couple, the questions may le-

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gitimately be asked, whether any particular significance was attached to the drinking of honey among all other beverages and if so, whether there was any reason why the drinking should have continued for 30 days or a month, as the word "honeymoon" or "honeymonth" would indicate. It may be said by way of answer to the first question, that honey being one of the sweetest articles of food then known, it was ordained to be consumed by the newly wedded couple so that their after life might be the sweetest possible. From a study of the ancient as well as modern customs relating to the use of honey at weddings and other ceremonial occasions, it becomes obvious that it was and is being used not only as a charm for the promotion of marital concord and sweetness in life, but also, by the natural inverse process of thought, as a charm to ward off evil spirits and the evil influence of known and unknown enemies of the wedding couple and other parties partaking of honey or using it externally on their person or their dwellings. The smearing on the lintel of the door of the bride's new house and of the body of the bride can be satisfactorily interpreted only in this way. Honey, further, was deemed to be the food of the Gods, and therefore, partook of the quality of their immortality.

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Swami Sadananda

RAMA AVATARA



BEHIND the historic and poetical background of the *Ramayana* there is much allegory. Very often the name given to the characters happen to be clues. "Rama" means "Delight-giving "Ravana" on the other hand conveys the sense of "Pain-giving". Being the embodiment of righeousness, Rama spreads happiness every where whereas Ravana, the unrighteous, can spread only misery.

Sita came from the earth and in the end went into its bowels. That is the mark of her being *prakriti*—and naturally she becomes the consort of Purusha in the form of Rama. "Ratha" means "chariot" and "Dasa" means ten. The ten are the ten Indryas. The "Ratha" is the war-chariot from which the warrior fights. Dasaratha, the father of Rama, fought always with the Indriyas and was known to be very virtuous. The ten heads of Ravana are the ten Indriyas which always dragged him into vice and cruelty. He must be therefore regarded as "Indriyas embodied".

Tulsi Das regards Rama as Paramatman or the Lord. As supreme Purusha, he is Iswara. But in his incarnation as a human being, he has to act as an ideal man. He shows what an ideal Kshatriya ought to be. It is said that to help Rama in his work of putting an end to Ravana and the Rakshasas, the Devas were born as Vanaras

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who symbolise the ever-active Mind. More powerful than the Indriyas is the mind. No wonder that Ravana (the Indriyas) could not be a match to the monkey hordes led by Sugriva, Hanuman, Angada and the rest; all of them are symbolically, the Mind.

The Rakshasas who spoiled the sacrifice performed by Vishvamitra were Maricha and Subahu, the sons of Sunda and Upasunda. Maricha's mother was Tadaka. The words "Sunda" and Thadaka have meanings related to the madness of the elephant and flogging. The names indicate that they are the forces of evil in the form of fury, hate, etc.

Rama and Lakshmana used the weapons they received from Visvamitra to destroy these Rakshasas. The names of the weapons are Dandachakra, Dharmachakra, Kalachakra, Dandapasa, Dharmapasa, Kalapasa etc. From the very words, we can find out how, for putting an end to evil characters, the method employed was *righteous punishment* in *right time*.

The *mantras* that Rama and Lakshmana were taught, were symbolic of the mental resolve to fight against evil. The story of vivification of Ahalya is to show that all sins are removed by contact with the Lord. The breaking of the bow of Siva was to show that none other than Vishnu could deal effectively with Siva's bow. Now it was no longer needed and therefore it was broken. On the other hand, Rama took the bow of Vishnu from the hands of Parasurama so that he might make use of it. He also destroyed the pride of Parasurama which was standing in the way of his becoming a perfect ascetic!

"Manth" in Sanskrit means "to agitate," "to stir up". Manthara stirred up the lower passions of Kaikeyi, the wife of Dasaratha. In association with her husband, when he had been engaged in a war against the Asuras, she had, like her husband, controlled her *asuric* qualities and thereby qualified herself to get two boons. But in association with Manthara, she revealed her natural susceptibility to the influence of evil forces.

Dasaratha had been fighting against his Indriyas but had not conquered his mind. Emotions can be controlled only through right knowledge. That weakness in him was responsible for his death when Rama went away to the forest.

"Khara" and "Dushana" mean "Cruelty" and "Corruption". These were brothers of Surpanakha, the embodiment of lust. The personifications of these evil qualities had to be got rid of, in severe combat, by Rama and Lakshmana. The mutilation of the features of Surpanakha was followed by Ravana's despatch of Maricha to deceive Sita. Sita, the Prakriti, could not be strong when separated from Rama, the Purusha. Right judgment failed her and mistaking

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Maricha's voice for Rama's she spoke unjustifiable words to Lakshmana.

When she was alone, Ravana could forcibly take her away and in spite of her angry and scornful words, she had to be prisoner at Lanka. Yet being Prakriti she was incapable of being harmed by Ravana who was only the powerful Indriyas personified.

Hanuman's meeting Rama symbolises the chastened (Satvic) mind and pure Buddhi receiving the grace of the Lord. It is in this way that advanced Bhaktas receive illumination and power. Rama's killing Vali was to show that the ego, wherever it might be, would be exterminated by the Lord.

The neglect of his responsibilities of Sugriva, after his coronation evidences the influence of Tamoguna even over the purified mind. The glorification of Hanuman by Jambavan so as to enable him to cross the ocean points out the necessity to create the Bhava of true faith and devotion, even in the person who has once received the grace of the Lord. Hanuman's interview with Sita energies Prakriti with the power of the Purusha conveyed through the Ring. Hanuman's burning the Lanka was merely to show how splendour built by evil forces could not endure when the approach of good forces was foreshadowed. The bridging of the Ocean symbolises the establishment of the permanent connection between the purified mind (the Vanaras who had developed devotion to Rama) and the Atman's play beyond the barrier of illusion (the ocean).

Vibhishana is pure Satva incapable of being vitiated by association with Rajas and Tamas. His abandonment of Lanka and entrance into the camp of Rama prove how pure *satva* can reach the proximity of the Lord.

The fight with Rakshasas that was conducted so severely shows how hard it is for Righteousness to put down unrighteousness once for all.

What is the use of learning without poetry, or of wealth without charity? Of what use again is a Dharma which knows no mercy or a king who has no policy? What is the use of an immodest son, and wife void of devotion to the husband?

—Mahabharata

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Our Vedic Seers—15

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE RICHEEKA

THE Adi Parva of the *Mahabharata,* the *Vayu-Purana* and the *Hari Vamsa* abound in references to the sage Richeeka. We learn that to the Chyavana Bhargava race, the sage belongs.

He is the son of Aurva. *Brahmapurana* extols him as काव्यपुत्र but the *Vishnu Dharma* hails him variously as the Bhriguputra, Bhrigunandana and Bhargava.

It is said that the fear of the Kartaveerya kings had driven the Bhargava sages to the secure region of Madhya Pradesh. It was during the nomadic life of these sages, that Richeeka was born. He seems to have been highly studious and of exemplary character ever since his childhood.

In due time, he gave himself up to a meticulous and learned study of the Vedas and to penances of the most exacting kind. He is said to have gone from place to place on pilgrimage.

It was during such a pilgrimage that he chanced to visit the Viswamitri river. It was there, too, upon the banks of that river, he beheld the spectacle of a maiden of extraordinary beauty and elegance. She was none other than Satyavati, the daughter of the King of Kanyakubja, and known as one Gadhi. He was so much taken by the beauty of the maiden that he forthwith asked of the king for her hand in marriage to him.

Now, the king found it difficult to refuse the request from such a learned man as Richeeka. He therefore, closed with the sage's request but only on condition that the bridegroom-to-be must give a thousand black-eared horses in return for his daughter's hand. The *Skanda Purana* would make the number of horses seven hundred only.

Thereupon, the sage repaired post-haste to the Kanyakubja country and started praying to Lord Varuna for a thousand horses. This prayer is adverted to in 9-112 of the *Rig-Veda* and runs thus:

अश्वो वोढा

Varuna being highly pleased by the prayers granted him his request and the place where this was granted has come to be called appropriately as अश्वतीर्थ

Armed with these horses, the sage met the king and thus was solemnised the marriage which was attended by almost all the gods.

Sage Richeeka and his wife thereafter returned to the hermi-

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tage. Here he faithfully performed all the duties of a householder. After the lapse of a long time, the sage engaged himself in pilgrimage and called upon his wife to ask for any boon she might wish. Satyavati could think of no other boon than that both she and her mother may beget a son each of very rare qualities.

Richeeka, thereupon, prepared two different चरु or pots, full of boiled rice and sanctifying them by uttering sacred hymns gave one each to his wife and her mother, so that the former might be blessed with a Brahmin son and his mother-in-law with a Kshatriya son.

At this period, King Gadhi joined the sage in his hermitage in the course of his pilgrimage. The pots of boiled rice given by the sage to his wife and mother-in-law got mixed up and the mother and daughter got the wrong ones. Richeeka detected the mistake too late. He told his wife that their grand-child would be born, endowed with *kshatriya* temperament and qualities. Satyavati gave birth to as many as hundred sons, such as Jamadagni and others. All of them took after their father in their temperament. But into this race was born as was predicted by Richeeka, to Jamadgani a son by name Parasurama, who was as fierce and hot-blooded as a kshatriya by Renuka and grand-son of the sage Richeeka. Viswamitra too was born into the house of King Gadhi, and he obtained Brahminhood by severe penances. Satyavati in due time got converted into the river Kausikee.

Sage Richeeka is reputed to have distinguished himself by performing several noble deedes. To him is given the credit for purifying the Badaba fire.

Richeeka is said to have obtained the Salva country from King Dutiman who had made a gift of it to him. He lived in Brihutunga Mountain. Lord Vishnu is supposed to have deposited his arrows with Richeeka which were later on obtained by Jamadgni. He was pastmaster in the art of artillery. The name Archikas is applied to his descendants except शुन: शेफ and शुन: पुच्छ.

On account of excessive liberality, Bali got imprisonment; on account of excessive pride, Suyodhana fell; and on account of excessive lust, Ravana was ruined; therefore, excess in everything should be avoided.

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Our Fortnightly Profile 34

KING SAUD OF ARABIA

TO be born as the son of an illustrious father is a disadvantage and it is particularly so in the case of King Saud; for King Ibn Saud was a Titan both in prowess, and progeny which exceeded the seventy mark. But there is much less of that fear in King Saud's case, for he would appear to make up for any deficiency in other spheres.

Among the West-Asian countries, Arabia perhaps, can boast of very early cultural connections with India. As early as the fifth century, we know that Arabian scholars wrote treatises on Indian numerals. Later, we know of astronomical treatises by Arabian scholars based on Indian *siddhantas*. Why, our *Hitopadesa* was first translated into Arabic from whence it entered the cultural life of the West. Indo-Arab relations were thickest during the Mughal period which slowly died down during the British regime.

The present King, Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz al Faisal al Saud, who is currently on a goodwill visit to our country is as old as his country which his father established by sheer brawn. With Islam's most sacred shrines Mecca and Medina, a large chunk of the world's oil-output and delicious dates, today's Saudi Arabia is a force to reckon with in the modern world, although her government is non-secular and run exclusively on Koranic lines.

King Saud was born in exile in the sheikdom of Kuwait on January 15, 1902. On that very day, his legendary father put the governor of Riyadh, the present capital, to the sword and occupied it. From there, he extended his realm foot by foot by strength of hand from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf. The present name of Saudi Arabia was given by his father.

Born as the third of seventy odd children—the first two sons died early—King Saud was chosen as heir by his father after full satisfaction about his valour; for, in Islamic laws, there is no special privilege for the older son. He was assigned important duties by his father from his teen age, in all of which he distinguished himself. He received most of his military training in battle-fields under his father. In token of his meritorious services the old king made him C-in-C. of the army, and subsequently Crown Prince, on May 11, 1933. Since then he has travelled widely to the capitals of the world with his spectacular entourage.

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An enlightened monarch, charming, he has a disarming smile which flashes a perfect set of teeth. His brush-beard is meticulously barbered. He always appears in his traditional dress, the "thob", topped by the "aba", and his head is covered by the "gotra" and the "aqal". Although a puritan by faith and profession, he is not averse to the temptations of modern luxury. Indeed when he returned from his Western journey while a Crown Prince, he promptly had his palace air-conditioned, neon-lighted, his baths equipped in the Hollywood manner, and his kitchen like that of Waldorf Astoria. Since becoming King on November 9, 1953, on the death of his father, however, he has moved into the rock-castle with mounted guns, the official royal residence.

His becoming monarch of a well-run country has not made him oblivious of the needs of his country which is still one of backward economy, despite its oil-wells. Thinly populated, hardly 3 per cent of the land is arable and if the standard of living of the Bedoin is to improve, a veritable Bhagiratha is needed to irrigate the sun-scorched desert. The King has besides, the education, hygiene, industry and transport problems of his country on his agenda for improvement.

Although known to have expressed strong views on Palestine, his own policy is "Whoever respects the sovereignty and independence of Arab countries becomes a friend whether he belongs to the Western block or any other bloc." As is well known, Saudi Arabia is one of Afro-Asian group in the U. N. Assembly whose power and influence is becoming increasingly felt in the counsels of the world. It is not therefore a matter of surprise, if the King subscribes to Prime Minister Nehru's *Pancha Shila* and thus take a direct hand in the extension of the peace-area.

King Saud married for the first time a cousin of his, while he was barely sixteen. He has three sons. His younger brother, Amir Faisal, next in line, is a popular figure in U.N. circles.



King Saud

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—8 Serial

THE CHANDELIER'S STORY

THE Chandelier said:

Hear Great King! When the Seven-Virgins decoyed Kantarupa, the young bride was fast asleep. She had absolutely no knowledge of what had happened. Hence when she awoke in the morning, she was at first surprised not to find her husband by her side.

Dressing properly she went about the rooms and the baths. He was not to be found. She ran all about the seven stairs only to meet with the same result.

She was then alarmed and started wailing.

Her attendants hearing her cry, came running to her, only to find her sobbing more and more. With great difficulty they were able to gather that the Prince was missing. They made a thorough search of the entire palace with no different result.

In great fear, the attendants ran to the King and informed him of the disappearance of the Prince. The King too sent out messengers to search for the Prince throughout the capital and made enquiries at the exits of the capital. None seemed to have noticed his escape.

THE STORY SO FAR—

King Vikramaditya went to Mahendrapuri and hearing that the King's daughter was to be married, managed to take part in the 'Swayamvara' in the garb of a jewel-merchant. By the power of his 'mantra', he had the Princess garland him and in the act of revealing his identity, he made the curtain in the Princess's harem speak and now he makes the chandelier continue the story left unfinished by the curtain.

The King thereupon consoled his daughter stating that her husband would soon return. In the meantime he took great care to protect her properly in the absence of her husband.

The Seven-Virgins, on the other hand, had a swell time in the company of Kantarupa, with whom they lived in turns.

One day their conscience began to prick them. They felt that the Prince's bride was also a woman like them and that it would be a great sin to separate her for ever from him.

They conferred together and decided to take him to his wife once

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in a week. Accordingly, at dead of night they carried him once a week from heaven to earth to the Princess's apartment and after making her completely unconscious, leave him with her for the rest of the night. At day-break they carried him away to their abode in heaven.

Months passed in this manner. And very soon it became manifest that the Princess had conceived.

When the attendants noticed it, they became alarmed. They were mortally afraid that the King would take them to task that they neglected their duty.

Thinking that the Princess must have a secret lover, they set a trap round her apartment by spreading sand all around so that the supposed lover's footprints would be left. They kept all-night vigil. But they drew blank, since the Prince's visit was through the air.

After deliberation, they reported the matter to the King whom the news struck like a thunderbolt. He scolded the attendants. But after hearing all their efforts to catch the supposed lover, the King had to be content that it was her fate.

The King sent word to King Gandeswara, the Prince's father, of all that had happened—the Prince's mysterious disappearance, and the advanced state of his daughter's pregnancy. He swore that he had absolutely no cause to suspect her fidelity to the Prince.

King Gandeswara's grief knew no bounds. The Queen fell in a swoon on hearing the calamity of her dear son's disappearance and the scandal that would rise about her daughter-in-law.

King Gandeswara consulted his ministers and sent word to King Mahendra, the bride's father, that he totally disinherited his daughter-in-law.

This again was a greater blow to the grief-stricken Mahendra. After considering all aspects of the problem, Mahendra decided to cast his daughter away according to the laws of Manu, even though she was in an advanced state of pregnancy.

Accordingly, the King ordered four of his servants to take her out at midnight and leave her in a dense forest.

They did so.

Princess Kantarupi had, in her whole life, never gone out of her palace, much less seen a forest of that magnitude and awe. Thorns and rubble pricked her tender feet while twigs from bushes tore through her flesh. The strange, inhuman sound of a mighty forest and the inky darkness sent a lump in her throat which almost choked her as she set foot after foot, along the route that destiny had chalked out for her.

Often she collided with wild beasts like the lion and tiger, but they left her unharmed, mightly afraid of her chastity and innocence.

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With the first streak of day-light, she scanned on the horizon a fire burning as she walked briskly in that direction.

It turned out to be a burning-ghat, at the terminus of her father-in-law's country. What was burning was the dead body of a young woman who had died giving birth to a still-born child. Her mother, Sundaravalli by name, was a courtesan, and having no one else to do it, she was setting fire to her daughter's dead body, herself.

But this scene at a distance put a different picture in the eyes of the unfortunate Princess, who, looking to the circumstances, took Sundaravalli for a ghoul and concluded, that, if it noticed her, it would gobble her alive. Rather than be eaten by a wretched thing like the ghoul, she decided to allow herself to be consumed by the fire that had been lit on the pyre.

Bracing herself up, the Princess ran thither and going round the fire, was about to jump into it that had started roaring by then, being fed by the dead-dry faggots and ghee, and fanned by the morning wind.

On seeing this, Sundaravalli jumped to her side and pulled her away by the hand. The Princess was at first scared, but subsequently calmed down, on her human looks.

"My girl! What has made you to take this mad step?" reprimanded the courtesan affably, after allaying her fears that she was no more an apparition than the other was.

Wresting her hand, the Princess protested, "Why do you stop this wretched life of mine finding solace in the all-too-kind fire?"

"Oh my! You adorable creature! Are you a princess or a celestial being? And, with the child in the womb? No, no, I will never allow it. Now, listen to me," she continued, wiping the tears from her eyes. "There lies on the pyre my daughter, my beautiful daughter, consumed by the flames. She died—Oh, she died—giving birth.. ....to a child..... Now, won't you become my daughter and I will forget I have lost her? Please say yes; come with me. You seem to have no one to care for you. I will shower my love on you".

After great persuasion, the Princess went with the courtesan to her house and to her enquiries about her past, told her a yarn that would fit in with her then predicament, revealing neither her identity nor the true circumstances of her exit from home.

The courtesan called in the mid-wife when labour started for the Princess, but true to her colour, gave secret instructions that, should a male child be born, it should be killed, but if a female child, it should be carefully attended to.

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The midwife tied the princess's eye with cloth when the time came, as a precaution. A male child was born, and the midwife, immediately secreted it out. Placing a wooden doll on the cot, she untied the cloth that had been wound round the Princess' eyes and said "Look at the child you have given birth, look!" and stood with her arms folded.

The Princess could not believe her eyes. It was a wooden doll! She was dumbfounded as she wondered if ever a thing like that could happen.

Princess Kantarupi was convalescing. In the meantime, the midwife who took away the child, which looked marvellous, could not reconcile herself to the thought of putting an end to its life. She felt, if she did so, her entire line for generations to come, would perish. Consequently she took it out into the deep forest and left it in a basket by the side of an anthill where serpents were reputed to live in large numbers.

"Oh, great King, I know only this much of the story and no further" concluded the Chandelier.

"Oh Chandelier, you have left the story at a most pathetic stage. Kantarupa is a captive in heaven, Kantarupi is languishing in the house of a courtesan and their child is at the mercy of cobras! I am very anxious to know their future," observed the fake-merchant.

Said the Chandelier: "Ask the cushion on which Princess Ela is reclining for the rest of story and it will continue the story."

Taking the cue, the fake-merchant Vikrama invoked the invisible ghoul on Ela's cushion which replied "Oh King, why do you want me to tell a story? I have been packed full with silk-cotton, and on top of it, this lady is putting her full weight on me, making me pant for breath. How do you expect me to speak?"

Ela reacted as if she received an electric shock and placed the cushion right between herself and the fake-merchant. She was, by now, almost clear in her mind that the fake-merchant who could make a curtain, a chandelier, and a cushion speak, could be no other than the great King Vikramaditya of Ujjain.

Sensing that all the listening ears wanted to hear the rest of the story, the fake-merchant spoke: "Oh Cushion, this lady appears to be very kind and intelligent. Now that she has unburdened you, could you oblige me by completing the story?"

[To be continued]

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

The Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was privileged to give some items in the Cultural Programme at the Royal Western India Turf Club, organised in honour of H.E. Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Nikita Khruschev. The *Rabari Ras* given by our troupe was highly appreciated both by the press and the public. Hearty congratulations to our Dance Director, Shri Yogendra Desai and Music Director, Shri Avinash Vyas and the team of young artistes!

"Gita Govind". The production of this dance drama is in an advanced stage. It is scheduled to have its premier in third week of December.

"Piroja Bhavan". In response to public request, one more show of this rip-roaring Gujarati comedy will be presented on the 4th December.

"Who stole the show? Gopi Krishen, the great Kathak exponent or Vyjayanthimala? No, Rabari Ras, *put up by the Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Brave Bhavan!*

Free Press Bulletin, 25-11-55

"Cawasji Casanova". This Gujarati drama which ran to several packed houses last year is being revived at public request. The first performance is scheduled at the Bhavan's Kanji Khetsey Sabhagriha on December 11.

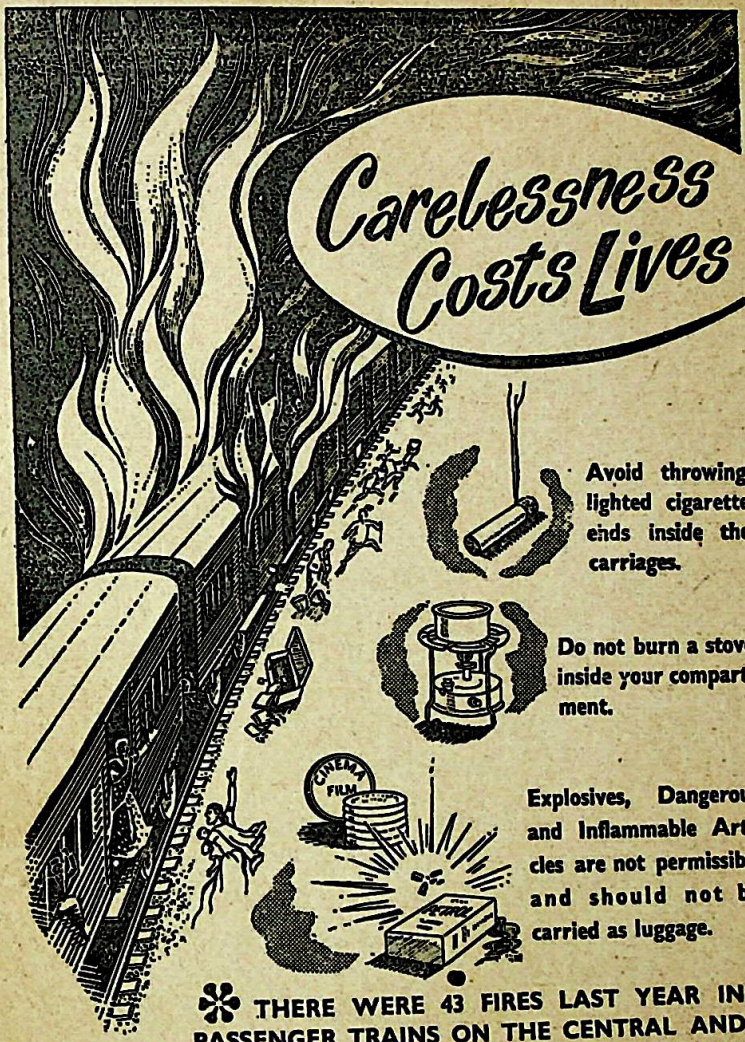
"Songs of the Month". The fifth programme in this series, by Shri Ninu Muzumdar, will take place on the morning of December 11.

NOTICE

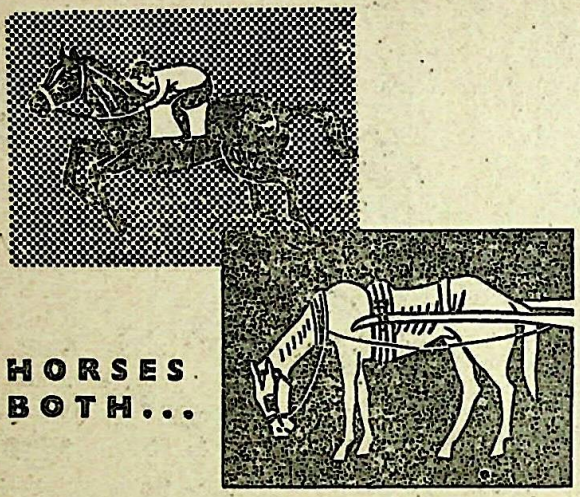
Our readers in Gulbarga are informed that we have appointed Shri M. S. Jawalkar, Newspaper Agent, Gulbarga, as the Selling Agent of Bhavan's Journal. Copies can be had regularly from him.

Bhavan's Journal

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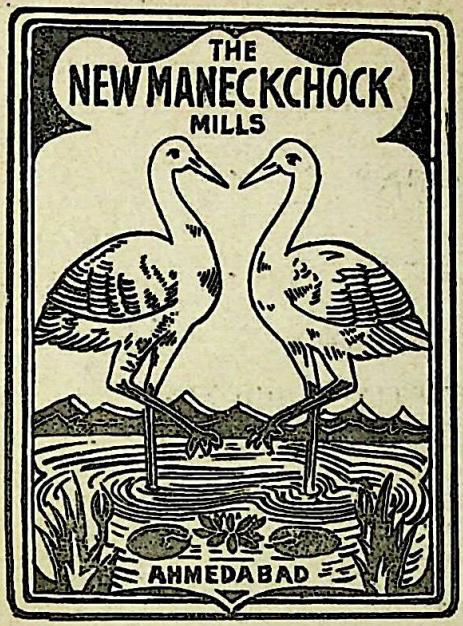


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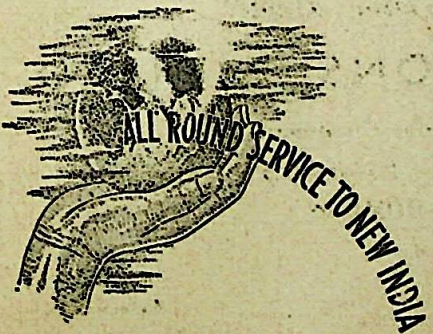
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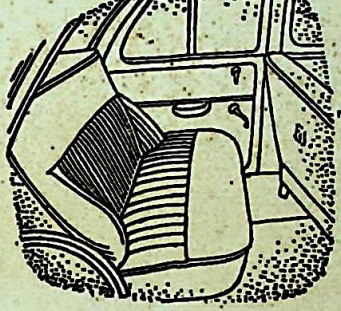
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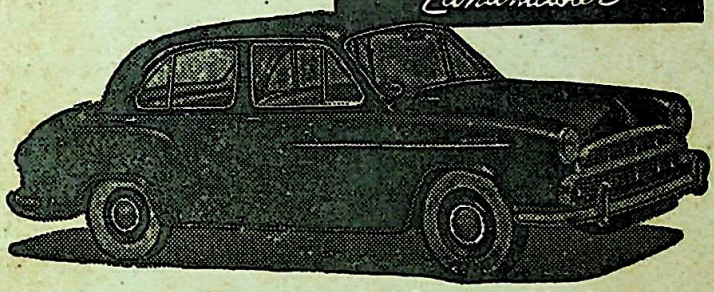
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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

In the history of Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, indeed, in the history of the whole movement for the spread of Sanskrit in recent times, the Tirupati Session of the Parishad of last month must be said to constitute a landmark not merely by its record attendance, but by the unprecedented enthusiasm evinced by one and all. The numerous messages wishing the Session success from all parts of the world bear testimony to the world-wide interest in Sanskrit. To the people of Andhra and its Government go the credit for making the Session an unprecedented success.

THE Fourth Annual Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad met at Tirupati, Andhra State, on November 11, 12, and 13, 1955.

The Parishad was attended by over 1,500 delegates representing all parts of India and thousands of visitors from Andhra, Madras and Mysore States.

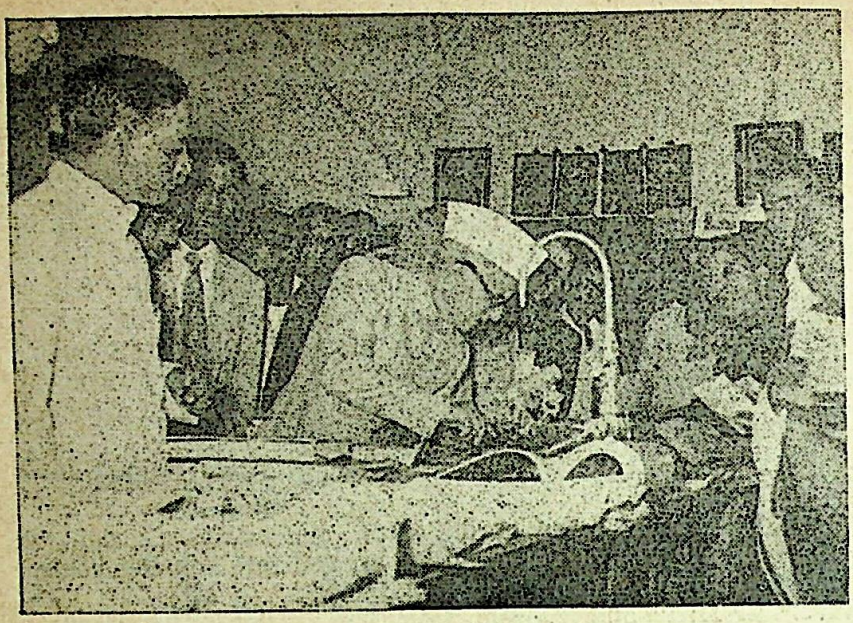
Oriental scholars in their traditional dress were found in large numbers sitting along with Sanskrit lovers in modern dress including a number of women delegates and visitors.

Exhibition of Manuscripts

At 10 a.m., Sri K. M. Munshi, Chairman of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad declared open an Exhibition of Sanskrit and other Oriental Manuscripts at the Sri Venkateswara University Hall. It contained a number of manuscripts, copper-plates, photographs, ancient works of art and rare valuable coins.

Speaking on the occasion, Shri Munshi said that throughout India manuscripts in Sanskrit and other Indian languages were lying uncollected and were sometimes rotting. He explained a case in which the Director of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, had to remove four cart-loads of manuscript dust before getting hold of a rare manuscript and observed, "imagine what tremendous learning is being lost by the destruction of these manuscripts. It is our duty to see that every person, who has a manuscript, brings it out, takes photographs of it and preserves it properly. In this connection, it was worth remembering that the only manuscript found in a house was Kautilya's Artha Sastra and if it had not been recovered that most valued work would have been lost.

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Sri K. M. Munshi at the Oriental Manuscripts Exhibition organised on the occasion of the Fourth Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad at Tirupati.

"I hope, therefore, that the Shri Venkateswara University will be able to put up a permanent collection of manuscripts—Sanskrit, Tamil, Telugu or any other language—that would be found in Andhradesa," he said.

Open Session

The open session of the Parishad met at 5 p.m. in a tastefully decorated *pandal* specially constructed in the Sri Venkateswara University campus.

The large open space beside the *pandal* was packed with people who had either trekked from distant villages or had moved into the town by all means of conveyance to have a 'darshan' of the Rashtrapati and other distinguished participants in the conference. Over 20,000 people watched the proceedings with rapt attention.

The dais of the Parishad *pandal* was tastefully decorated and a large portrait of Lord Venkateswara was put up in the background.

Seated on the dais were the Governors of Andhra and Bombay, Sri K. M. Munshi, Governor of U.P., the Chief Ministers of Andhra, Hyderabad and Mysore, Sri Mandloi, Education Minister of Madhya

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Pradesh, Sri Ananthasayanam Iyengar, Deputy Speaker of the Lok Sabha, Sri M. Patanjali Sastri, former Chief Justice of India, Sri C. Subramaniam, Education Minister, Madras, Sri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice, Madras, Sri Sanjiva Reddi, Kala Venkata Rao, Sanjeevaiya and Chandramouli, Andhra Ministers, Sri B. Somayya, retired Judge of the Madras High Court, Sri B. Suryanarayana, Member of T.-T. Devasthanam Board, Sri N. Ydganti, Collector, Chittoor District, Sri C. Anna Rao, Executive Officer, and others. Smt. Kusum Trivedi, wife of the Andhra Governor, was also present.

Proceedings commenced with Vedic prayers after which the President was garlanded by Sri Chandramouli, Chairman of the Reception Committee.

Requesting Dr. Rajendra Prasad to preside over the function and inaugurate it. Shri Trivedi, in a brief speech Governor of Andhra, said that the Vishva Parishad had for its ideal the spread of Sanskrit which was the life-breath of Indian culture. It was a happy augury that the President of the Indian Union had come to inaugurate the session. He took an abiding interest in the activities of the Parishad since its inception, he added.

Sri Gopala Reddi, Chief Minister of Andhra, seconded the motion.

Sri T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Joint General Secretary, read the messages received on the occasion.

Welcome Speech

Welcoming the President and delegates to the Session, Sri K. Chandramouli, Chairman of the Reception Committee, said:

"The venue of the Conference—Tirupati—as you are well aware, is a holy place to all Hindus and an inspiring pilgrim-centre of world renown. It is befitting that this Conference should be held at such a renowned place of pilgrimage. This in particular, I feel, is the good fortune of Andhra. In recent times, it has acquired hallowed fame as "the Benares of the South" and appropriately the All-India Oriental Conference, when it was held in Andhra, has had the Sacred Tirupati for its venue. It is but fitting, therefore, that the Vishva Parishad, which was born in the holy City of Somnath in the West and had its first birthday celebrated in the holy and ancient city of Banaras in the North, should have another birthday celebrated in the equally holy and sacred town of Tirupati down in the South. We fervently hope that its next birthday would be celebrated in the holy town of Jagannath in the East.

"The Samskrita Vishva Parishad, you are all aware, was started to promote and propagate on healthy lines, the study of Sanskrit, the great language of India's cultural heritage, so that the treasure-house of her historic past and the foun-

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tain-head of her modern languages may become an integral part of the life of the people and also to make sustained research in Indology and other allied subjects keep pace with the advance of knowledge in other subjects. A knowledge of Sanskrit and the culture it embodies are an essential background to the foundation of all-round development of our country. In this connection, I may perhaps add with a sense of pride that the record of wisdom and knowledge in the ancient Sanskrit literature of India far outweighs that recorded in books of other languages.

Contribution of Andhras

"From time immemorial, the Andhras have taken active part and keen interest in the fortunes of Bharat not only in political but also in cultural spheres. They have always played a unique role in synthesising divergent cutural waves that swept our motherland from time to time. They have also been a powerful factor in crystallising and cementing the dynamic cultural upsurges of North and South. Sanskrit language and its enviable literature, sciences and arts, philosophy and religion, all have been treasured and developed by the Andhras with great devotion and the inspiration therefrom has been spread all over the country and even beyond the shores by the great Andhra rulers and savants.

"In the past, Sri Krishna Devaraya, the embodiment of heroism and culture, Vidyaranya of Vedanta Philosophy, Shri Thyagaraya, purveyor of the divine music, Ganga Devi, Tirumalamba, Ramabhadramba, to name but a few distinguished savants in Sanskrit language, have all contributed to the development of Sanskrit in Andhra. Coming to the present, Nadiminti Mangaleswarasastri, Mahamahopadhyaya Ramamisrasastri, C.I.E., Mahamahopadhyaya Paravastu Rangacharya, Mahamahopadyaya Kapisthalam Desikacharya, all of the 19th century, Mahamahopadhyaya Tata Subbarayasastri and Mahamahopadhyaya V. Sethumadhavachar of the 20th century are all distinguished Sanskrit scholars who used Sanskrit as their mother tongue and who gave to posterity scholarly works in that language. From early times till now, Telugu savants have been primarily Sanskrit scholars. So, it will thus be clear that the Andhras have been very hospitable to the growth of Sanskrit language and the latter has inevitably found a fertile soil in Andhra.

"The people of Andhra are emotional and idealistic in their mental make-up, but I venture to say that it is these very qualities that enabled them to carve out the immortal sculptural sagas in Ajanta, Ellora, Amaravati, etc., the finest and the most aesthetic rockcuts and paintings ever done by the human

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hand. Andhras seem to have come under the radiant cultural and linguistic influences of Sanskrit, very early in their development resulting in a harmonious blending of the North and the South. The Andhra Desa is said to be the home of Pali. And this had inevitably far-reaching effects. It provided outlets for Sanskrit culture to flow to far off countries like Siam, Sumatra, Java, Bali, etc. Further, the Andhra language and literature show even today indelible impressions of the healthy impact of Sanskrit on it.

"Till recently, Sanskrit studies received encouragement and patronage at the hands of the Government and private organisations and thrived well not only in Andhra but throughout the South. The Andhras had been and are always lovers of liberty, upholders of culture and torch-bearers of tradition. Even today, if one traverses the length and breadth of Bharat it is mostly Andhras, particularly the Konaseema Pandits of Gouthami Theera, that could recite the sacred Vedas not only most melodiously and sweetly, but also in its proper Ghana, Jata, Krama and Pada forms. It should, therefore, be our aim to have embodiments of a Savitri and Satyavan, Damayanti and Nala, Chandramati and Harischandra, Seeta and Rama, Radha and Krishna in our country today, not in pictures nor in books but as living personalities, worthy of emulation. We have to follow these creative but not accumulative ideals for our own personal benefits, for the enrichment of our country and for the salvation of mankind. With the advent of the British Rule, times have changed. English became the State language. No proper recognition or encouragement was, therefore, given either to Sanskrit or to other regional languages. The number of great scholars in Sanskrit has gradually dwindled and the younger generation in the houses of such scholars and pandits gave up their traditional study of Sanskrit and took to English. Naturally the number of educational institutions teaching Sanskrit and Vedas had fast gone down.

Need for Reorientation

"Sanskrit language acted as the unifying force and instilled a sense of unity in the minds of the people. So the revival of culture embodied in Sanskrit is necessary for the consolidation of new forces of Swatantra Bharat. Unless there is a reorientation in the policy of the Government of the day, there is no hope for the revival of Sanskrit. The Government must assign a proper and important place to Sanskrit in the curriculum of High Schools, Colleges and Universities. Today there is a cry of shortage of scholars in Sanskrit. When these students found that they were not properly treated and recognised on a par with the students who took to English studies, naturally, Sanskrit held out less attraction. There-

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fore it is urged that they should be given equal status, position and facilities. Sanskrit Pandits also should be treated on a par with the English teachers, so as to remove any feeling of inferiority complex among the former.

"Some say that Sanskrit is very difficult to learn, but it is not actually so. It is easy to learn, if properly taught. There should be no question of simplifying the language which would falsify its content. Our aim should be to propagate it in such a way that even children who do not know its alphabet would be able to learn the language easily within a short time. Such a method, I may add, has been adopted by Sankara Subramania Aiyar of Trivandrum.

"There is, I think, another practical as well as logical reason for the revival of Sanskrit in the present context. With the dawn of independence, English is but rightly relegated to the position of a foreign language; but some other language has necessarily to take its place as the language of the State. Unfortunately, India is a multi-lingual country and none of its languages is so well developed as to be fit to deserve the status of *Lingua Franca*. Every language is in need of enrichment of its vocabulary, if it has to serve this purpose. No other language, I venture to say, can lend itself so usefully to enrich the other Indian languages as Sanskrit which is rich in its content and unique in its culture. I believe that richness in concept, brevity in expression and pliancy in form are the qualities required of an enriching language and these are found in an abundant measure in Sanskrit. Uniformity will also result if all the languages draw upon Sanskrit for their enrichment. In order to fulfil this purpose, Sanskrit departments should be organised in every University and Professors of the University should be encouraged to attain proficiency in Sanskrit and carry on researches. Special facilities such as stipends, scholarships and grants should be made available to those who evince keen interest in such studies under the portals of Universities. Digests of Sanskrit scientific works should be prepared for the benefit of such scholars. Indigenous method of study should be fostered as that alone will be useful for the above purpose. All this, I hope, the Vishva Parishad will endeavour to accomplish with success.

Peace Mission

"The essential teaching of our seers of old was: 'Let us speak the truth'. 'Let us stand on righteousness'. 'Let us co-exist'. 'Let there be no war'. We are in the midst of conflicting ideals of war and peace. The hope of the world lies in a nation which stands bravely and proclaims 'Do not fight; live for peace and die for it, if necessary'. This can be achieved only through the study of Sanskrit and its vast literature. This is the

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peace mission in which our national leaders, and our Prime Minister in particular, are engaged. Let us all wish them success and contribute our mite for the attainment of their objectives.

"In spite of its antiquity and sanctity, Tirupati is but a small town with a permanent population of about 20,000 people. It would have been an impossible task for us to find ready accommodation for such an august and great assembly as this if the Devasthanam and University authorities had not risen to the occasion. They have very willingly and kindly placed all the buildings they can spare at our disposal, for which we are grateful to them. I am profoundly confident that under the resourceful and mature guidance of the President of the Vishva Parishad, Shri Munshiji and the untiring zeal and selfless work of his team, the Vishva Parishad will become before long an ideal and model institution for popularising the Sanskrit language in the far corners of the world. May the Parishad be the pole star of different nations, far and near, not only for the material welfare of humanity, but also for their cultural and spiritual splendour for many years to come."

Gen. Secretary's Report

In his report, Prof. J. H. Dave, Honorary General Secretary of the Parishad, stated that for over 3,500 years, Sanskrit had been the language of India's religion, philosophy and culture, the source of inspiration for her intellectual and aesthetic achievements and the great instrument of establishing unity throughout the land. For years it had been increasingly felt by thoughtful men that India had attained her solidarity and cultural vitality through Sanskrit and could only retain them through it. Therefore, the revival of the study of Sanskrit with all that it stood for, would alone help our race to integrate human personality and prevent any return to barbarism.

Parishad's Activities

After reviewing the work done at the first session of the Parishad at Somnath, the second session at Banaras, and the third session at Nagpur, Prof. Dave referred in particular to the work done by the Parishad since its Nagpur session. He said that the Parishad had at present 24 Regional Branches, 199 Local Branches, 68 Sanskrit Mandals, and 84 Kendras. This included one Regional Branch and 25 Kendras in America and one regional branch in Japan. A beginning had been made to standardise the elementary Sanskrit Examinations held by different bodies throughout India. Eight institutions conducting such examinations had already affiliated themselves to and were given recognition by the Vishva Parishad. Suitable textbooks for elementary examinations were being prepared and it was

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hoped that this would pave the way for popularising Sanskrit by evening and spare-time classes, as was done for the spread of Hindi.

Since the inception of the Parishad, several concrete measures had been adopted in the country to encourage Sanskrit studies. The Ministry of Education, Government of India, recently convened a Conference of University Professors of Sanskrit and Sanskrit scholars from all over India to consider the place of Sanskrit in the curriculum. The different stations of All India Radio were giving more and more time to programmes in and about Sanskrit. It was also reported that shortly the A.I.R., Delhi, would be recording recitations of the Vedas. Prof. Dave concluded by giving a short account of the steps taken by the various State Governments for the popularisation and spread of Sanskrit. Thanking the President of the Republic of India for inaugurating the Session Prof. Dave said that "his presence in our midst is in itself a source of great inspiration and encouragement to scholars and lovers of Sanskrit and shows the great interest he has in the movement."

Dr. Rajendra Prasad was lustily cheered when he rose to deliver his presidential address.

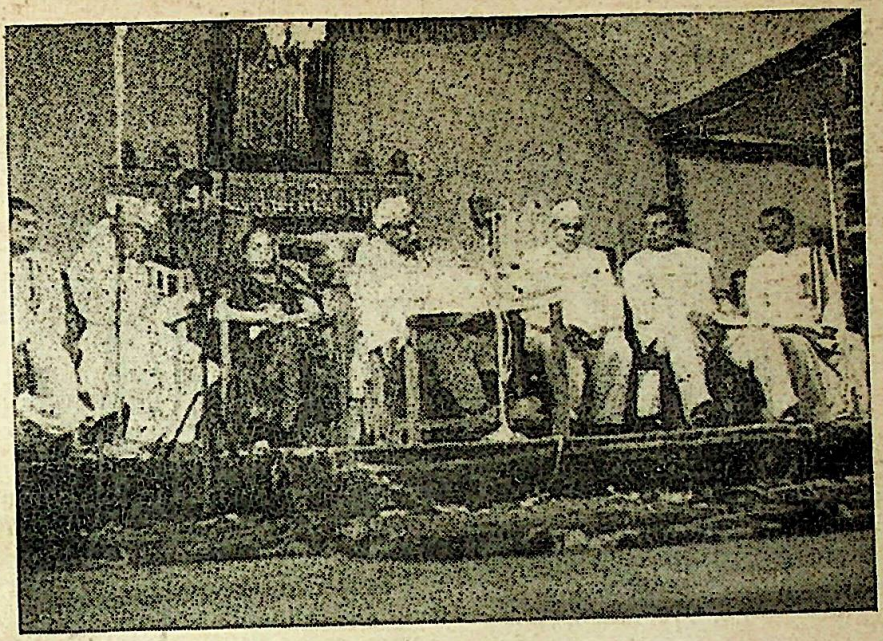
He said:

President's Address

I AM very glad that as in previous years, this year also I have been able to attend the annual session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, which is being held in the sacred town of Tirupati. I am not a scholar of Sanskrit, nor can I claim to have devoted to its study as much time as I would have wished to. All that I can claim, in all humility, is my love for that language.

If I must analyse my attachment to Sanskrit, I might confess that it is based partly on considerations of utility and partly on sentiment. Sanskrit is the language of India's culture and inspiration, the language in which all her past greatness, her rich thought and her spiritual aspirations are enshrined. The other two languages, Pali and Prakrit, which may be said to supplement Sanskrit in carrying out the functions of a storehouse of knowledge, are closely allied to it. As a matter of fact, the importance of Pali and Prakrit is itself an argument in favour of the study of Sanskrit, because without it these languages cannot be properly appreciated. Whether one has to know the famous systems of Indian philosophy or to trace the evolution of Indian fine arts like music and dancing or try to fill the gaps here and there in our long history, knowledge of Sanskrit is an essen-

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Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad delivering the Presidential Address: Tirupati Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. (L. to R.): Sri B. Gopala Reddi, Chief Minister of Andhra, Sri K. M. Munshi, Smt. Kusum Trivedi, Rashtrapatiji, Sri Chandulal Trivedi, Governor of Andhra, Dr. H. K. Mahtab, Governor of Bombay and Sri K. Chandramouli, Minister of Revenue & Endowments, Andhra and Chairman of the Reception Committee.

tial pre-requisite for all these undertakings.

It is a well-known fact that renowned scholars from foreign countries have made a notable contribution to the advancement of Sanskrit by their critical and deep study of Sanskrit classics, and it could be safely asserted that but for their efforts it was not possible to understand the important role Sanskrit has played in the development of human thought and culture. It was in the seventeenth century that Roger's translation of Bhartrihari's verses appeared in Dutch language. Wilkis, who studied at Banaras, translated the *Bhagwadgita* in 1785, *Hitopadesh* in 1787 and *Shakuntala* in 1792. German poets like Schiller and Goethe were profoundly impressed by these works. Colebrooke published his monumental works in the first half of the nineteenth century—a Sanskrit dictionary, Treatises on Hindu Law, Sanskrit

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grammar and translation of *Kiratarjuniyam*. About this time Russian versions of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* had also appeared. Rosen and Maxmuller translated the Vedas between 1840-70. Chairs of Sanskrit were created in some foreign universities hundred years ago. Sanskrit is now being taught in German and French universities. Today it is a compulsory subject in Kabul University.

It is for these reasons that I consider the study of Sanskrit as of great value to us. The second argument, namely, sentimental attachment, in a way, flows from the first argument. Sanskrit has not only been the treasurehouse of our past knowledge and achievements in the realm of thought and art, it has also been the principal vehicle of our nation's aspirations and cultural traditions, besides being the source and inspiration of India's modern languages. The four South Indian languages also which, strictly speaking, do not belong to the group of Indo-Aryan languages, have through mutual contact and religious and cultural affinity, drawn a large part of their vocabulary from Sanskrit.

Basis of Unity

I have often heard it said that for many centuries in the past, Sanskrit provided the principal basis of the unity of India. There appears to be a good deal of truth in this saying. Imagine, two thousand years ago when from the point of view of geography and topography India was probably a bigger country than she is today, how people living in the far-flung *pradeshas* maintained contact with one another. In that hoary past, when, in the modern sense of the term, there were hardly any means of communication, the whole country had more or less a common pattern of education, common rituals and common beliefs. It is Sanskrit which provided a common medium of expression and also literary effort. While regional languages, in varying stages of development, were spoken in the various regions, Sanskrit truly provided the *lingua franca*. It enjoyed the status of what we might call the national language of India for many centuries. All this shows the great part which Sanskrit has played in the cultural evolution of this country.

I do not mean to suggest that we should or can once again put Sanskrit on that pedestal and make it the inter-State language, though I am aware this plea has been put forth from some quarters. Without hazarding any opinion about the feasibility or desirability of this proposition, I have no hesitation in saying that even in the vastly changed circumstances of today, Sanskrit offers us much that is bound to be of value to the country as a whole. Whatever the status that we might agree to give formally to this great language, the fact remains that it provides the common fount from which the

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growing languages of modern India derive sustenance.

In spite of the vast distances which separate one region from the other and the great variety of local customs and traditions, a man from the North cannot but feel thrilled when he finds that life in the South is governed by the same beliefs and rituals as in the North. Only a few months ago when I happened to plant a tree in a village in Hyderabad State, I was struck by the ceremony which preceded the planting of the sapling. It was exactly the same ceremony which I have been witnessing year after year in Delhi. The same holds good of the principal rites generally known as the sixteen *sanskaras*, which every Hindu considers it his duty to perform during his lifetime.

Hence it is the principal aim of this Conference to promote the study of Sanskrit so as to restore it to its proper status and to develop it. I have no doubt that this assembly of learned men would consider the matter in all its aspects, by a comprehensive survey giving a clear lead to the country. I wish them success in their endeavour.

Vote of Thanks

Sri K. M. Munshi proposed a vote of thanks.

The first day's proceedings came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

Chairman's Address

The Parishad met on the second day under the Chairmanship of Sri K. M. Munshi. Addressing the session, Sri Munshi said:

I AM happy to meet you all in the fourth session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. I also take this opportunity to offer our deep debt of gratitude to the Government of Andhra, the authorities of the Tirupati Devasthanam and all others who have helped to make this session a success. On this occasion, I would also like to express my deep appreciation of the work that is being done by the General Secretary, the Joint General Secretary, the professors, honorary and stipendiary, the organisers, and all others who have carried on the activities of the Parishad during the last two years.

You must have seen from the report of the General Secretary that the Parishad, since its foundation in 1951, has made considerable progress. Above all, it has focussed the attention of the country on the need of preserving our heritage of Sanskrit and all it stands for; of modernising and popularising its study; of revitalising it, so that

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its influence may continue to inspire the future.

The organizers and professors of the Parishad have, during the last two years, toured several parts of the country. Branches and *kendras*, the number of which exceeds 200, have been established including one in U. S. A. and another in Japan. The enthusiasm which the present session has evoked is another testimony of the work the Parishad is doing.

Such renewed interest cannot be a mere accident. The Allahabad and the Lucknow Universities have attracted a large number of students during the last two or three years. One of our Honorary Professors, Sri Anant Shastri Phadke, has been teaching Sanskrit by correspondence to some residents of British Guiana and West Indies. The Bill to establish the Banaras Sanskrit University will be introduced in the U. P. Legislative Assembly in a few weeks. The plan for establishing a Sanskrit University at Kurukshetra, is under consideration. The Raipur Mahavidyalaya, to which we looked forward at the last session, has now been inaugurated. The Lucknow University has made Sanskrit compulsory for certain categories of students. I hope these examples will be followed in the country.

Source of Our Strength

This Conference need not be reminded of the place which Sanskrit occupies in our life. The *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana* and the *Bhagavata* are woven into the texture of our lives. The literary renaissance in our modern languages is as much due to the influence of Sanskrit as to the impact of the West. It is studied in our universities, colleges and schools. In thousands of *Pathshalas* in the country, men devote themselves to the study of Sanskrit from 12 to 16 years. Possibly, more than twenty-five thousand people in the country speak it with some kind of fluency. Lakhs of Brahmans in the country, with its aid, bring God nearer to man. The life of over two hundred million people is associated with the sacred recitals in Sanskrit on the occasion of birth, marriage or death, in prayer or in ritual. The Indian languages, spoken by over 250 millions, are being enriched by Sanskrit today.

In India, the great and noble in all generations, with rare exceptions, have found self-fulfilment through Sanskrit and what it stands for. India attained her solidarity and cultural vitality through Sanskrit; she can only retain it under its influence.

Our freedom, therefore, has no meaning, if India loses Sanskrit. We would have no future if we neglect the principal source of our strength.

I go further. The world is in a mess. It could only be redeemed by a wider appreciation of the

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Mahabharata, the *Ramayana,* the *Bhagavata* and the works of Kalidas; of the inspiring message of the *Bhagavad-gita* and the *Upanishads* which teach non-violence and truth, and, above all, faith in the dignity of man's personality in the Moral Order and in God.

If India has to be true to her genius and rise to the full stature of her greatness, among other things, Sanskrit, as a source of our cultural, moral and spiritual influence, has to be strengthened. At the same time, we must realize that the old way of life which preserved the influence of Sanskrit, is disappearing fast.

The question before the country, therefore, is how to revive and maintain Sanskrit as a vital force in our life under modern condition.

This question divides itself into two. First, how to harness the energies of our educational system to this cause; secondly, how to modify and strengthen the traditional system of Sanskrit education without which it cannot remain such a vital force.

There is no doubt that the traditional system of Sanskrit education represented by the *Pathshalas* is losing ground. The pious and the rich classes and princely order, who were its patrons, are disappearing from our midst. Now it is the duty of the State and the general public, the Devasthan and the temples to take up their work. *Pathshalas* cannot survive unless they are affiliated to universities, the principal medium of which is Sanskrit and unless career possibilities are open for the *Shastris.*

Sanskrit cannot have any living interest for the modern generation if the system of traditional learning is disregarded and it becomes a dead language. It will then cease to be a living source of inspiration. Its moral, cultural and spiritual influence will slowly die. In the result, India would lose its right to influence the moral and spiritual climate of the world.

At the same time, we must realise that if it is important to preserve the traditional system of Sanskrit learning, it is equally important to see that the courses are so modernised that the *Shastris* do not remain fossils in a fast moving world. The conflict between the two types of Sanskrit scholars — the pandits and the professors — is responsible, to a large extent, for the neglect of Sanskrit. This conflict has to be resolved by reviving a graduated course of Sanskrit studies which preserves the good points of both.

At the same time, to retain Sanskrit as a living factor in our lives, general interest of the people as a whole has to be awakened. Post-graduate courses and research institutions will not be able to do so. We must make the study of Sanskrit easy and popular, and, by transferring the emphasis to easy, spoken Sanskrit, make it accessible to all.

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An Academical Necessity

This responsibility lies as heavily on the Governments as on the Universities. I must remind you of what the Radhakrishnan Commission on University Education has said:

"The Sanskrit language contains works which are priceless possessions of humanity and it will always have a place in a scheme of humanistic culture . . . . . There has been a steady deterioration in the study of Sanskrit language. Dr. Belvalkar, the Director for Research, Bandarkar Oriental Research Institute, argues that 'next to one's own mother-tongue which everyone inevitably learns by Nature's method, the first language, the study of which ought to be academically pursued, is and ought to be Sanskrit, the language of India's culture and traditions.' We do hope that our students will be encouraged to take up Sanskrit in their degree course."

Everyone has regretted, and so have I, time and again, that in our universities too much emphasis is laid on 'informative' education, and too little on 'formative' one. The studies of Sanskrit and all that it stands for, have been, and are, the most formative influences in our life. If in shaping our future generations we neglect these formative influences, we would have sharpened the intelligence but formed no character, developed resourcefulness but inculcated no ideals. In the end, we would have uprooted our generation from the moral and spiritual moorings of India.

On the other hand, a two years' course in *Niti Shataka* and *Vairagya Shataka*, elementary *Ramayana* and *Hitopadesh* would mould their character and inculcate ideals more than all other studies put together. It would divert the vagaries of youth into healthy channels; and prepare our young men to voice the ageless aspirations of India in future.

Government's Duty

In this connection, I cannot do better than recall the words of Rashtrapatiji used by him in his Presidential Address at Banaras:

"If the traditional Sanskrit learning disappears, it would certainly be a shame to Free India . . . . The time for the allocation of funds for the study of Sanskrit has come . . . . . If we decide to hand over the control of our lives to Government, it becomes the duty of the State to take over these responsibilities. In my opinion, it is the duty of the State Governments to start giving adequate grants-in-aid for the study of Sanskrit."

What the Rashtrapatiji said about the State Governments is equally, if not more, true of the responsibilities of the Central Government. I consider it a happy augury that the

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Ministry of Education of the Government of India recently convened a conference of experts to consider the question of the study and teaching of Sanskrit. Let us hope that something substantial will be done to put Sanskrit studies on a sound basis, not merely by providing for more critical editions and comparative studies but by taking steps to preserve Sanskrit as a living factor in our life.

Provision in Five-Year Plan

The only way to place Sanskrit on a sound basis would be to make a provision in the Five-Year Plan, so that the Central and the State Governments might be able to establish three or four Sanskrit Universities in the country, with Sanskrit as the principal medium, to which the *Pathshalas* might be affiliated; to finance or establish institutes of Sanskrit in every Indian University; to give grants-in-aid to the *Pathshalas;* to provide funds for collecting and publishing unpublished Sanskrit manuscripts, and to make provision to establish a library in the National Archives where photostatic or micro-film copies of all Sanskrit manuscripts might be collected.

Lastly, I would appeal to all the branches and *kendras* and all those interested in Sanskrit in the country to hold conferences in different States and to celebrate at least two national festivals associated with two great masters of Sanskrit and the architects of our culture, Veda-Vyas and Kalidas.

We must not forget that the Vishva Parishad is a voluntary organisation of men with a mission; the only agency at its disposal is their enthusiasm. The aims of the Parishad, therefore, can only be achieved if every one of us considers himself as the Vishva Parishad and in his own sphere, large or small, puts forward his best effort for the cause to which we are all pledged.

In conclusion, I must express my deep debt of gratitude to our Rashtrapatiji, who has, during the last four years, been our guide and friend and our greatest strength.

Resolution

After Sri Munshi's speech, Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, moved the following resolution:

"In furtherance of the resolutions passed at the Somnath, Benares and Nagpur sessions, this session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad welcomes the recognition by several nations of the principle of *Panch Seela* which represents in international affairs, the supremacy of those moral and spiritual values for which India stands and

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of which Sanskrit is the storehouse and medium and draws attention of the Universities of the world to the necessity of taking steps to further the study of Sanskrit in order that moral and spiritual values for which it stands become the effective heritage of all the nations.

"This session urges State Governments and universities to prescribe at high school and early university stages, the compulsory study of Sanskrit so that proper appreciation of the heritage of India might inspire the younger generation to reinforce our national solidarity; to join in developing the culture of India on lines suited to her genius, but so as to meet the demands of modern conditions; to help by upholding the moral and spiritual values for which India stands, so that the conflicts and tensions of present-day might be replaced by an emotional awareness of human unity based on peace and faith which those values involve.

Publication of Manuscripts

"This session urges the Government of India to appoint an All-India Board of Sanskrit studies for co-ordinating, standardising and promoting Sanskrit studies all over India. This session urges the Central and State Governments to establish Sanskrit Universities at several centres to which *Pathasalas* could, in their respective regions be affiliated; to make in the Second Five-Year Plan provision for such Universities; for Departments of Sanskrit in universities within their jurisdiction; for grants-in-aid to *Pathasalas;* for a fund to help institutions to collect and publish manuscripts; and for a fund to publish critical editions of Sanskrit works; and appoint a Committee of the following to approach the appropriate authorities: Mr. M. Patanjali Sastri, Chairman, Mr. N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, Mr. M. Ananthasayanam Iyengar, Bakshi Tekchand, Sardar Panikkar and Mr. J. H. Dave.

"This session resolves to appoint a Committee of the following members to inquire and report on the reorganisation of traditional courses in Sanskrit so as to fit them into a scheme of modern education and create possibilities of a career; to enquire and report on the method of teaching Sanskrit at all stages with special reference to new method of teaching, which is being tried by the Kuppuswami Sastri Research Institute, Pandit Anant Shastri Phadke and others and such other matters as may be germane to the above. Messrs. K. M. Munshi, Chairman and M. Patanjali Sastri, Dr. Sampurnanand, Messrs. B. Gopala Reddi, P. V. Rajamannar, P. Govinda Menon, B. Ramakrishna Rao, Acharya Badrinath Verma, C. Subramaniam, Jagat Narain, Panalal Ghose, B. A. Mandloi, H. V.

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Divatia, R.N. Dandekar, J. H. Dave, K. Chandramouli, Convener and R. P. Naik, Secretary.

"This session places on record its appreciation of the action (1) Of the Central Government in convening a conference of University Professors of Sanskrit for discussing Sanskrit education and research in all stages; and of All India Radio in giving place to Sanskrit in their programmes at all stations; (2) Of the Andhra Government for having introduced as a main subject of study in the B.A. course and for having given triple increments to Telugu pandits who have passed the prescribed examinations in Sanskrit; (3) Of Madhya Pradesh Government for having established a Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya at Raipur affiliated to the Saugor University; (4) Of the Punjab Government (a) for having announced their intention to establish a Sanskrit University at Kurukshetra; (b) for having upgraded the status of Pandits; (c) for having started a training college for them, (d) for having made graduation in Sanskrit compulsory for lectures in Hindi and Punjabi and for having provided grants-in-aid to Sanskrit *Pathasalas;* (5) Of Uttar Pradesh Government for having announced their intention to introduce the Banaras Sanskrit University Bill in the session of the U.P. Legislative Assembly; (6) Of the University of Lucknow for having made general Sanskrit a compulsory subject of study for all graduates in arts and (7) Of Travancore Dewaswom Board for providing free hostel facilities and special scholarship of a large value for Sanskrit students."

Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, who moved the resolution, gave expression to the feeling that the younger generation were being gradually detached from their ancient heritage. He said that unless each one of them knew something of their ancient culture, he did not think they could be useful citizens of India. Culture was based on the frame of mind and implied some training that had come down from thousands of years. It was this cultural heritage that enabled them to know many things without being told by anybody.

Tradition in Education

Proceeding, Dr. Mahtab said that young men did not receive training either in their family or in educational institutions. With the introduction of the Western system of education, family education disappeared and nobody paid attention in the home to character-building of boys and girls. If this state of affairs went on, they would soon become a nation consisting of persons who had no ambition or goal in life, but who would drift. This state of affairs could be rectified only by making their tradition the basis of their education. It was a mistaken notion that Sanskrit was concerned only with religion and philosophy. It was not so. India

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had relations with other countries and there must have been some kind of literature concerning other aspects of a nation's life.

Dr. Mahtab pointed out that there could be no simpler book on politics than the *Hitopadesa*. There was *Mudrarakshasa* which dealt with politics in which there was a sentence to the effect that they should not defeat the enemy too much but should allow him also to live. A perusal of Kalidasa's writings would show that he had a clear conception of political theories, which held good even today. The *Ramayana* was a work, which taught them the rules of conduct. The *Santhi Parva* of the *Mahabharata* contained valuable teachings. Sanskrit alone provided the key for understanding these works. If the younger generation grew up ignorant of the fundamental rules of conduct, that would lead them to a lot of trouble. The general knowledge, which *Katha Saritsagara* gave them was superb. A knowledge of that work would enable any candidate for the I.A.S. to pass the *viva voce* examination. There was great inspiration in Sanskrit literature. That was why a study of Sanskrit had become essential for free India.

Sri M. Ananthasayaman Iyengar, Deputy Speaker of the Lok Sabha, seconded the resolution. Speaking in Telugu, he explained its scope and pointed out that Sanskrit literature was a vast treasure-house of knowledge.

Speaking in Sanskrit, Srimathi Nirmala Devi of Bombay supported the resolution and urged the Parishad to take steps to spread the study of Sanskrit among the women also.

Messrs. Mohan Singh Mehta and Mr. K. Chandramouli, Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, Asthana Vidwan Pandit Jagannadhacharya, Pandit Krishnamacharya, Sri P. B. Annangaracharia of Kanchipuram and others also spoke in support of the resolution.

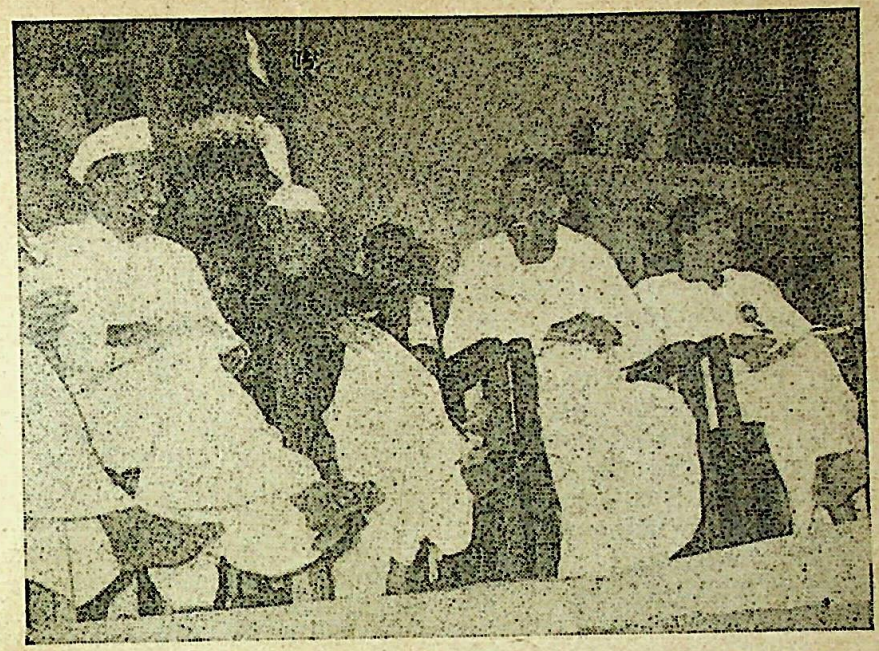
The resolution was carried unanimously.

Third Day's Session

Bringing the fourth session of the Parishad to a conclusion, Sri Munshi said:

"I am deeply overwhelmed by the kindness that has been shown to me here and I am carrying with me sweet memories of my visit to Tirupati. I had least expected that this Parishad will break all record in every point of view. As the General Secretary told you, for various reasons we had to limit the enrolment of delegates to 1,300. That was done on November 5, and if the applications received subsequently had been entertained we would have had more than 2,500

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Sri Kala Venkata Rao, Minister for Public Health, Andhra, Sri K. Hanumanthayya, Chief Minister of Mysore, Sri B. Ramakrishna Rao, Chief Minister of Hyderabad, Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, Dy. Chief Minister of Andhra, who attended the Tirupati Session in a happy mood. Next to Sri Sanjeeva Reddi is Sri C. Subramaniam, Minister for Education, Madras.

delegates. That shows the intense interest all over the country for Sanskrit. I am overwhelmed at the excellent way in which the Parishad has been organised. I will be failing in my duty if I do not place on record my deep appreciation of the excellent manner in which everything has been arranged, the facilities provided and every convenience looked after. This *pandal* itself is something extraordinarily fine, which I have ever seen"

"All the credit", said Mr. Munshi continuing, "goes to my friend Mr. Gopala Reddi. Somewhere in one of my historic researches, I have said that the Andhras were the first after the Vedic times to use the northern and southern cultures of India and make India one. Of course that was years ago. Your Chief Minister is also in that sense a symbol of the unity of the North and the South. In the first instance, he is an Andhra, born and pucca-bred, and a southerner. He has been a student of the Santini-

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ketan and has absorbed the best in the North. Like the eternal India which is ever young, he always looks young. Therefore, he symbolises the everlasting youthfulness of Aryavarta and Sanskrit.

"In Mr. Chandramouli, you have a peerless organiser and a sympathiser with Sanskrit who has carried on his shoulders the burden of seeing this session through. I have no words to express my appreciation for what the Reception Committee under Mr. Anna Rao and the Devasthanam have done for us. The strain involved was borne with wonderful joyousness, enthusiasm and love for Sanskrit which all augurs very well."

Not a Dead Language

Mr. Munshi continued: "When people say that Sanskrit is a dead language, they do not know what they talk about. For the last three days, thousands of people listened patiently, not out of courtesy but because they enjoyed the Sanskrit speeches made here. Learned men who have spent their whole life in the study of Sanskrit came to the platform and spoke the language with greater effect, precision and flexibility than most of us can speak our own mother-tongue or English or any other language. This is a testimony to the fact that Sanskrit is a living source of inspiration and not a dead language as some people want to say."

"This Parishad," Mr. Munshi said, "has not been able to accomplish very much. Our resources are limited. I wish we had more money, so that we could organise better. But even during the last four years, it has awakened interest all over the country in Sanskrit. Apart from that, it has brought together people who have no platform of their own. The Parishad has a Council on which every branch, from the Supreme Court to the High Court, Vice-Chancellors and Ministers for Education, are represented. With this powerful body, I see no reason why we should ever be in a mood to despair. So far as Sanskrit is concerned, I know the world is changing. Even the place of Sanskrit will change. Even the way of imparting education will change. I have this confidence that Sanskrit has been the base of India and its culture since ages, and it has to be the same. As long as India lasts, Sanskrit is going to be at the base of its culture (hear, hear).

Spiritual Values

"I carry with me the sweetest memories of Tirupati and its shrine. It is a great place of which I have heard very much. In India, our places of pilgrimage have been great inspiring centres. Even to be there for a few hours is in itself a spiritual education. I have felt that at Banaras and at Badrinath, and I have felt that at Tirupati. So long as these shrines continue,

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so long as people have faith in them, so long will India live, triumph and dominate the world by its moral and spiritual values.

"There is a general superstition that a secular State is an irreligious State. That is not the definition of India. India is secular in the sense that every religion is free to pursue its way to God and in its own peculiar manner. It does not mean that they deny God or deny religion. All that it means is complete religious tolerance and freedom for everyone. In the heart of India lives God. For centuries and centuries the whole of our culture, the whole Sanskritic culture, is based upon certain fundamental values, the value of the moral order of the Universe. The culture which derives its source from the *Gita,* the *Ramayana* and the various *sastras* that we have got, believe in that faith. It is with that faith we must go forward and see that Sanskrit is restored to its strength and vitality in this new world. The old world was different and it is gone. We are in an atomic age, an age of industrial cities and aeroplanes where we cannot continue our old ritualism or old orthodoxy. But the spirit never dies and the spirit is enshrined in Sanskrit. All that we wish is that this spirit of India may go forward and redeem mankind. I hope and trust that the little work we have been doing here will contribute toward that end."

Sanjivini

"Whatever little I know of India, I know that in Sanskrit we have got the only real *sanjivini* that makes people live for eternity. If India has lived through history and in spite of various vicissitudes, that is because of the Sanskritic culture it stands for. Remember Egypt, Babylon, Iraq, Iran or Greece. When their civilisations flourished, we had already a flourshing culture. The culture of old Egypt, Greece and Iraq has gone. But India to-day stands as vitally as it did in the Vedic days. India has to-day all the spiritual strength, all the inspiration and courage to face the future. And the success of our Prime Minister's foreign policy is not the result of mere diplomacy or politics, but is the result of the rich heritage which we have received from our own Vedic rishis of the earliest times (hear, hear). It is that that has made for the continuity of India and the position of India as the *Acharya* of the world. It is only to the extent we absorb the fundamentals of our culture, to that extent alone, that the present and the future generations will be able to uphold that position of India."

Prof. J. H. Dave, Honorary General Secretary, on behalf of the Parishad and the delegates, thanked the organisers of the conference and the Chief Minister and the Revenue Minister of Andhra and

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others connected with the arrangements for having made the conference highly successful. As against 300 or 400 delegates, who attended the previous session of the Parishad, Sri Dave said, the present session was attended by over 1,300 delegates for whom the organisers had made satisfactory arrangements. He also announced the result of the elections to the Council of the Parishad for the ensuing year. Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Sri K. M. Munshi were re-elected President and Chairman respectively.

Sri C. Anna Rao, Executive Officer of the Tirumalai Tirupati Devasthanams, expressed grateful thanks to the Parishad authorities for having given the people of Andhra and the T. T. Devasthanam an opportunity to serve the cause of the propagation of Sanskrit.

Mr. K. Chandramouli, Chairman of the Reception Committee, thanked Mr. Munshi for having acceded to the request of the Chief Minister of Andhra to hold this year's Conference of the Parishad in Andhra. He thanked Dr. Rajendra Prasad for having graced the occasion by presiding over the Session and thereby giving a new life and orientation to the whole atmosphere of the conference, and other distinguished visitors for their blessings and valuable advice.

The famous violinist, Sri Dwaram Venkataswamy Naidu gave a recital. Kumari Chandralekha of Madras also gave a programme of Bharata Natyam. Both items were highly appreciated.

OFFICE BEARERS

The following members of the Council of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad for the coming year were elected: Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President; Sri K. M. Munshi, Chairman.

Other office-bearers are: Vice-Presidents: Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay; Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, Union Home Minister; Sri C. D. Deshmukh, Union Finance Minister; Sri B. Gopala Reddi, Chief Minister of Andhra; Dr. Sampurnanand, Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh; Sri Justice B. K. Mukherji, Chief Justice of India; Sri M. Patanjali Sastri former Chief Justice of India; Sri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice of Madras; Sri M. Anantasayanam Iyengar, Deputy Speaker, Lok Sabha; Dr. Norman Brown, Professor of Sanskrit and Chairman of South Asia Regional Studies, University of Pennsylvania, Sir Ralph Turner, Director, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London; Dr. L. Renou, University of Sorbonne, France, Dr. Alsdorf and Dr. Yesabuso, Shimonaka, President of the Japanese Branch of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.

Secretaries: Honorary General Secretary: Prof. J. H. Dave; Joint General Secretary: Acharya T. A.

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Venkateswara Dikshitar, Dr. R. N. Dandekar; Prof. K. S. Aiyar of Lucknow University; Dr, Aryendra Sharma, Osmania University, Hyderabad; Prof. H. R. Agarwal and Dr. V. Raghavan of Madras.

Sri S. Ramakrishnan, Registrar, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was elected Treasurer.

Messrs. K. Hanumanthaiya Chief Minister of Mysore; B. Ramakrishna Rao, Chief Minister of Hyderabad; P. Govinda Menon, Chief Minister of Travancore-Cochin State; Sardar K. M. Panikkar; N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, Bakshi Tek Chand, former Judge of the Punjab High Court; K. Chandramouli, Revenue Minister, Andhra; Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji of Calcutta and K. Balasubramania Aiyar of Madras were elected as members of the Council.

The following were co-opted as members: Messrs. Omeo Kumar Das, Pannalal Bose, Bhadrinath Verma, Radhanath Rath, Harigovind Singh, B. A. Mandloi Singh Mehta, Dinkar Rao Desai, Jagat Narain, J. K. Mody and C. Subramaniam, Education Ministers of Assam, West Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, Uttar Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Bombay, the Punjab, Saurashtra and Madras; Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. P. V. Kane, former Chancellor of the Bombay University; Prof. Anant Shastri Phadka, Professor, Government Sanskrit College, Banaras, H. V. Divatia, Vice-Chancellor, Gujerat University, Shyamanand Sahai, Vice-Chancellor, Bihar University, N. K. Siddhanta, Vice-Chancellor, Calcutta University, R. P. Naik, Secretary, Education Department, Madhya Pradesh, Prof. H. D. Velankar, Joint Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Balarama Panikkar, Sanskrit College, Trivandrum and Pandit Sabhapati Upadhyaya, M.L.C., and Principal, Sanskrit College, Banaras.

Messages

Messages wishing success to the Session were received from the following:

His Holiness Jagadguru Shri Shankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti, His Holiness Shri Shankarachárya of Karavira Pith, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Education Minister, Shri Chintaman Deshmukh, Finance Minister, Pandit Gobind Ballabh Pant, Home Minister, Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh, Shri C.P.N. Singh, Governor of Punjab, Shri P.S. Kumaraswamy Raja, Governor of Orissa, Dr. H.C. Mookerji, Governor of West Bengal, His Highness

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the Rajapramukh of Mysore, Yuvaraj Karan Singh, Sada-i-Riyasat, Jammu & Kashmir, Shri G.V. Mavlankar, Speaker, Lok Sabha, Shri O.V. Alagesan, Dy. Minister, Transport, Dr. Srimali, Dy. Minister for Education, Shri Morarji Desai, Chief Minister, Bombay, Shri Takhatmal Jain, Chief Minister, Madhya Bharat, Shri Bhim Sen Sachar, Chief Minister, Punjab Dr. Sampuran and Chief Minister, U.P., Shri Brish Bhan, Chief Minister, Pepsu, Shri Mahanlal Sukhadia, Chief Minister, Rajasthan, Dr, A.L. Mudalir, Vice-Chancellor, Madras, University, Shri K. L. Dubey, Vice-Chancellor, Nagpur University, Shri B. Narayana, Vice-Chancellor, Patna University, Shri B. N. Jha, Vice-Chancellor, Allahabad University. Dr. M.R. Jayakar, Vice-Chancellor, Poona University, Shri N. K. Siddhanta, Vice-Chancellor, Calcutta University, Shri T. L. Venkatarama Iyer, Judge, Supreme Court, Sri N. Chandrasekhara Iyer, Swami Sivananda, Acharya Tulsi, Messrs. Radhanath Rath, Education Minister, Orissa, D. G. James, Southampton University, Watson Kirkconnel, Acadia University, L.D. Barnett, Vice-Chancellor, British Museum, N. Tsuji, Professor of Sanskrit, Tokyo University, I.B. Horner, Pali Text Society, London, Baron Floris Van Pallandt, Netherlands Ambassador, Dr. Frederic Spiegel Berg, Stanford University, California, Dr. Ludwik Sternbach of United Nations. Betty Heimann Editor, *This World*, London, Dunglas Vexle, of Oxford University and many others.

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DEC. 18, 1955



अमृतं तु विद्या

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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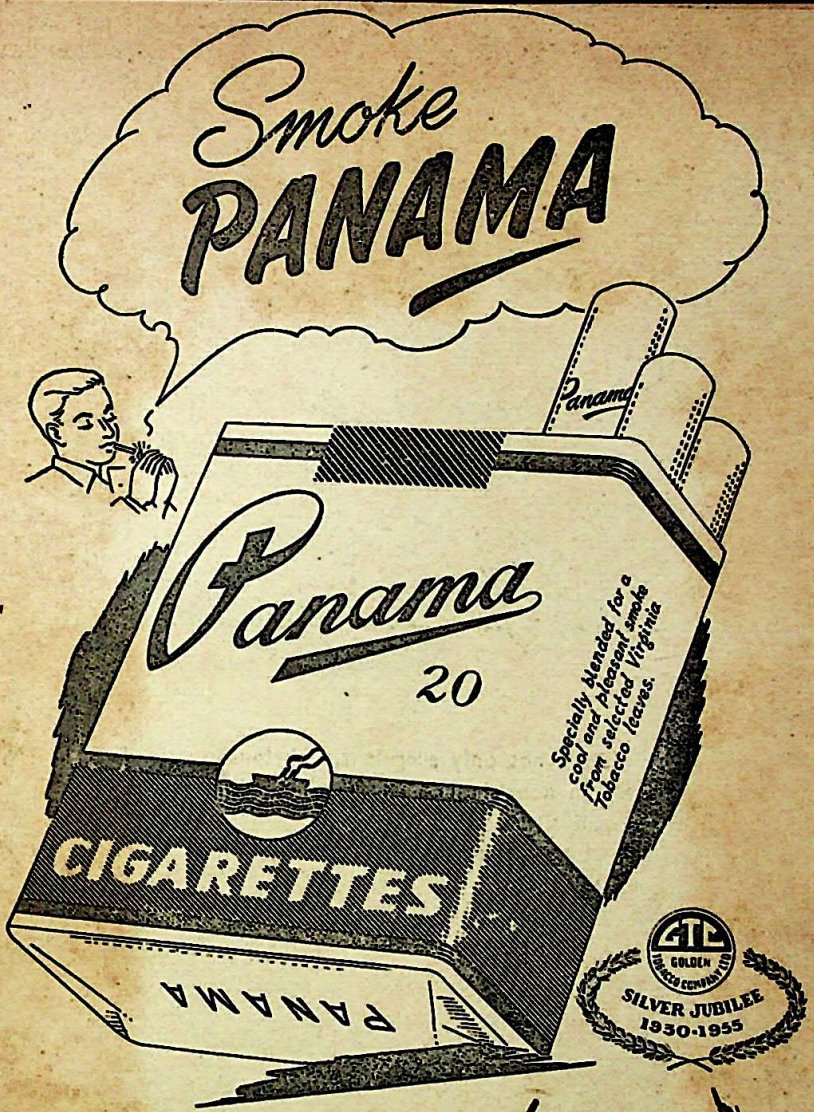
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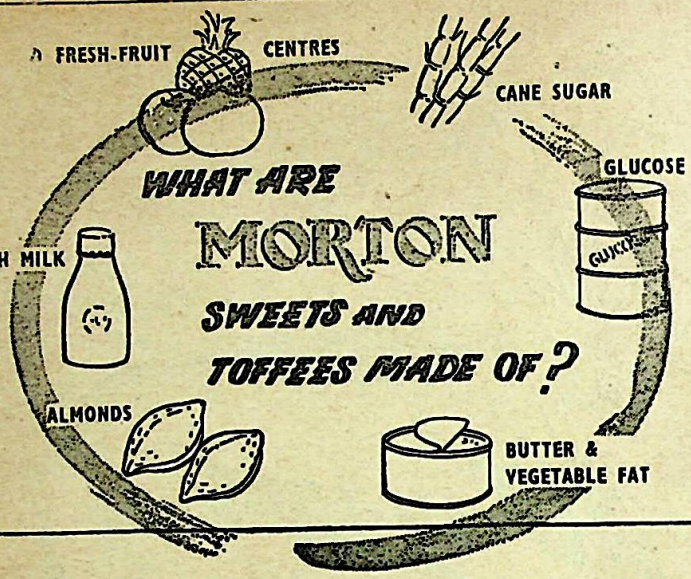
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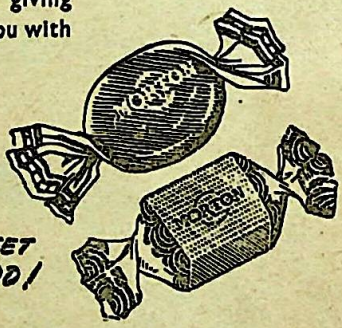
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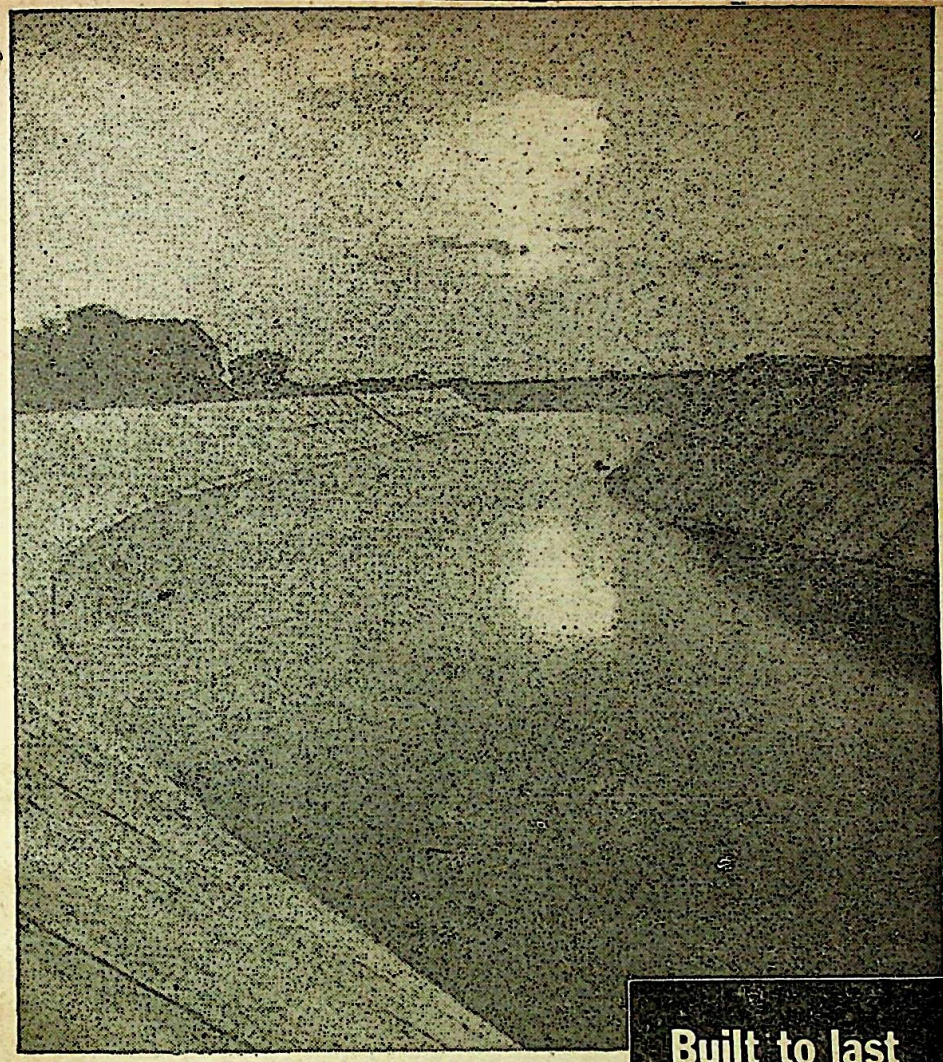
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 10] [DECEMBER 18, 1955

PURITY

पृथिव्यापस्तेजोवायुराकाशा मे शुध्यन्तां ज्योतिरहं
विरजा विपाप्मा भूयासम्।
शब्दस्पर्शरूपरसगन्धा मे शुध्यन्तां ज्योतिरहं
विरजा विपाप्मा भूयासम्।
मनोवाक्कायकर्माणि मे शुध्यन्तां ज्योतिरहं
विरजा विपाप्मा भूयासम्।
आत्मा मे शुध्यन्तां ज्योतिरहं
विरजा विपाप्मा भूयासम्।

May the earth, water, fire, air and ether that make up my body become purified so that I may become the effulgent spirit free from sullying passion and sin.

May (the object of my senses,) sound, touch, vision, palate and smell get purified so that I may become the effulgent spirit, free from sullying passion and sin.

May my thought, speech and action become purified so that I may become the effulgent spirit, free from sullying passion and sin.

May my soul become purified so that I may become the effulgent spirit, free from sullying passion and sin.

Krishna Yajurveda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 90

★ **A Fragrant Town**

★ **Kanauj, A Grave of Vanished Empires**

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow
DECEMBER 18, 1955.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

SOME years ago, when I had been called to Kanpur for professional purposes, I asked a friend how far Kanauj was, as I was anxious to go there.

"Go to Kanauj!" exclaimed my friend in surprise. "What on earth do you want to go to that village for?"

Just then I was studying the Gujarat of the period when it was a part of the Empire of Kanauj. How could I convince him that I was already there in my imagination?

★

On October 17, I went to Kanauj to inaugurate its Festival. The little town, with a population of about 27,000, is fifty-three miles from Kanpur and stands on the national highway that runs between Calcutta and Delhi.

As we approached it, we saw green fields rich with crops of potato and tobacco. It is a very fertile area, which enjoys in particular a reputation for producing excellent *attar*.

In Kanauj, *attar* is everywhere. As we entered the Municipal limits, I sniffed: the air was laden with the heavy smell of sandalwood oil. As I stepped into the half-built hospital which had been converted into the Governor's Camp for the occasion, it was applied to my hand and my clothes. Visitors presented me with elegant little cases of it, as a sort of visiting card. The garlands and bouquets were sprinkled with it. It exuded from the clothes of everyone I met. All public gatherings—I attended seve-

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ral—were invariably enveloped in a cloud of the aroma. Even at the At Home, I had a suspicion that the sugar I put into my tea-cup had the *attar* touch.

There you are. If you have never been to an *attar* town, go to Kanauj.

In his ecstatic description of Kanauj, Rajasekhara forgot to mention that it was fragrant. But Kusumpur, one of the names of the city, would seem to indicate that in the days of its glory it was already a flower garden. It may be that *attar* was not manufactured then, for it was the Sultans of Delhi who taught the people the art of making it as a solatium for the thousands of temples which they had laid in the dust.

When I reached this obscure little town, I was reminded of its past, as the metropolis of India from which triumphant armies had marched to conquest; as the home of men who had founded and lost its Empires, of the poets and scholars who had thronged in its palaces, of the beauties who had sung in it and loved and inspired; as the city of a thousand wonderfully sculptured temples, the spires of which had touched the heavens. I was also reminded of the conquerors, who, from time to time, had coveted, crushed and sacked it and of the vandal hands which had made of it more than once, a vast funeral pyre.

Now Kanauj lies forgotten. Its environs are nothing but the grave of vanished glory.

From post-Vedic times, Kanauj was the centre of Indo-Aryan culture. It was reputed to be the capital of Gadhi, the father of Vishwamitra. The surrounding region, which was also called Panchala, extended from Kalpi, where Vyas was born, to Naimisharanya in the north, where his *Mahabharata* was recited. Draupadi was born at nearby Kampilya.

Though Kanauj continued to be an important town until the Gupta period, its political significance only dates from the sixth century, when Ishanavarma Maukhari, its king (*c.* A.D. 554) drove the Huns out of Madhyadesh, then, as now, the heart of India.

In the time of Ishanavarma's grandson, Grihavarman, Kanauj was invaded by the kings of Bengal and Malava. Grihavarman died in battle. His rescue was attempted by Rajyavardhan, the crown prince of Thaneshwar and the brother of his queen, but he also was killed. The younger prince of Thaneshwar, Shri Harsha, then marched on Kanauj, drove back the invaders, made it his capital, and on the ruins of the Maukhari kingdom, built the empire of Madhyadesha.

During Shri Harsha's rule (A.D. 606-647), Kanauj grew into the foremost city of India. It was the

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home of his biographer, Bana, the greatest prose-writer in Sanskrit, and was visited by the famous Chinese pilgrim, Hieun Tsang, who has left us a vivid picture of the emperor's personality and court.

On Shri Harsha's death, his empire disintegrated and darkness descended on Kanauj for the next fifty years. When it lights up again, Yashovarman is found ruling over it and Bhavabhuti, our greatest dramatist after Kalidasa, and Vakpati, the author of *Gaudavaho,* are living under his patronage.

Yashovarman joined hands with Lalitaditya of Kashmir, in arresting the raids of the Arabs and the Tibetans. But the allies soon fell out and Lalitaditya marched on Kanauj to shatter its power once again.

At the beginning of the eighth century, though Kanauj still enjoyed its metropolitan and symbolic importance as the capital of India, an obscure king, Indrayudha, was ruling over it.

It was about this time that the Arabs conquered Sind. A few years later, Junayad, its governor, sent two armies under orders of the Caliph Hasham of Baghdad to conquer India. The army that invaded the north, overran Saurashtra and Gurjaradesa, but upon reaching Ujjayini, its progress was barred by the redoubtable Nagabhata of the Pratihara dynasty, who fought the invading army and destroyed it.

The successors of Nagabhata waxed powerful. Nagabhata II, the grandson of the first king of that name, entered the race for all-India supremacy which was being run by the Pala Kings of Bengal and the Rashtrakutas of the South. Kanauj was the coveted trophy, for the victor Nagabhata won it and made it his capital.

For one hundred and fifty years four Pratihara emperors in succession ruled at Kanauj. Of them, Mihira Bhoja (A.D. 836-888) or Adi Varaha, the grandson of Nagabhata II, was the greatest. Arab travellers have left us a description of the strength and splendour of Kanauj under the king, whom they called Baurah (Varaha). When he died in A.D. 888, he left an empire to his son Mahendrapala, which extended from Sind to West Bengal. It was larger than the empire of Shri Harsha, if not of that of the Guptas.



Under the Pratiharas, Kanauj reached the zenith of its power and culture.

The spirit of the age found its expression in the relating of *Varnashrama-dharma,* which was dynamic, to a virile concept of Aryavarta. Aryavarta, says Medhatithi, the commentator on *Manusmriti,* who flourished during the ninth

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century, is not limited by fixed geographical boundaries, nor is it confined to the four corners of India; it is so called because foreigners, though they frequently invaded the country, were not able to abide in it. No sanctity attaches to Brahmavarta as such; it would be a foreign land, if it were subjugated by foreigners who lived there. Impurity does not attach to the land, but to the people. Aryavarta extends wheresoever the *dharma* is enforced and maintained.

This concept was in active operation. The Pratihara emperors reconquered Sind, and it was reconverted to Hinduism. This period also saw the rise of the Shailendra Empire in Java, Sumatra and the Malaya Peninsula (c. A.D. 778-13th century), the dynasty of Panduranga (c.A.D. 757-860), of the Bhrigus (A.D. 802-877) and of Indravarman (c. A.D. 977-1001) in Kambuja, the dynasty of Sanjaya (c. A.D. 732-928) in Central Java, and that of Sinkok (c. A.D. 929-1007) in Eastern Java.

The dynamic outlook of the age of *Varnashrama-dharma* is attested by the Arab chroniclers and the *Devala-smriti*. Even though converted to an alien religion, such Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas, and Shudras, as had been forced to do forbidden or unclean things, could all be reclaimed by purification. A woman who had been carried away by the *mlechchas* could become pure by isolation for a few days and abstention from food for three nights.

Medhatithi accords to women a position which is in refreshing contrast to that given by some of the later authorities who wrote for the succeeding Era of Resistance. Women could perform all the *Samskaras*, but might not recite Vedic *mantras*. At partition, brothers were to give a sister a one-fourth share.

A wife is given by God, not bought, like cattle or gold, in the market; a husband has, therefore, no ownership over his wife. Before a wife could be compelled to serve her husband, he must have the necessary qualifications, amongst which was a loving attitude towards her. According to Medhatithi, the practice of *sati* is nothing but suicide, and as such is not permissible.

The high position in society which was occupied by the woman of the period is borne out from other contemporary sources. Shilamahadevi, the wife of the Rashtrakuta emperor, Dhruva, enjoyed the privilege of bestowing large gifts without her husband's consent. Several queens of the Kara dynasty ruled in Orissa, while Sugandha and Didda of Kashmir, administered extensive kingdoms as dowager queens.

There were learned women as well as women administrators. Ubhaya-bharati, or Saraswati, wife

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of Mandanamishra, who acted as an arbitrator in her husband's disputations with Shankaracharya, was herself a learned scholar.

We have a glimpse of the social conditions in Kanauj in the works of Rajasekhara, an ardent lover of his home town. Its women did not lag behind its men in point of education. According to the poet, there were several poetesses in Kanauj. "Culture is connected with the soul and not with the sex", he says. He had met princesses and poetesses, the daughters of prime ministers, courtesans and the wives of court-jesters, who were all "well-versed in science".

The poet's wife, Avantisundari, was an exceptionally accomplished woman and he quotes her thrice in *Kavyamimamsa*. His *Karpuramanjari* was produced at her request and Hemachandra quotes three of her Prakrit stanzas.

Some of the kings whose names have come down to us were highly educated; several of them were accomplished poets and nearly all of them were patrons of learning.

Every branch of literature was assiduously cultivated. There were *kavyas* in plenty and epics, romances and *champus* were composed in large numbers. Lexicography was fostered as were grammar, poetics, metrics and rhetorics.

Literary activities were also pursued in Prakrita and Apabhramsa. Works of considerable value were composed in Kannada and Tamil. But of all the authors of the period, Shankaracharya was the greatest. In addition to his philosophic works, he wrote poems of a high order.

The last literary phase of the age of Kanauj is represented by Rajasekhara himself. He lived in the reign of Mihira Bhoja, and was the court-poet and teacher of Mahendrapala and Mahipala. His works give us a vivid glimpse of himself and his times.

Rajasekhara had a partiality for Lata (South Gujarat), from which I come. According to him, it was "the crest of the earth". Its people detested Sanskrit, but spoke the most elegant Prakrita. Its women were noted for their beauty and elegance of speech while its poets possessed distinctive literary traits and favoured the style called "Lati" of which humour was the speciality.

According to the poet, the people of Antarvedi, the region enclosed by the Ganga and the Yamuna, the centre of which was Kanauj, were the ornaments of the land. They liked new and elegant literary works, the compositions of its poets were well constructed and their recitations were as sweet as honey. To him the city was the centre of the universe. As the home of the imperial Ikshvakus, who were descended from Lakshman, the brother of Shri Rama-

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chandra, it was a sacred place, a centre from which radiated power, fashion and culture.

✱

Mihira Bhoja was succeeded by his son Mahendrapala, a fearless military genius, who extended the empire by adding to it the Karnal district in the Punjab, the Nepalese *terai* and the Rajshahi district of Bengal. In A.D. 910 he was succeeded by Mahipala, who, like his father, was educated by the poet Rajasekhara.

During the reign of Mahipala, two Rashtrakuta emperors in succession invaded the north and occupied Kanauj. The last raid of Krishna III in A.D. 940, gave a shattering blow to the Pratihara Empire. Madhyadesha lay mauled and bleeding. But these efforts cost the Rashtrakuta Empire its very existence, for one after another feudatories claimed their independence. The country, therefore, had no outstanding and dominating military power and the Aryavarta consciousness was submerged beneath regional sovereignties.

In the fateful year A.D. 997, Abul-Qasim Mahmud, son of Subuktigin, developed a marvellous striking power, captured Ghazni and turned his attention to India.

In A.D. 1018, Mahmud sacked Kanauj. Rajyapala, its ruler, though styled *Raghukulabhu-chakravarti* "the world emperor of Raghu's family" was no more than a name. He submitted to the conqueror and upon the invader's withdrawal the dynasty of the Pratihara-Gurjareswaras was put an end to by the Chandela king, the most formidable of the erstwhile feudatories of the empire.

Kanauj was in ruins. Fifty years later, it reappears as the capital of a small kingdom ruled over by Chandradeva. The last of his dynasty was Jayachandra, maligned by Chand Bardai and folklore as the traitor who betrayed India to Ghori. In fact, however, Jayachandra was a brave and patriotic warrior. In A.D. 1194, he died bravely while fighting Shahbuddin Ghuri, and Qutb-ud-din, the Ghuri's general, destroyed Kanauj.

Thus ends the story of Imperial Kanauj.

✱

On the 18th of October, I laid the foundation-stone of the museum at Kanauj. I climbed up to the top of a mound known as Raja Jayachand's Qila and took a spade and dug into the ground for all I was worth. In this way was inaugurated the excavation work of the Archaeological Department on the Kanauj mound.

The so-called Qila evidently must have been a twelfth century fortress on a pre-existing mound of about sixty feet in height.

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Even on the surface, one of the officers of the Archaeological Department had found pieces of N.B.P. Ware of the Mauryan period and of pottery doubtfully identified with the Painted Grey Ware of the Vedic Aryans.

The ground is littered with defaced pieces of sculptures which must once have been beautiful. The few pieces which have so far been recovered intact are very promising: a dancing Ganesha and a Shiva-Parvati, sensitively carved, are masterpieces of the Pratihara period; and so is a Kartikeya with its exquisite smile, which is thought to be of the time of the Guptas. If more such fragments of sculptured images are found—as they are sure to be—they will not only add to our knowledge of Kanauj, but will establish the continuity of the artistic tradition of North India from the Gupta period till the 13th century.

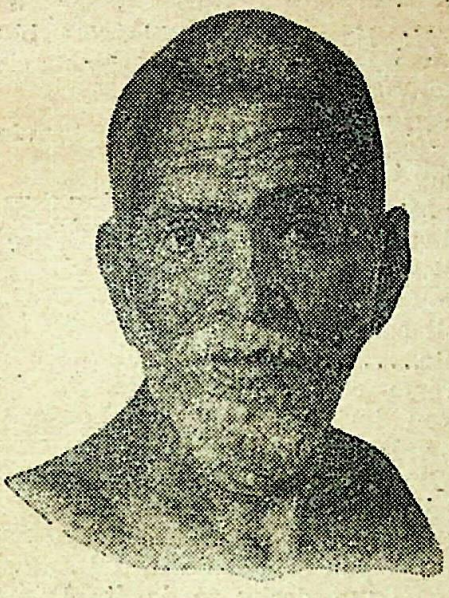
Yours sincerely,

K. G. Mankad

If there is ever to be a universal religion, it must be one which will have no location in place or time; which will be infinite, like the God it will preach, and whose sun will shine upon the followers of Krishna and of Christ, on saints and sinners, alike; which will not be Brahminical or Buddhist, Christian or Mohammedan, but the sum total of all these, and still have infinite space for development; which in its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms, and find a place for every human being, from the lowest grovelling savage, not far removed from the brute, to the highest man, towering by the virtues of his head and heart almost above humanity, making society stand in awe of him and doubt his human nature. It will be a religion which will have no place for persecution or intolerance in its polity, which will recognize divinity in every man and woman, and whose whole scope, whose whole force, will be centred in aiding humanity to realize its own true, divine nature.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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HAND YOUR BURDEN TO THE LORD

Sri Ramana Maharishi

The 76th Birthday of Sri Ramana Maharishi who cast off his mortal coils on 14th April 1950, falls on the 30th of this month. The following extract from his 'Sat-Darshana Bhashya' is typical of his characteristic teachings.

Devotee: When I am here I am convinced; I am impressed. But when I go out and think of society or of my country and I remember your answer "Know thyself"....

Maharishi: What can you do to society or your country when *you* are weak? You must become strong first. But I tell you, Self-attainment is the supreme strength. Do not fear that you will lose strength to act when you become a *jnanin.*

D: I have that fear.

M: You should not have it. If you are destined or chosen to do a particular thing, it will be done.

D: Then should I resign everything? Can I not perform *tapas* and ask God to grant my desires?

M: You can. But there must be some *abhyasa,* some *sadhana* for *tapas* or for your prayers to reach God. When you are in the *sadhana,* whether it is meditation or prayer, will you be thinking of your desires or of God?

D: If I think of my desires in meditation, it is no *dhyana* at all.

M: Then take it that there is the same *dhyana,* the same *tapas,* the same meditation, for both: *sakama* or *nishkama,* whether it is actuated by desire or is disinterested. Even when your desires are

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fulfilled, the *tapas* grows. It does not cease. That is the true character of *tapas*. It is the same in the case of *bhakti* also. Now I put a question to you. When a man with luggage gets into a Railway carriage where does he keep it?

D: He keeps it in his compartment or in the luggage-van.

M: So he does not carry it upon his head or on his lap?

D: None but a fool would do so.

M: If you call him a fool who keeps it on his head, a thousand times more foolish is it to bear your burden when you get into the spiritual life, whether it is *vichara-marga*, path of knowledge or *bhakti-marga*, path of devotion!

D: But can I throw off all my responsibilities, all my commitments?

M: Now, look at the temple tower, *gopura*. There are many statues in it and there is a big statue, one in each corner. Have you seen them?

D: Yes, I have.

M: Now I tell you this. The big tall tower is supported by those statues.

D: How can that be? What do you mean?

M: I mean, when speaking thus, that it is not more foolish than your attitude when you say that you have to carry and are carrying all cares, burdens, responsibilities etc..... The Lord of the Universe carries the whole burden. You imagine, *you* do. You can hand all your burden to His care. Whatever you have to do, you will be made an instrument for doing that at the right time. Do not think you cannot do it, unless you have the desire to do it. Desire does not give you the strength to do. The strength is the Lord's.

D: Am I to understand that you are giving me the essence of Karma Yoga?

M: It is the essence of Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, why, even of Jnana Yoga, for, even though the paths in the beginning may differ, they all eventually lead to this position.

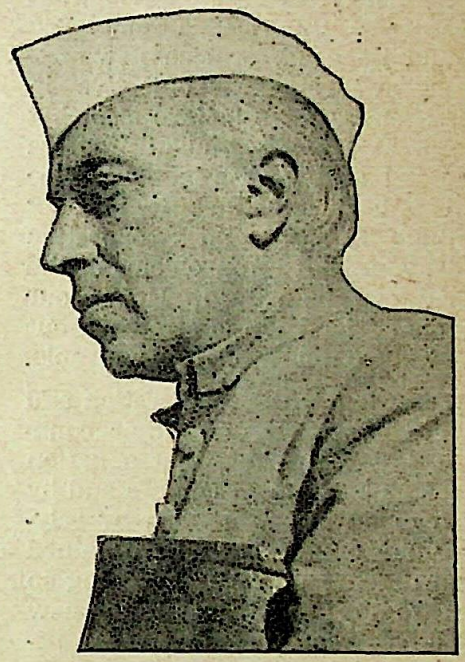
God that made the world and all things therein, ...hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.... For in Him we live, we move and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are all His offsprings.

—St. Paul.

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.....We believe that the great cause of human progress cannot be served through violence and hatred..... We are in no camp and in no military alliance. The only camp we should like to be in is the camp of peace and goodwill.

OUR CAMP



Jawaharlal Nehru

WE, in India, have been conditioned by our heritage and by our great leaders as well as by the peaceful methods we adopted in our struggle for freedom. Much more so, therefore, do we believe in world peace and co-operation.

Indeed for us, as for many other countries, this is a matter of the most vital significance. For, if war descends upon the world with all its terror and terrible disaster, then the great work that we have undertaken to build up our country will come to an end.

It is only eight years since we became sovereign and independent and these eight years have been spent by us in facing, with all our strength, the manifold problems that confront us. They are great problems, for they involve the future well-being of 370 million people who have suffered for long from poverty.

We are confident that we can solve these problems and build up a socialist structure of society in our country, giving opportunities of well-being and progress to every single individual. But we know that the task is hard and takes

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time. Nevertheless, no task is too hard for a people determined to succeed. We are so determined and we have faith in our people.

We believe not only that the ends to be achieved should be good, but also that the means employed should be good, or else new problems arise and the objective itself changes. We believe also that the great cause of human progress cannot be served through violence and hatred and that it is only through friendly and co-operative endeavour that the problems of the world can be solved. Hence our hand of friendship is stretched out to every nation and every people.

We welcome the co-operation and friendly assistance of other countries, but we realise that a nation develops by its own labours and by its own strength. It was by relying upon ourselves that we gained independence and it is by doing so that we hope to advance to the new objectives that we have placed before ourselves.

We are not strong in a military sense or in the world's goods, but we are strong in our faith in our people. In this world of fear and apprehension, I should like to say with all humility that we are not afraid. Why should we be afraid when we wish to be friendly with others? Why should we be afraid when our people have faith in themselves?

We have no ambitions against any other country or people. We wish them all well and we are anxious that freedom and social and economic progress should come to all countries. The denial of this freedom, as well as racial discrimination, is not only improper, but is the seed from which grows the evil tree of conflict and war.

We do not presume to advise others, but we are convinced that it is not by military pacts and alliances and by the piling up of armaments that world peace and security can be attained. Not being military-minded, we do not appreciate the use of military phraseology or military approaches in considering the problems of today. There is talk of cold war and rival camps and groupings and military blocs and alliances, all in the name of peace.

We are in no camp and in no military alliance. The only camp we should like to be in is the camp of peace and goodwill which should include as many countries as possible and which should be opposed to none. The only alliance we seek is an alliance based on goodwill and co-operation. If peace is sought after, it has to be by the methods of peace and the language of peace and goodwill.

[*From his speech at the banquet held in New Delhi on 20-11-1955 in honour of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. N. Khrushchev*].

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It is necessary to bring home the fact that even wise, good and great men are liable to fall into error. That is

WHY PURANAS SOMETIMES CONTAIN ADHARMIC NARRATIVES

C. Rajagopalachari

Sri Rajaji, whose 77th birthday was on December 8, is by all standards, one of the greatest of living Indians and is rightly acclaimed as Bhishma Pitamaha of modern India. This article is condensed from his superb rendering of our great epic "Mahabharata."

THE Puranas wherein right conduct is always preached sometimes set out stories in which conduct not in conformity with dharma seems condoned. Is it right, one may ask, for religious books thus to seem to justify wrong?

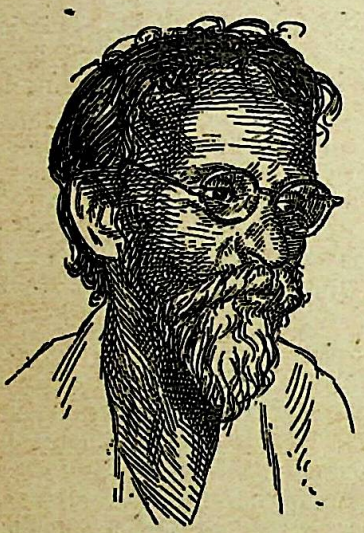
A little reflection will enable one to see the matter in proper light. It is necessary to bring home the fact that even wise, good and great men are liable to fall into error. That is why the Puranas, although ever seeking to instil dharma, contain narratives to show how in this world even good people sometimes sin against dharma, as though irresistibly driven to do so. This is to press home the truth that howsoever learned one may be, humility and constant vigilance are absolutely necessary if one wishes to avoid evil.

Why indeed did the great authors of our epics write about the lapses of Rama in the *Ramayana* and Yudhishthira in the *Mahabharata?* Where was the need to make mention of them and then labour arguments to explain them away, thereby disturbing men's minds? It was not as though others had discovered the lapses and Vyasa and Valmiki had to defend their heroes. The stories are artistic creations in which the lapses themselves impress the desired moral. The parts dealing with the lapses deeply distress the reader's mind and serve as solemn warnings of pitfalls which wait to engulf the careless. They dispose the mind to humility and watchfulness and make it realise the need for divine guidance.

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THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST

Acharya Vinoba Bhave



THE 25th of December is a sacred day for us all. The Son of Man, as Jesus loved to call himself, was born today. He belonged to all mankind, for he was above all barriers of race, colour and creed. He represented the human race and strove to raise its stature. He paid with his life in his attempt to redeem it.

Jesus called upon us to love our neighbour. But though this has been extolled as a great virtue by all nations, few have been found prepared in practice to accept it as their immediate obligation. Today science has taken great strides and man is coming upon means and instruments of remarkable potency which are promising him the millennium,—or, total destruction in the alternative.

Human destiny seems to lie prostrate at the feet of science trembling at man's discoveries, only because he has failed to raise himself to a conscious and willing acceptance of Christ and his message.

We talk of love and non-violence and One World, but devote the bulk of our resources to piling up armaments for mutual destruction. We despair of our neighbour. This is cowardice. Jesus refused to give way to it. He bore the Cross—the burden of our sins—and embraced martyrdom.

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Luckily, this teaching of Jesus is not alien to India. We have been the meeting ground of a multitude of races, creeds and cultures; a land of synthesis and fusions. Our Gurudev Tagore sang of this land as a great ocean of fusion and unity of tribes and races, out of which was to emerge a model refined and worthy to receive the world's homage. There has been in the life of our people an underlying unity which transcends nationalities and all other bars and barriers between man and man.

I therefore unreservedly declare that Jesus Christ is our own, that to us in this country, Jesus and his teachings have never sounded strange or unpractical; that we regard Jesus as one of our family.

Indeed, the merciful providence has blessed India throughout her long history with an unending galaxy of saints and holy men who loved their neighbour and stranger and enemy alike, and laboured for their good, regarding their own self as less than dust. Their number indeed is legion.

But for the moment I am reminded of one such,—the Tamil saint. There he lay, the story goes, in his tiny little cell, chanting the name of Lord. Outside, the night is dark, and fierce blizzard is raging. A wayfarer knocks, seeking shelter. "Hail brother! Come in," says the God's good man, "there is no room here for two to lie, but there is enough for two to sit. You are welcome." So saying, he gets up and the two sit huddled together. The storm continues. And behold! yet another man, cold and shivering, knocks. "Come in, guest!" says the saint, "thou art the Lord Himself! Sorry, there is no room for more than two to sit, but surely there is enough for three to stand." And the three good men pass the night standing and chanting and praising the good God.

"And verily, inasmuch as we have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me", so said Jesus. He thus is nothing less than our own kith and kin. And I claim in all humility that no country in the world except India has made on so vast a scale a collective effort to follow his teachings as did India under Mahatma Gandhi.

I confess a good deal of our practice falls far short of our ideal. I am deeply aware of the failings in our behaviour. God alone knows the remorse we feel for our many sins. I only wish to submit that the teaching of Jesus are familiar food to every Hindu who is taught from early childhood not to kill, and to look upon the least of God's creature as one's self; and that we have accepted Christ long ago.

It is for our Christian brethren, now that their foreign trappings are shed, to subscribe to the indigenous background suited to our own genius.

And I also suggest that similar processes of wholesome assimila-

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tion may also take place among the followers of Islam and other religions; that Christians and Muslims of India who have hitherto held fast to their moorings and their traditions outside India, may no longer remain strangers to the Hindu cultural background, but assimilate the Indian Brahma Vidya with profit.

It would broaden their outlook and confer a wholesome spirit of quest and tolerance to their religious and ideological approach and add lustre to their culture.

Such a consummation, I submit, will render easier what each one of us wants to propagate, and would make a worthy contribution to the growth of our common culture.

Let us realize that we have come of age now. We no longer belong to the past dawns; we belong to the noons of the future.

[Condensed from his speech on the Christmas Day last year at Rajgunj, Bihar. Courtesy: *Harijan*].

Napoleon deserted by his armies and imprisoned on the island of St. Helena, had much time for thought in his lonely exile. And some of his reflections were highly interesting:

"There are in the world two powers—the sword and the spirit. The spirit has always vanquished the sword."

"Alexander, Caeser, Charlemagne, and I founded great empires. But upon what did the creation of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day, millions would die for Him."

India is immortal if she persists in her search for God. But if she goes in for politics and social conflict, she will die.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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GURU NANAK

Richard Miller

(Inspired by Indira Devi)

Your firmament of beauty beckoned to all
Who would outsoar our man-made castes and creeds.
You disowned the pitiless frontiers of the Mind,
Guarded by Iniquity's sentinels.
Out from your fathomless soul a vision awoke
Of the mystic Bird of Fire with blue-born wings
Who sang and sang athrill of His vasts of bliss.

O monarch who came to outrule anarchy,
Aureoled with His Light's authority!
In joy and gratefulness, we bow to you
Who only spoke of what your eyes had seen:
The Unique's deep Ruth that overarches life
And followed what your ears had heard: His Flute,
Calling to all who would hark back to Love.

O mighty herald who brought us the message
Of Grace Divine that denied none salvation
And piloted home distraught derelicts!
Your brow was nimbussed with an angel halo,
Your being of compassion mediated
For all who groped in the starless Night of pain.

Hail, Ray of His sun-rapture, by Him missioned
To preach liberation's gospel to Maya's dupes.

New York November, 1955.

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Immortal India—34 **J. H. Dave**

TANJORE

सर्वाङ्गकुष्ठनिर्मुक्तो राजा सोम इवाबभौ ।

—*Brihadisvara Mahatmya.*

"The king was freed from his disease of black leprosy afflicting his whole body and in lustre he appeared like the moon."

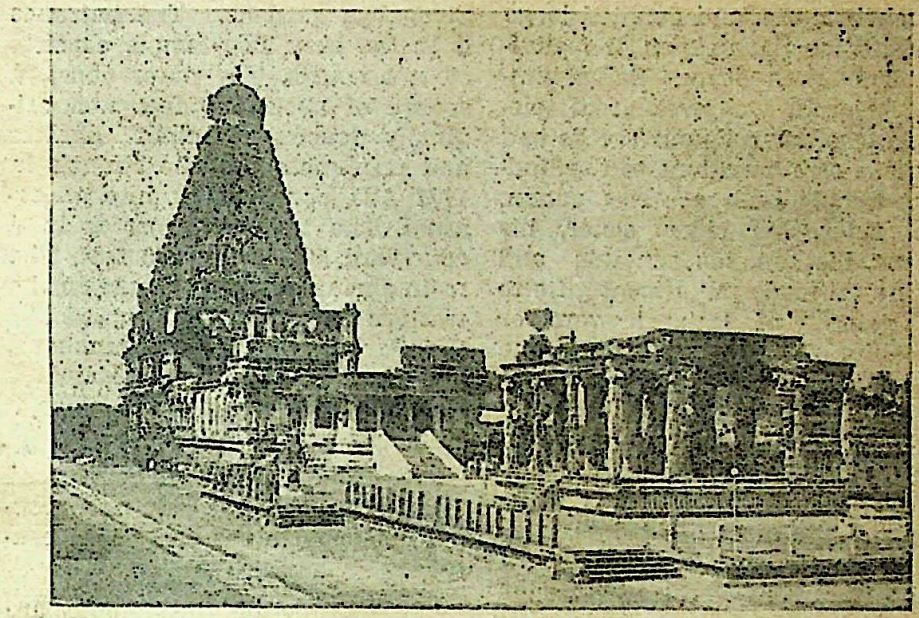
TANJORE, the headquarters of the Tanjore District and once the capital of the Chola, Nayak and Maratha Rulers is situated in the delta of river Cauvery in 10-47N and 79-10E. The etymology of the word Tanjore is obscure but it is said to have been derived from Tanjan, a demon who was haunting the locality and who was according to the legend destroyed by God Vishnu. His dying request was that the city should be named after him and it was granted. Another derivation is from Tanjam, meaning refuge, the city being called thus "the city of refuge".

In Tanjore is situated the great Brihadisvara Temple of Siva, founded by the Chola King Rajaraja I (985 to 1013 A.D.) This great pagoda, considered as by "far the grandest in India" was commenced on a well-defined and stately plan, which was persevered in till its completion. It is situated in the southern half of the small fort of Tanjore. This temple was built with all its necessary adjuncts complete in the life-time of the founder himself. In 1009–10 AD. on the 257th day of the year, the Chola King Rajaraja I handed over the copper pot for the top of the Vimana. This temple was named Rajarajeshwaram by the founder.

Brihadisvara Mahatmya is a collection of local legends and is a part of the Bhavishyottara Purana. It has been observed that most of it was written at a time when nothing of the true history of the Tanjore Cholas was remembered.

According to this Mahatmya, the Chola King was suffering from black leprosy. He requested his Guru Haradatta to find out a remedy. From his Guru the king learnt that as he had inflicted injuries on animals in the previous birth as a hunter, he was suffering in that way. The cure recommended was to build to Lord Shiva a great temple with a tall gopura. The Sivalinga was to be brought from river Narmada. After it was

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Brihadisvara Temple, Tanjore

taken out of the water, this Sivalinga increased in size and therefore it was named as Brihadisvara. The king was also to build a temple for Goddess Brihannayaki and instal a big Nandi. A silpi named Soma Varma was also recommended for the purpose. The king went to Narmada with 64 merchants and brought the Sivalinga within six months. The construction of the temple took twelve years. After Brihadisvara was installed and the Kumbhabhisheka celebrated with liberal grants, the king took his bath in the tank, "was cured of his black leprosy and shone in lustre like the moon."

This legend of the leprosy of King Karikala is in direct conflict with the inscriptions on the walls of the temple. There are 64 inscriptions of Rajaraja I and many more of subsequent rulers. They are in good condition and are mostly collected in the South Indian Inscriptions Vol. II. On the 20th day of the 26th year of his reign, King Rajaraja I, the great founder of this temple, issued the royal command "to engrave on the sacred central walls of the Sri Vimana of the stone temple to Rajarajeswara raised by us in Tanjavur, gifts by ourselves, by our elder sister and by our queens and by others."

This Rajaraja I, like his great grandfather Parantaka I, made large additions to the temple at Chidambaram by building Manda-

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pas, shrines etc. and donated large amounts for the upkeep of festivities. Though a devout Saiva himself, Rajaraja I showed great toleration to other religious creeds and he made rich donations to the Buddhist temple built at Negapatam. The ruler, his elder sister, his queens, his son, his generals and officers all made munificent gifts to the temple of Rajarajeswara or Brihadisvara and this had been one of the main causes of the endearment of this king throughout the territory. The Cholas, under Rajaraja I and his famous son Rajendra Chola I conquered nearly the whole of the State of Madras, went as far as Ganges and asserted their authority over several overseas territories including Ceylon, Nicobar Islands and parts of Malaya peninsula and the Archipelago. Rajaraja I had a great admiration for the Saivite saints Appar, Sambandar, Sundara and Manikkavasagar. He provided for the recitation of their hymns and also set up their images in the temple. He brought from several places beautiful damsels famous for their dancing and music, settled them in Tanjore and provided liberally for their maintenance. He opened halls and theatres for the performances of the artistes. A drama called Rajesvara Nataka was enacted in the temple.

The Brihadisvara temple occupies a large portion of the southern half of the small fort. It is encircled by a moat on the east and west. On the north there are Sivaganga gardens. The entrance is in the east. The temple consists of two courts. The outer court, a square of about 250 feet was originally devoted to minor shrines and residences but the French in 1777 A.D. converted it into an arsenal. The temple proper is in a courtyard 500 feet x 250 feet. The main shrine of Brihadisvara, in the western end of this courtyard has the Garbhagriha, Ardhamandapa, Mahamandapa, Sthapana-Mandapa Nartana Mandapa and the Vadya Mandapa.

The outer gopuram is considered to be of much later date and probably belongs to the early 16th century.

The portals of the temple are guarded by huge Dwarapalakas.

The main deity, Brihadisvara, is also called Adavallan and Dakshina-Meru Vitankan. These names are also the names of the Chidambaram deity. The Goddess is called Brihannayaki and the tower is called Dakshina-Meru.

The great Vimana is 216 feet high with 14 storeys. The Sikhara is crowned by a massive dome consisting of a single block of stone. It is said that this huge block of stone was carried to this immense height by being rolled along an inclined road, about four miles long specially built for the purpose. The whole of this massive structure is decorated from top to the base with elaborate sculptures, images of the Hindu Pantheon and deco-

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rative mouldings. It occupies the centre of the courtyard in such a way that the whole area is dominated by this high tower over the shrine. "This tower dominates over the gopurams and surrounding objects in a manner that imparts great dignity to the whole composition" (Fergusson). The Sivalinga is about 4 feet high and 7 feet in circumference.

By the side of the main temple there are several other smaller shrines in this enclosure. One of them is dedicated to Subrahmanyam or Kartikeya, son of Siva and is "as exquisite a piece of architecture as is to be found in the South of India, and though small, almost divides our admiration, with the temple itself" (Fergusson). It has a tower 55 feet high on a base 45 feet square. It is considered as "a perfect gem of carved stone work, the tooling of the stone in the most elaborate patterns, remaining as clear and sharp as the day it left the sculptor's hands." It is said to belong to the Naik period, about 1600 A.D.

The shrine of Brihannayaki, the Goddess, is situated between the Nandi Mandapam and the Brihadisvara temple. It is believed to be an addition by a Pandya King in the 13th century. The shrine of Ganapati is in the south-western corner, of Nataraja in the north-eastern corner and of Chandesvara in the north-western compound.

The great Nandi placed in a Mandapa is very massive and striking. It is 12 feet high, 19-1|2 feet long and 8-1|4 feet broad. This Nandi is considered the second biggest in India, the biggest being at Lepakshi temple in the Anantapur District. The Brihadisvara's Nandi is 25 tons in weight. One version says that the stone was brought from Pachchaimalai in the Trichinopoly District. Another version says that it came from the bed of Narmada. Tradition says that this Nandi was imperceptibly growing in size every day with the passage of time; but that after a nail was driven in its back it has remined stationary.

Many of the motifs in the sculptures, particularly on the gopurams are drawn from the Vaishnavite legends. The scene of Buddha's enlightenment is also depicted on the outer eastern side of the parapet. On the northern side of the main Vimana four human figures are seen one above the other in a line. There is a man's head with a bowler hat. It is believed to be the figure of an European. Some say it is a Dane figure of 1620 A.D.; others believe it might be of Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveller who might have passed through South India on his way back home in about 1288-93 A.D.

Shri S. K. Govindaswamy has discovered Chola fresco paintings in the circumambulatory corridor of the Ardha-Mandapa.

The religious rituals of the temple are according to the Mukuta Agama, says Shri Somasundaram

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and reference is given to the Tanjore Palace Saraswati Mahal Library Granth No. 15269 and Burnell's list No. 11428. Sri Tyagaraja, also called Vitankar, is worshipped in the Sthapana Mandapa and is the patron deity of the Cholas. The chief festival is the Brahmotsavam of 18 days in April-May.

The name of Tanjore is linked with the Cholas who have left in this great Brihadisvara temple "a striking relic of their genius." Rajendra Chola I moved his capital from Tanjore to Gangai-konda-cholapuram in the Trichinopoly District. The importance of Tanjore decreased in the 11th century. Nothing is known of what happened to it between 1300 to 1550 A.D., till the Naiks came in power. The inscriptions of the Vijayanagar Rulers of the 15th century are found in Tanjore. The Naiks acquired this district and made it their capital. Sevappa Naik (1549 to 1572 A.D.) founded the dynasty of Tanjore Naiks. It remained with them for 125 years till the death of Vijayaraghava. For 14 years Alagiri ruled it. Then Venkaji or Ekoji, the half-brother of Sivaji, the great, founded in 1676 A.D. the Maratha dynasty which lasted for the next 179 years. These years witnessed the conflicts of the Marathas with the Moghuls, the Nawabs of Karnatak and the French. The English interfered in 1749 A.D. to restore the deposed Raja Sayaji. The French, under Lally, attacked it in 1758 A.D. It was retaken by Colonel Smith in 1773 A.D. In 1776 A.D. Tanjore was made a protected State. Hyder invaded it in 1781 A.D. In 1799 A.D. it was made a British Principality and its Ruler Sarafoji II was given the fort of Tanjore. His successor Shivaji died on October 29, 1855 A.D. and after him the line became extinct.

Tanjore is famous for silken cloth and metal work. There are two forts in the city; the small fort of Sevappa and the large fort of Vijayaraghava. The large fort contains the palace of the old Rajahs.

The Maharaja Sarafoji's Saraswati Mahal Library has a remarkable collection of about 33,433 Sanskrit and vernacular palm-leaf manuscripts and 6426 printed volumes. It is considered unique in India. Dr. Burnall who has catalogued the Sanskrit manuscripts, which are the largest in number, thinks they were mostly collected during the 300 years of the rule of Naiks and Marathas. There are also numerous manuscripts in the Modi script.

The Brihadisvara temple of Tanjore has excited the admiration of Fergusson who remarks that, in nine out of ten, Dravidian temples are a fortuitous aggregation of parts, arranged without plan, as accidental, dictated at the time of their creation, and that the one exception to this rule is to be found at Tanjore where the temple was commenced on a well-defined and stately plan, which was persevered in till its completion.

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The Chola art is characterised by a massive grandeur. The huge structures are decorated with minute sculptures which involve immense labour. Fergusson says "the Chola artists conceived like giants and finished like jewellers."

Lord Brihadisvara is so named because the linga started increasing after it was taken out from Narmada waters. The Atharvasiras Upanishad-62, says that Lord Siva has enveloped the entire universe: It is Rigveda 10-81-3 and also Svetasvatara 3-3.

विश्वतश्चक्षुरुत विश्वतो मुखो
विश्वतो बहुरुत विश्वतस्पात् ।
सं बाहुभ्यां धमति संपतत्रैः
द्यावाभूमी जनयन् देव एकः ॥

"His eyes, mouth, hands and feet are everywhere and face all directions. With his hands and his moving feet he impels the universe into activity. This one self-luminous God has created the Heaven and earth."—Rigveda 10-81-3; Svetasvatara 3-3; Atharvasiras-62.

Let us know that highest great lord of lords, the highest deity of deities, the master of masters, the highest above, as god, the lord of the world, the adorable. There is no effect and no cause known of him, no one is seen like unto him or better; his high power is revealed as manifold, as inherent, acting as force and knowledge. There is no master of his in this world, no ruler of his, nor even a sign of him. He is the cause, the lord of the lord of the organs, and there is of him neither parent nor lord. That only god who spontaneously covered himself, like a spider, with threads drawn from the first cause, grant us entrance into Brahman. He is the one God, hidden in all beings, all-pervading, the self within all beings, watching over all works, dwelling in all beings, the witness, the perceiver, the only one, free from qualities. He is the one ruler of many who seem to act but really do not act; he makes the one seed manifold. The wise who perceive him within their self, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others. He is the eternal among the eternals, the thinker among thinkers, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. He who has known that cause which is to be apprehended by philosophy and religious discipline, he is freed from all fetters.

—Svetasvatara Upanishad (Sacred Books of the East, XV)

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Dr. K. R. Ramanathan

SOLAR PHENOMENA

THE sun appears to have a bright disc with sharply defined edges. Its surface is a millionfold brighter than the sky around. Its overpowering brightness and the brightness of the sunlit sky makes it impossible to see many of the finer and feebler features surrounding it.

During a total solar eclipse, the moon comes between the earth and the sun. The apparent disc of the moon is very nearly equal to that of the sun, and on certain occasions which can be predicted, it is slightly larger and comes in direct line with the sun.

The covering up of the sun by the moon is not just the same as covering it up by a nearby object such as a coin placed in front of the eye. The moon, being outside the earth's atmosphere, not only obscures the sun but also prevents the light of the sun illuminating our atmosphere. The result is that during a total solar eclipse, the sky does not remain blue but becomes dark and we are able to see phenomena in the atmosphere of the sun which we cannot otherwise see.

It was thus that, more than 75 years ago, the French astronomer Janssen discovered an unknown yellow line in the spectrum of a solar prominence, which, many years later, was shown to be caused by helium, a new element which is present in great abundance not only in the earth but in the whole universe.

Another old eclipse discovery of fundamental importance to Solar Physics was that the spectrum of the vanishing thin crescent of the sun before it gets completely eclipsed was quite different from that of the normal sun. The light from the normal sun is white with a continuous spectrum crossed by dark lines, while the spectrum of the last flash of the eclipsing sun shows bright lines of a dark background, the two spectra being more or less complementary.

In another eclipse expedition, a green emission line was found in the solar atmosphere outside the sun's disc whose identity was not discovered for 70 years. It proved to be due to an atom of iron which had lost 14 of its electrons. To enable it to do this, it requires a

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temperature of a million degrees centigrade.

The tenuous atmosphere surrounding the sun, or the corona which contains this and other similar broken-down atoms as it is called, extends to two or three times the sun's diameter. It is more extended in years of large sunspot activity and contracted in years of low activity as in 1954 and 1955. It is not uniform on all sides.

The corona has often the appearance of streamers coming out from the opposite ends of a diameter suggesting the existence of a magnetic field in the sun. But the appearance of the corona as seen in any two eclipses are never identical. The detailed observation and recording of these comparatively faint and changing phenomena can only be done during total eclipses, although they are essential for understanding the Physics of the Sun.

Having observed these phenomena during eclipses, scientists have been stimulated to evolve ingenious methods of observing some of them from day to day, but there are still phenomena which can only be observed during total solar eclipses.

The sun, although it looks like a solid or liquid, is a spherical mass of hot gaseous flame held together by the mutual attraction of its particles. Due to the great distance from which we see it, the edge of the disc appears sharp, but it is no more sharp than the edge of a raging forest fire.

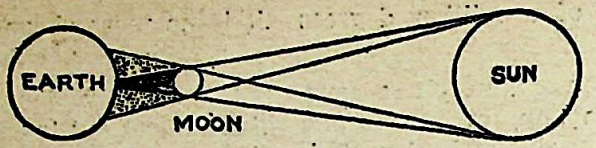
Occasionally large rockets of flame shoot out from the surface of the sun and, after reaching great heights, part of the debris is guided back to its surface. Part of the matter disappears into space and we have reason to think that some of it reaches the earth.

There are sometimes little heaps of flame located in particular areas which last for many days and then disappear. The important point is: the sun is not a quiet body giving light and heat like a white hot ball of iron taken out of a furnace. Changes are taking place incessantly within it and in its atmosphere.

Some of these changes take place over a period, while others are short bursts of activity. There are corresponding changes in the radiation coming out from the sun. The corona emits radiation in the extreme ultra-violet and soft X-ray region which does not reach the ground but is absorbed in the earth's higher atmosphere and produces the ionospheric layers which are responsible for the propagation of radio waves round the earth.

Quantitative observations made during the last two or three complete solar eclipses have shown that about 25 per cent of the ionisation of the day-time E layer of the ionosphere is caused by the radiation coming from the tenuous coronal atmosphere of the sun.

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Umbra
Penumbra

A little over 25 years ago, a discovery of great importance to geophysics was made when it was found that the sun emits radio waves in the high frequency and micro-wave regions with wavelengths ranging from about a centimetre to a few metres. To account for the intensity of the centimetre waves, it is necessary to assume that they come from regions where the temperature is about a million degrees.

The visible light waves correspond to a mere 6000°. Unlike visible radiation, the radio waves in the metre wave region are very variable in intensity. Occasionally the intensity increases a thousandfold or more, lasts for a few seconds or minutes, and then dies down.

Some of these outbursts are associated with solar flares or sudden brightenings of a small portion of the sun's surface. These are followed by ionospheric, magnetic and auroral disturbances.

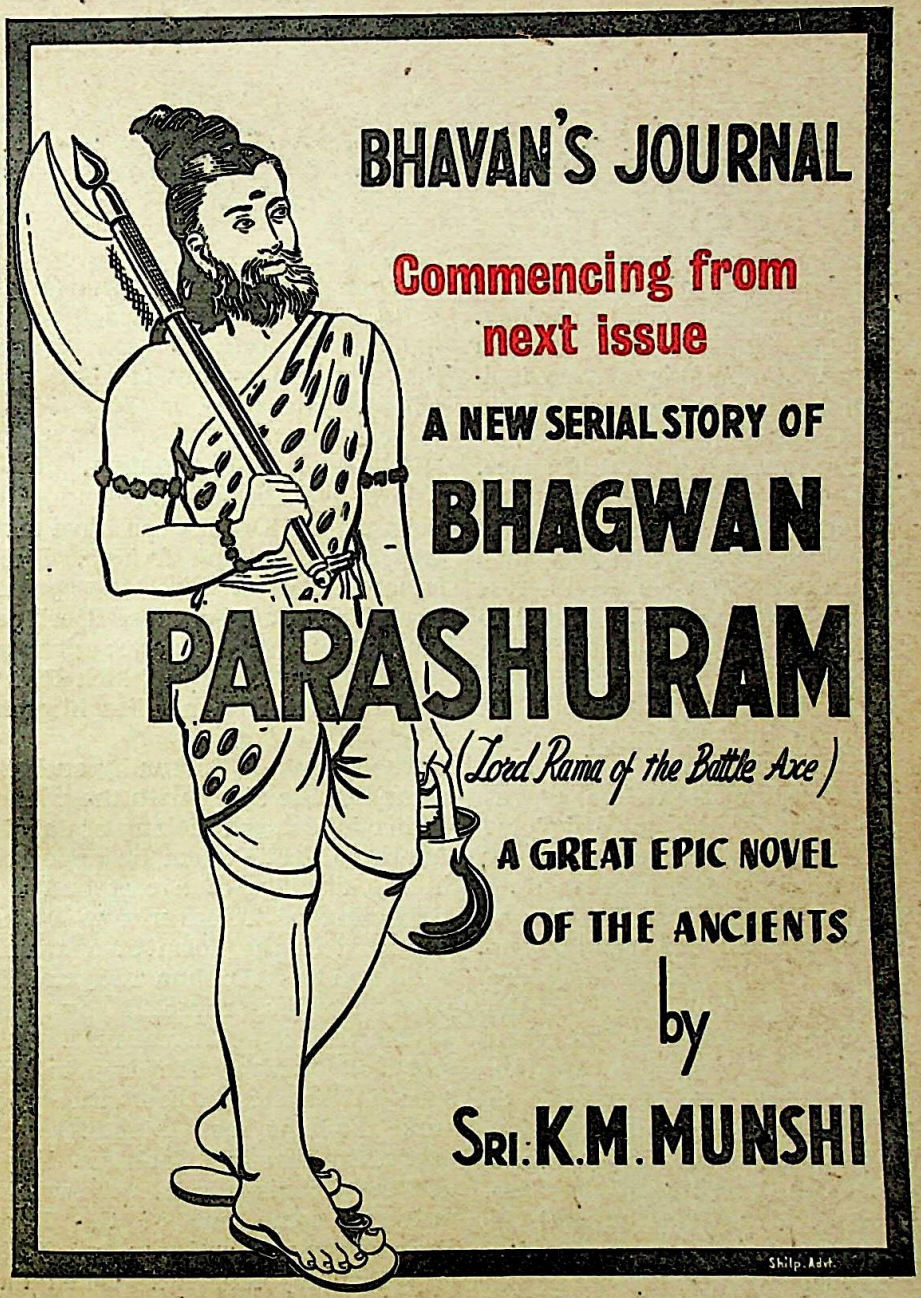
The sun is an intensely active body. It is our life-giver. The radiation from it undergoes changes both of a periodic large-scale nature and of the nature of short outbursts. They affect the earth's atmosphere and produce diverse phenomena.

The study of the inter-relations between solar and terrestrial phenomena is thus a subject of vital interest to man. A total solar eclipse affords an exceptional opportunity of making crucial observations which will improve our analysis and understanding of different aspects of solar activity and their geographical consequences. No wonder that scientists are prepared to chance the risk of failure after labourious preparation, long journeys and sometimes extreme discomfort.

The root of learning is self-restraint; it is the everlasting Dharma. The Vedas do not sanctify a person without self-restraint, even though he may have mastered all their six limbs; without self-restraint philosophy, yoga, noble ancestry, exalted birth and holy baths are of little avail.

—Padma Purana.

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Swami Sadananda

KRISHNA AVATARA

THE account of Krishna Avatara is full of symbology. Being a Full Incarnation (Purna Avatara), almost every incident in his life reveals a Vedantic truth. Only a few examples can be given here owing to want of space. At Krishna's birth in the prison, all the guards were deep asleep. His father Vasudeva could easily take him in a basket on his head across the Jumna (which was in floods) to Yasoda's lying-in chamber and bring back the female child (Yoga Maya) to be laid by the side of Devaki. In this account is to be traced the symbolic meaning that when Atma-Jnana (Krishna) dawns in the mind of the pure devotee (Vásudeva) he becomes fully awake and liberated whereas ordinary people (the guards) are at that time completely asleep *(Bhagavad Gita* II.69) because they are steeped in ignorance. Again, the other fact to be noted is that when Real Knowledge goes away (i.e. when Krishna was removed to Gokula), it is replaced by Delusion and Ignorance (the female child Maya). The crossing of the barriers of Avidya (the Jamuna) is possible to the enlightened devotee (Vasudeva).

When Kamsa dashes the female child to death, it escapes from his hands and speaks out from the sky that his real enemy is alive elsewhere. The child is Yoga Maya. It can be controlled only by Krishna, the Paramatma. Only Knowledge Absolute (Krishna) and not egoism (Kamsa) can have mastery over Deluding Avidya. Kamsa's enmity is directed against Brahmins, Cows, Vedas, Sacrifices etc., all of which he recognises as the different forms in which Righteousness (Hari) embodies himself.

The killing of Putana by sucking away her life along with the poison in her breast, the kicking of Sakata Asura to death when he appeared in the disguise of a cart and the strangling of Trinavarta when he appeared in the form of a whirlwind and took Krishna away are all yogic powers revealed by the Divine Child, the Yogeeswara. The story of Krishna showing to Yasoda, in his mouth, the entire universe explains the Vedantic truth, expressed through Sankhya, Yoga and the Upanishads that the whole universe came out of the Para Brahman alone and can get back into it at any moment. When Ya-

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soda wanted to bind Krishna with a rope—so that he might not trouble her with his mischief—she found that the rope was ever too short to go round his waist. This is to illustrate the truth no human endeavour can succeed in encompassing the vastness of the Paramatman. Later, when Krishna allowed himself to be bound, he proved he would become bound by True Devotion. Then Krishna uprooted the pair of Arjuna trees. Originally, the trees were Guhyakas (a class of divine beings) whose original abode was Alakapuri, the city of Kubera. They had been guilty of lust and had, therefore, been cursed by a Rishi to become trees. When Krishna crawled between the trees dragging the rolling mortar to which he had been fastened, the trees fell down and the divine beings resumed their old form. The story illustrates how even the slightest contact with the Paramatman can remove all sins and liberate beings from even the severest forms of bondage.

The killing of the demons Vatsa (in the form of a calf), Baka (who appeared as a crane) and Agha (who came as a python) illustrates the truth that the Atma-Jnana (Krishna) destroys evil which may appear in the form of Satvaguna (calf), Rajoguna (crane) and Tamoguna (python). The account of Brahma removing the calves and cowherds is intended to prove that even Brahma can be deluded by Avidya which makes him believe that Krishna was only an ordinary mortal. Only when Krishna multiplied himself and became calves as well as cowherds, Brahma understood the greatness of Krishna.

The slaying of Dhenuka and other Asuras who appeared as asses is symbolic of the conquest of perverted Indriyas. In Upanishadic symbology, Indriyas are described as horses and naturally, therefore, perverted Indriyas can be described as asses. When the Indriyas become dangerous enough to ruin us, they have to be severely dealt with.

The subjection of the great serpant Kaliya is symbolic of the punishment meted out to *Ahamkara* (conceit) which poisons every individual being. Krishna's stealing the garments of the Gopis is intended not only to teach them that they were wrong in entering into the water without clothes, thereby disrespecting the Gods (who are in the form of pure waters) but also to make them realise that nothing can be hidden from the Lord (Krishna). Likewise, the lifting of the Govardhana Mountain has the double purpose of making Indra (the presiding deity of Indriyas) recognise his limitations and also of demonstrating that those who trust in the Lord will be saved from all dangers including those created by the Gods. In the Rasa Krida or the Sport of Dance with the Gopis, Krishna demonstrates how he is

(*Contd. on page* 42)

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Our Vedic Seers—16

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE ANGIRAS

SAGE Angiras is said to belong to the Vajra race. In one part of the Rig Veda, he is mentioned alongside of such celebrities as Manu, Yayati and Bhrigu and in another, he keeps company with Dadhyac, Priyamedha Kanwa and Atri. The sage himself addresses Agni in the vocative case, as individuals are wont to do in the ordinary course of human dealings.

The very word Angirasa means fire. It is said that he was instrumental in the generation of fire in very early times. The Rig Veda calls him Angirasa Sudhanwa. The same authority makes Brahaspati, the son of the sage. It is said that once the sage begged of the Gods for the gift of a cow and in answer thereto he had received the Kamadhenu, the giver of all desires—the divine cow. Having got the cow, the Angirasas were hard to put it to milk her. So again the sage had to address his prayers to God Aryaman, with whose help the divine cow was ultimately milked.

The *Aitreya Brahmana* has a story about the sage. It would appear that a conflict arose between the Adityas and the Angirasas as to which of them should go to Heaven first. It was also agreed that the party succeeding was to share the prize. The Adityas proved lucky and ascended to Heaven. It is mentioned that after the lapse of 60 years, Angirasas too went to Heaven.

Used in the plural number, the word Angirasas means Pitris. They are credited with removing the darkness with which this world was enveloped by their prayers addressed to Indra. These were ordinary mortals to begin with, but after a while they became gods and were blessed with wisdom and knowledge. It is stated that the whole body of the 9th Mandala of the Rig Veda was intuitively perceived by these Angirasas—a fact adverted to in Mundakopanishad.

Shivapurana talks of the sage as a Brahmajnani—the knower of Brahman or the Supreme Being. *Karma Pradeepa* refers to the fact that the descendants of Angiras are to have tufts of hair in as many as five different places on the head. They are called Mantra Drastas even although the sage himself has no such appellation.

He is said to have come out of Lord Brahma's head in the period of the Swayambhuva Manvantara.

Brahmapurana hails him a तपस्वी, ब्रह्मिष्ठ, योगिन् and धार्मिक.

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Daksha, Lord Shiva's father-in-law, had many a daughter. Of these, one Smriti was given in marriage to the sage. Kuhoo, Raka, Sineevalee and Anumati were his daughters and Bharatagni and Kirtiman were his sons.

It would appear that once Daksha performed a great sacrifice to which he invited all his sons-in-law except Shiva. Sati, Shiva's wife, however, tried to reason it out with Daksha, her father. But Daksha was adamant and abused him before Sati. In the end Sati fell into the fire and put an end to her life. Shiva's wrath at these happenings was so great that he reduced every one of Daksha's family, Sage Angirasa not excluded, to ashes. The sage however, was born again out of Brahma's mind in the Vaivaswata Manvantara.

A story is told which established a connection between the sage and the Lord of Fire (Agni). It is said that once Agni, the Fire God, went to the forest to do penances, and then it fell to the sage to deputise for Him.

It is also said that he helped the Fire God who had lost his lustre by the rigour of the penance in the task of removing darkness. He is referred to आग्नेय and पैतामही। He is an Agneya for the reason that the Lord of Fire adopted him as his son. As a reward for his assistance, he got by the grace of the Fire God, a son. He is no other than Brahaspati.

The Anusasana Parva of the *Mahabharata* tells us that the sage had explained, in great detail, the sacredness of the Punya Tirthas (sacred places) to one Gautama. He is also said to have wandered over the Earth not a little and that he had completed sacred pilgrimages also.

Lord Krishna is said to have met the sage at the holy place of Syamanta Panchaka. He appears to have been a man of extraordinary powers as is seen from the fact that he reverted the life of the son of one Chitraketu and that he pronounced a dire curse upon a Gandharva.

Angirasa is a name to reckon with in its history of the Smriti literature. Yagnyavalkya quotes his passages from his texts; Apararka, another Smriti writer, also quotes extensively from his texts. Angirasa is credited with the view that the custom of Sati—self immolation by Hindu women on the death of their husbands—need not be practised by the Brahmin women. Medhatithi refers to this view of the sage and tries to refute it. In Smriti Chandrika, a reference is made to the sage. Angiras holds Manu in the highest esteem and extols his works as amongst the foremost and the best.

आंगिरस स्मृति is the name of a poetic work in about 168 stanzas dealing with प्रायश्चित्त (expiation). The gotrakaras of the Angiras are quite a legion.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—35

DAVID SAUL MARSHALL

INDIA received Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, as one of the distinguished visitors, who is on his way to London on a "Merdeka" mission. "Merdeka" in the Malayan language means "freedom."

Personally Mr. Marshall enjoys great popularity in the Island. Of Baghdad-Jewish stock, he is 39 and a very successful criminal lawyer, endowed with an eloquent personality. He is highly articulate in temperament, an able orator in the House, respected for his sincerity in matters of principle. He was the only white man to be elected to the new Assembly.

When the first general elections under the new constitution were held in April 1955, Mr. David Marshall, who is the leader of the left-wing Labour Front became the Chief Minister of Singapore, with the support of an overwhelming majority.

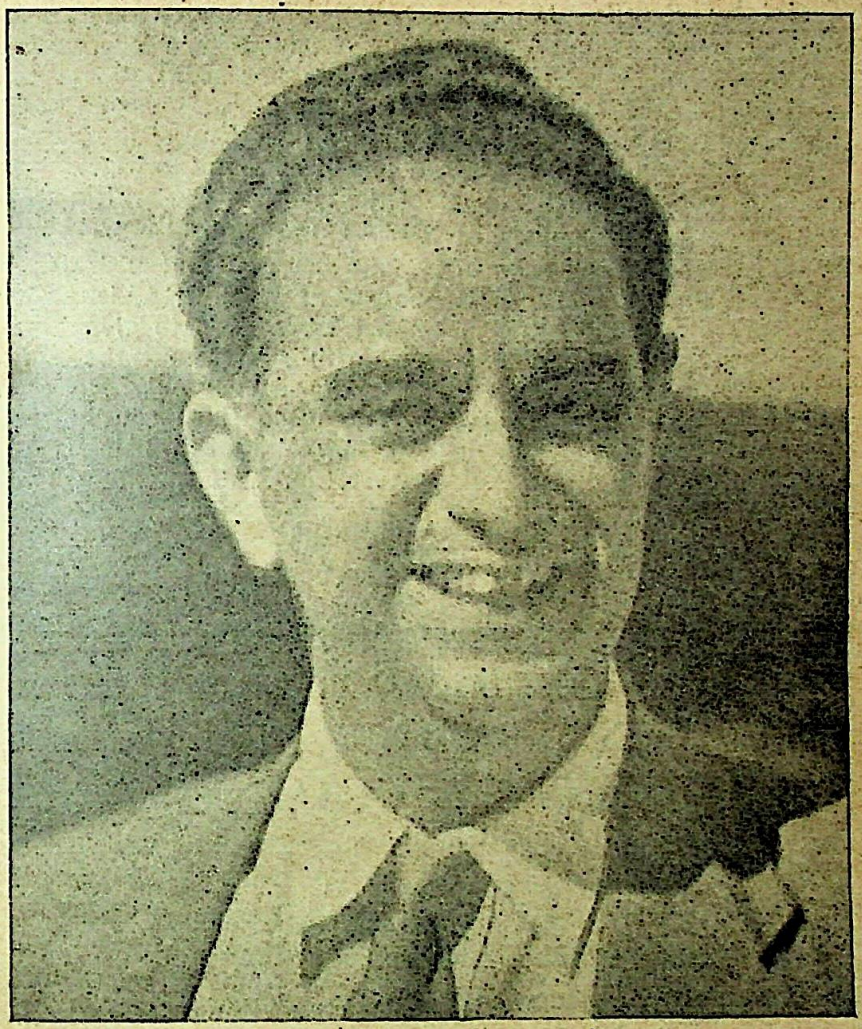
Singapore is one of the economically and politically important ports in the East where we see a happy mingling of the East and the West. Mr. David Marshall echoes the wishes of the people of the land who seek political independence.

The Labour Front was one of moderate socialism, including among its aims the nationalisation of passenger transport and the introduction of unemployment insurance as well as other social measures. Politically it envisages a union between Singapore and the Federation of Malaya and has pressed for immediate self-government and eventual independence within the Commonwealth.

Like any other political leader, who has firm faith in constitutional ways of winning freedom, Mr. David Marshall faces opposition in his country. But the devoted patriot and enthusiastic leader in him is bound to bring the struggle of Singapore to a successful end very soon.

He visits India on a mission to Pandit Nehru. He is very clear about the purpose of his visit which may be summed up in his own words: "My visit to India is a pilgrimage to the land of Gan-

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Mr. David Marshall

dhiji and Nehru—we want the substance of independence for Singapore. We are eager to seek inspiration from the pioneers of the rebirth of Asia. We want to transform our Asian neighbours into friends of today and allies of tomorrow."

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KRISHNA AVATARA—(*Continued from page 37*)

the Antaryami or the Universal In-Dweller of every one, for every one of the Gopis had a Krishna to dance with as a partner.

The devotion of Akrura is regarded as the purest and its significance is that God is most dear only to one who is the negation of all cruelty (Akrura). The slaying of Rakshasas at Mathura and ultimately of Kamsa are all the symbolical representation of the destruction of wickedness and triumph of Righteousness.

The subsequent account of Krishna's life as a student under Sandipani, as the husband of Rukmini, as the friend of the Pandavas etc., will be found to be illustrative of the right way in which a Jivan Mukta is to live in the world.

But the real and ultimate purpose with which Sri Krishna incarnated Himself is to give us our everlasting treasure—the *Bhagavad Gita*—which only He as the Jivan Mukta Guru can impart to the normal human being typified by Arjuna.

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THE CUSHION'S STORY

SAID the Cushion:

Listen, Great King, to the rest of the story. As soon as the midwife went out of sight, the child, left near the ant-hill, started crying vociferously.

A five-hooded cobra lived in that ant-hill. When it heard the child's cry, it came out to see. Finding the child resplendent in its lustre, the cobra divined who the child was.

The cobra thought: "For several generations past, the family of King Gandeswara had been feeding and worshipping me and it is but meet that I should do them a good turn by restoring this child to his grandfather, Gandeswara".

Accordingly the cobra, carrying the child on its hood, set out in the direction of the Kali temple where King Gandeswara came to worship every day. The cobra reached the temple before daybreak. Depositing the child at the feet of the deity, it returned to its abode.

When early in the morning, King Gandeswara, followed by his ministers and priests, came to worship before Kali, he was surprised to hear a child's cry emanating from the sanctum. He ran thither and on seeing the child at the feet of Mother Kali, shining like the morning sun, he could not contain his joy. He gathered the child in his arms and pressed it to his heart thinking that it was Mother Kali's gift to his desolate home.

Worship over, he literally ran to his harem and pressed the child into the hands of his queen saying "My dear, we need no more to sorrow, for Mother Kali has bestowed this child on us. Look at it, what beauty! Look, he laughs! Do you notice how he resembles our

THE STORY SO FAR—

In an effort to make his identity known under the special circumstances in which he found himself, King Vikramaditya, dressed like a jewel-merchant, makes a Curtain and a Chandelier tell a story to Princess Ela and her parents who were listening around unseen. The story left unfinished by the Chandelier is completed by the Cushion in this instalment.

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dear Kantarupa? God's ways are unscrutable indeed!"

The child grew like the waxing moon at the hands of the aging royal couple. No comfort or convenience was deemed too much for him. They named him Madan Kesari and gave all the education needed for a future King. The boy took to them all like fish to water.

One day, when he had become a well-grown youth, he was going round the streets of his metropolis in the royal manner accompanied by his friends. While passing through the streets inhabited by courtesans, he happened to notice the courtesan Sundaravalli. With her stood, out of curiosity, Kantarupi, who continued to be at her protection.

As soon as the prince set eyes on Kantarupi, he was strangely fascinated by her. On her part, Kantarupi, on seeing him, missed a beat of her heart, because he resembled her husband Kantarupa so much. But for the fact the prince was very young, she would have sworn that it was her husband.

Having looked at a different man made her so wretched that she became quite flush and ran inside the house uttering "Ram, Ram".

Prince Madan Kesari on seeing the lady run away abashed felt a pang in his heart. His associates did not fail to notice the Prince's attention and his subsequent embarrassment. Winking their eyes merrily, they poked fun at the Prince and said that it was but natural and he need not be so coy about it.

As soon as the Prince reached home, he made up his mind to visit the lady who fascinated him. Picking a couple of confidants and a bag of thousand gold coins, he repaired to her house at nightfall.

The Prince and his confidants had to negotiate a blind alley before entering the courtesan's house. Guided by his followers the Prince felt his way along.

At the courtyard was tied a cow and her young one. The Prince, in darkness, stumbled upon the calf and went ahead, after crossing over it as it lay on the ground.

The calf was bruised in the act, and so it complained to its mother: "Mother, this fellow has no eyes; he not only bruised me but crossed over me!"

"My dear", replied the cow, "what more do you expect of this fellow, he who in his madness, is going to make love to his own mother! Idiot! Come on, suckle me, you will get over the pain".

Now, the prince was an adept, among other things, in interpreting the language of birds and beasts. As soon, therefore, as he heard the conversation between the cow and her young one, he was thoroughly nonplussed. King Gandeswara was his father and the Queen, his mother, for all that he knew. "How could the woman of this house be my mother? And yet I have not

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known the birds and beasts to lie" he wondered. Leaving it at that, he entered the house, much perturbed.

The royal messengers informed the courtesan Sundaravalli of the arrival of Prince Madan Kesari. As soon as she heard it, she became flurried and started turning the house upside down for receiving the august visitor.

She was extravagant not merely in the lush welcome she gave him, but in the exhibition of her false teeth as well!

The Prince conveyed his intention of seeing the other lady.

Sundaravalli thereupon collected herself and ran inside, not so vivaciously. She sought out Kantarupi and harangued on the virtues of royal patronage and tried her worst to persuade her to meet the Prince.

Kantarupi had till that time escaped the mortification of such pressure and had been living a life of purity and virtue. Impossible to escape and relying, as the ultimate help, God's own direction, she entered the room occupied by the Prince, with head bent with shame.

On entering the chamber which was floodlit, she could not help the temptation of looking up at the man and when she did so, she got a strange sensation and her breasts began to spout milk which shot at the Prince's face.

The Prince was completely paralysed of thought, for, the apartment seemed to reel before his eyes. He literally ran out of the chamber towards the palace, followed by his confidants.

Sundaravalli who had been building castles in the air to install herself at the royal household at the earliest opportunity, was taken aback by this sudden development as she realised that the pot had broken when butter was collecting.

She took Kantarupi severely to task for having spoiled a golden opportunity and what was worse, she feared reprisal at the hands of the crown for the disrespect shown.

At the palace, the King and Queen waited for the Prince to turn up as usual in the court-room. Not seeing him come for quite some time, they sent word to him. Unable to find him in his apartment, the messengers searched and found him sleeping huddled in corner of a forsaken room on bare floor. They woke him up and brought him before the King.

The royal couple were alarmed on seeing and hearing what the messengers said. They expostulated "My son, what ails you? How did you happen to sleep on the floor? Do tell me."

"Yes, dad, I shall tell you. But do you promise to answer me without reservation?"

"Yes, my son, what makes you doubt that?" replied the King.

"I shall tell you presently, and if I don't get the correct reply, I

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have decided to forego my food for ever!"

"Ha ha," chuckled the King. "You need not have to do that".

"I want to know if you are my real parents."

The King was at first dumbfounded to hear that question, for he never expected the secret to peter out but decided in the circumstances to tell the truth in the most palatable manner possible, for he was not prepared to lose this child too.

"Hear, my son," started the King. "We had a son by name Kantarupa who married Kantarupi, the daughter of King Mahendra. When they were living happily, my son disappeared. But my daughter-in-law became pregnant providentially. On hearing it, we disinherited her out of respect for public opinion. Kantarupi was banished according to law and I have no further knowledge of what happened to her.

"While I was sorrowing their loss, I found one day, a divine child lying at the feet of our family-deity Kali. It had a striking resemblance to my son. I brought the child home thinking it was god's gift to solace us in our old age. That is you. And now I have decided to coronate you as King and retire".

On hearing these words Prince Madan Kesari thought: "It is clear that I am not the son of this King. I must now find out my parents and that can be done only through the help of the lady in the courtesan's house."

"Father, please summon the courtesan Sundaravalli living in our city and another lady living in her house; for, I expect I will learn something about my real parents" said the Prince.

The King accordingly sent his messengers to the house of the courtesan to fetch them. Sundaravalli who was already fearing the king's displeasure, was trembling now. However, not being able to refuse the King's orders, she went to the palace along with Kantarupi.

On setting eyes on Kantarupi King Gandeswara immediately recognised her as his daughter-in-law, but decided to put on a stern face till the truth was out.

"Now tell us" asked the King, of Sundaravalli "who is this lady? Is she your daughter, or your foster-daughter? You must tell us the truth or you will be punished."

"Hear me, O King, I will tell you the truth. My daughter died giving birth to a still-born child. While I was setting fire to her corpse, this lady came from I don't know where and tried to leap into the pyre. Finding that she was pregnant, I persuaded her to come with me. She has been living with me since then.

"When the time came, she gave birth to a son, but I foisted a wooden doll in its place asking the midwife to kill the child as it was not a girl. The lady has been consistently and obstinately refusing to

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follow my profession and I can vouch for her purity and chastity. This is all what I know of this lady".

The King ordered the midwife to be produced before him immediately. When she came the king asked her: "How did you dispose of the child born to this lady? Tell us the truth or you will be punished."

"O King, when the other lady asked me to kill the child, I had no mind to kill it lest the act should exterminate by entire race. So, I left it in a basket near the ant-hill of the five-hooded cobra. That is all I know;" she replied trembling.

The King addressed Kantarupi: "Tell me, O lady, who are you and what is your name?"

Kantarupi replied: "I am the daughter of King Mahendra of Mahendrapuri and my name is Kantarupi. I was married to Kantarupa, son of King Gandeswara. While we were living happily, my husband vanished one night and I lived in the custody of my father. I don't know how, but I conceived —but I swear I have never to my knowledge been unfaithful to my lord. On hearing my state, my father-in-law disinherited me and my father banished me. In the forest, I perceived this lady near a burning pyre; thinking that she was a demoness, I tried to leap into the fire; but the lady took me to her house where I have been living since. I was told I gave birth to a wooden doll, which I accepted. I have been living there cursing my fate but I have never lost my chastity."

King Gandeswara who was by now shedding tears asked the Prince "Now, how do you propose to move further out of this stalemate?"

"Yes father, the only point to be clarified is whether the child left by the midwife near the ant-hill and the one you found at the feet of Mother Kali are one and the same. I think if we go and pray at the feet of Mother Kali, she will help us", replied the Prince.

All of them thereupon went to the temple of Kali and prayed before her that further light should be thrown on the knotty problem.

Mother Kali appeared before them and said, "King Gandeswara, the child left by the cobra and the one you found at my feet are the same. That lady yonder, Kantarupi, who is pure and chaste, is your daughter-in-law."

"Oh Mother", exclaimed King Gandeswara, tears of joy rolling down his cheeks "kindly enlighten me on this point only. If my son had vanished much longer before the child's birth, how did Kantarupi conceive him?"

"Oh, you mean that!" smiled Kali. She continued: "The Seven-Virgins decoyed your son, having been enamoured of his beauty. But later on, they decided to bring him once a week to Kantarupi's place and leave him with her for

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the night after throwing her into a spell. Now you understand? You did a grave wrong by disowning her who is a priceless gem of chastity. Now, if she wants to get her husband back, let her observe *Vrata* on Mondays and at midnight, let her worship the Seven-Virgins. When pleased, the Seven-Virgins will restore her husband."

Mother Kantarupi and son Madan Kesari embraced each other sobbing for sheer joy while the aged parents and attendants stood on looking with watery eyes.

The King disposed of the courtesan not merely by pardoning her, but by presenting her with valuables for protecting his daughter-in-law. The midwife was presented with valuables for her act of compassion.

Of course, Kantarupi lived with her parents-in-law observing the *Vrata* ordained by Kali, as a result of which her husband was restored and all of them lived happily.

We would not have cared to relate the story but for you, the Great King Vikramaditya, concluded the Cushion.

There was no doubt left as to the identity of the fake-merchant now, and Princess Ela, as much as her parents were really worried that they had not behaved properly towards the great Vikramaditya.

Princess Ela thereupon, immensely happy about her choice, rose and fell at the feet of Vikramaditya and prayed to be forgiven for all the disrespect shown to him out of ignorance.

King Shambhunath expostulated: "There was absolutely no need for Your Highness to come in this garb! A word from you would have brought us all at your feet!"

When the other kings assembled but disappointed, heard who the fake-merchant was, they all came posthaste and stood on guard and saluted King Vikramaditya.

After receiving the presents of King Shambhunath, Vikramaditya started towards his country along with his wife Ela. On the way he took the brahmin boy from the place he had left him, after rewarding the custodian.

All three mounted the faithful ghoul which took them to Ujjain in no time.

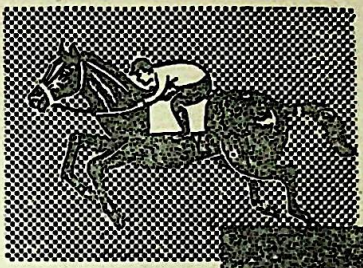
After worshipping before his favourite deity Kali and leaving Ela at the harem, King Vikramaditya sought out the brahmin Ved Govinda to whom he restored his son.

"Listen Bhoja," concluded the Statuette, "do you really think that you are as good and as valorous and great as King Vikramaditya? If you think you are, you may go up."

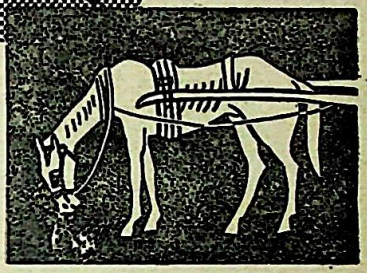
On hearing these words King Bhoja and Bhatti got down from the steps full of praise for the great King Vikramaditya, and returned to the palace at sunset.

[*To be continued*]

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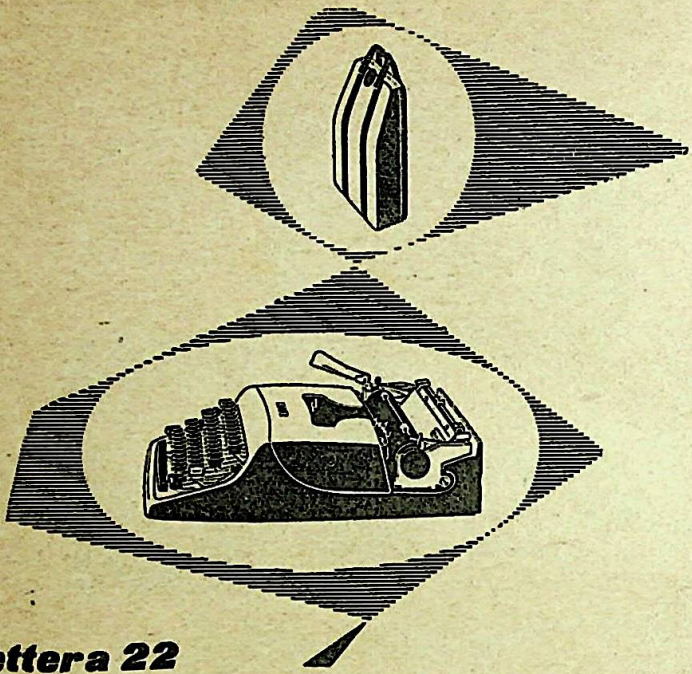


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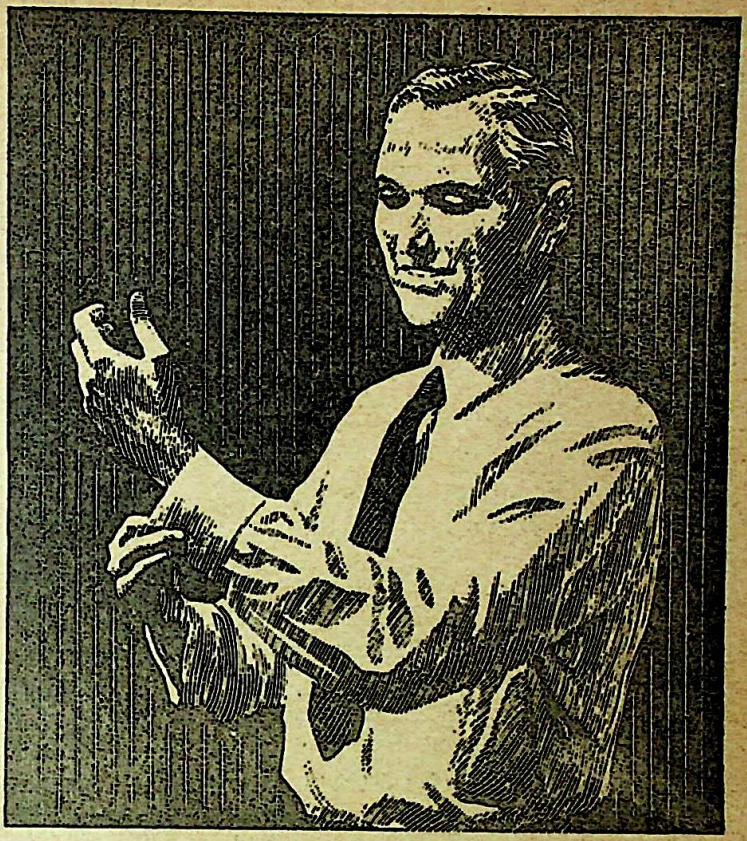
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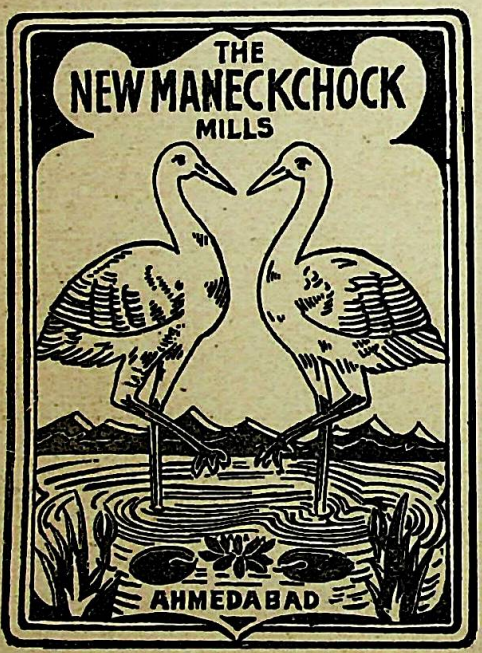
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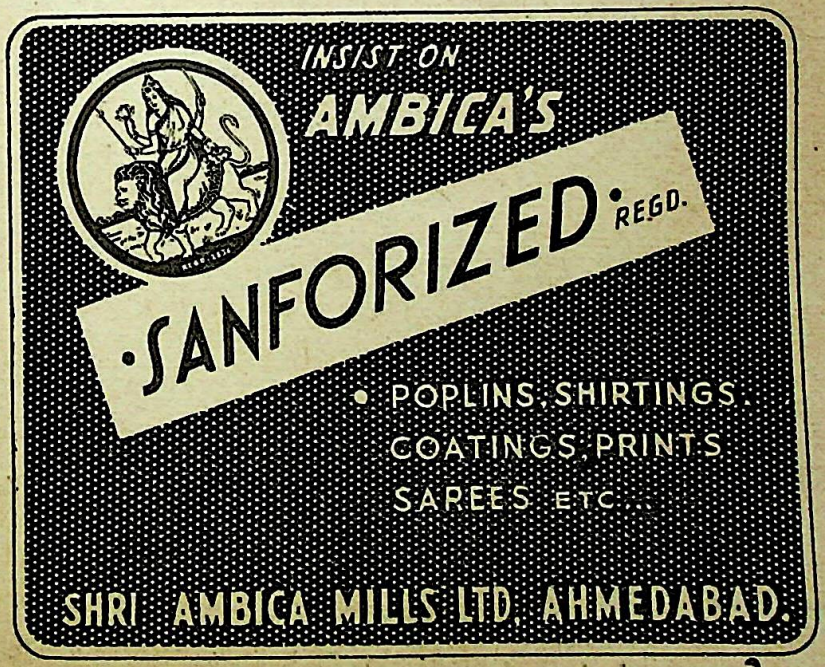
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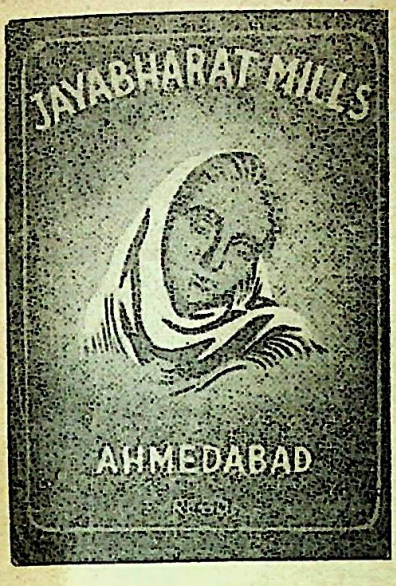
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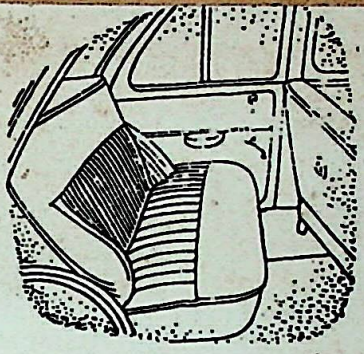
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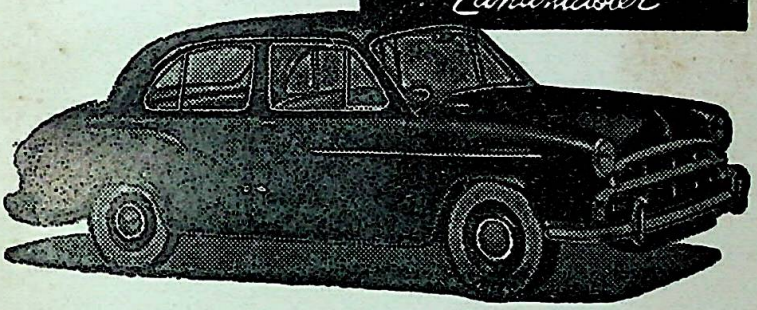
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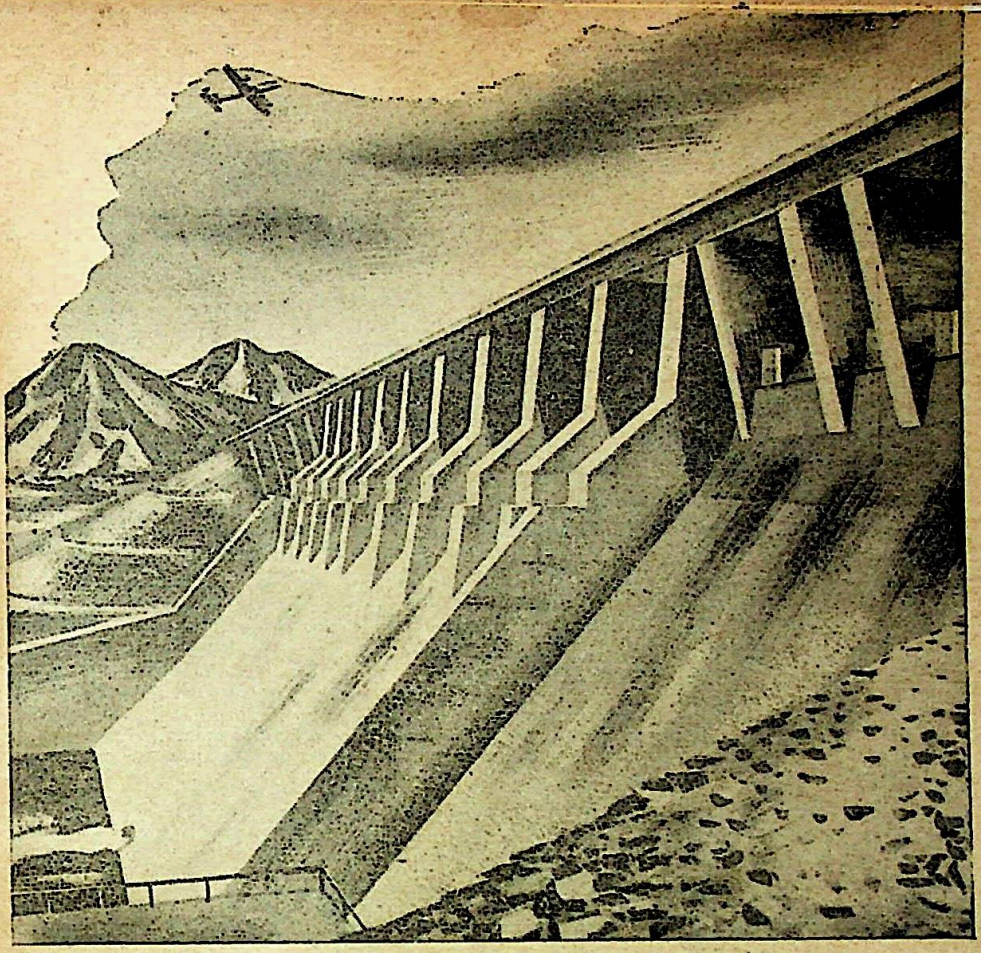
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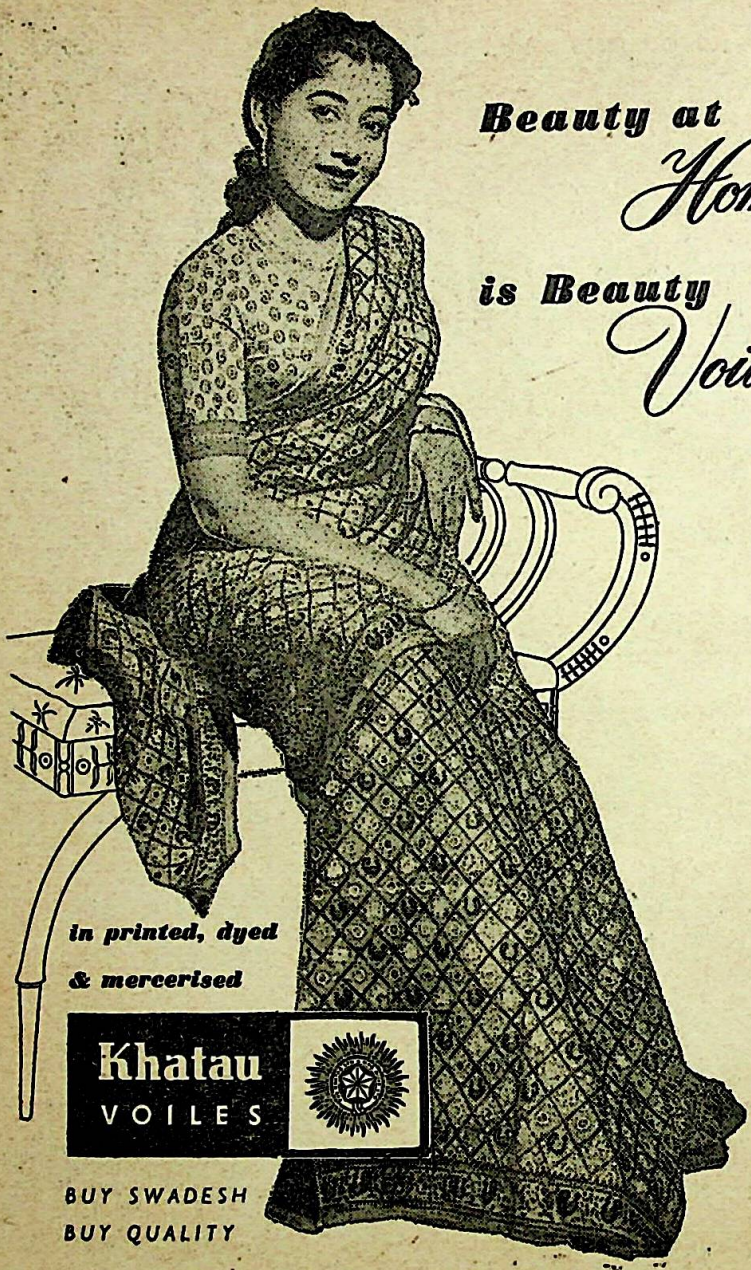
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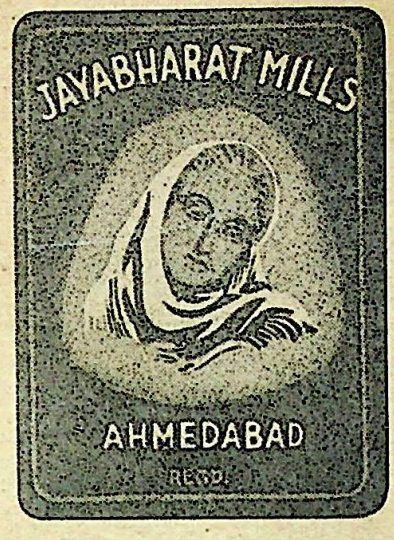
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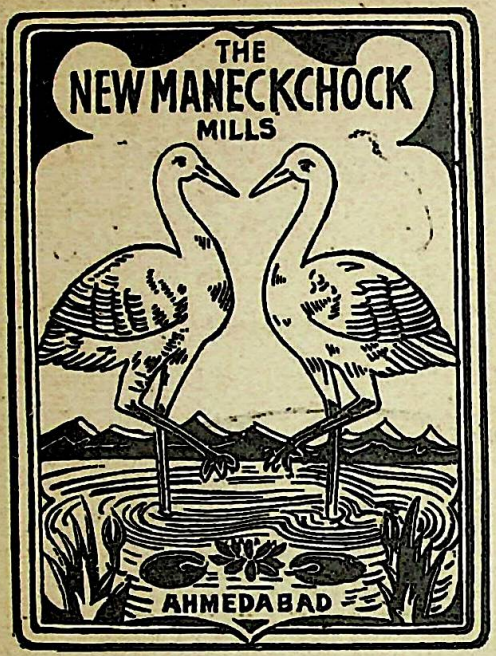
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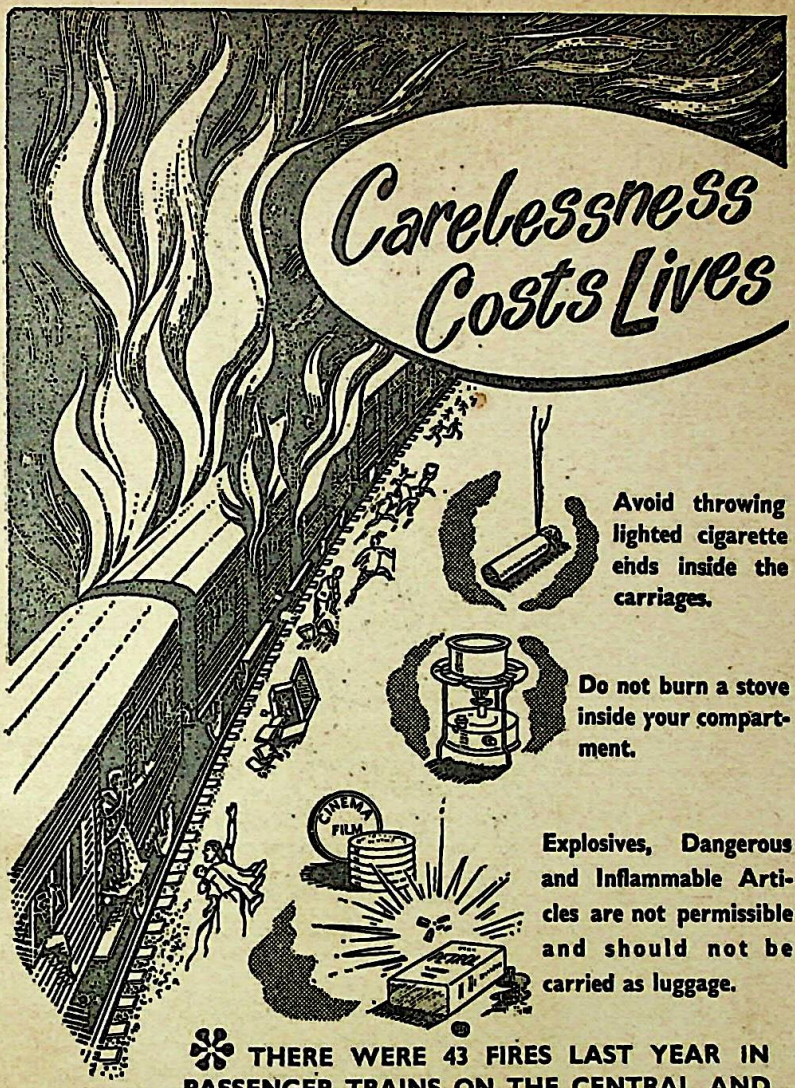
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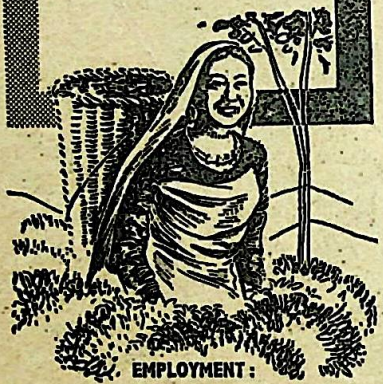
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 11] [JANUARY 1, 1956

SECURITY

अभयं नः करत्यन्तरिक्षं
अभयं द्यावापृथिवी उभे इमे।
अभयं पश्चात् अभयं पुरस्तात्
उत्तरादधरात् अभयं नो अस्तु॥

अभयं मित्रात् अभयममित्रात्
अभयं ज्ञातादभयं पुरो यः।
अभयं नक्तं अभयं दिवा नः
सर्वा आशा मम मित्रं भवन्तु॥

May the atmosphere give us security from fear; may both these, heaven and earth, give us security from fear; may there be security for us at the back, in the front, above and below.

Security from friend, security from foe; security from the visible and from him who is in the ambush in front; security during the night, security during the day.

May all the quarters be friendly to me.

Atharva Veda

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Editorial

Many Happy Returns

YESTERDAY — December 30 — was the 69th birthday of our revered Kulapati, Sri Munshiji, who has, in an extremely busy life, laboured hard, with conspicuous success, in diverse fields —forensic, literary, social, educational, political and cultural.

Our Kulapati has drunk deep at life's fountain. A keen student of the literature of the West he is a devout interpreter of the East. A ceaseless crusader for "re-integration of Indian culture to suit modern needs" he is an eloquent embodiment of all that is best in the East and the West.

Shri Munshiji's role and achievements as one of the country's ablest and outstanding lawyers, legislator, educationist, constructive worker, administrator, political leader and statesman are well known. However, many non-Gujaratis may not know his great contribution to literature. Amidst a hectic life he has written not less than 18 books in English and as many as 45 in Gujarati, his mother tongue, many of which have been translated into Hindi and some of the regional languages.

There is something fundamental about Sri Munshiji—the man and his message. We publish alongside a tribute paid by Sri B. P. Bhatt nine years ago on the occasion of Sri Munshiji's sixtieth birthday.

How could anyone achieve so much in so many fields? No wonder that Sri Munshiji is at once the wonder and despair of persons much younger than himself and a challenge to grandsires cut in alabaster. The secret possibly is his abiding, youthfully buoyant spirit, agile mind, animation and ceaseless work. Verily, age sits but lightly on his scarcely wrinkled brow!

As Sri C. Rajagopalachari sometime ago said, "Who does not know the marvellous Engine that works in the body called Munshi? He is an unrivalled internal combustion Engine indeed and it has knack of creating and gathering round it other equally active engines by the sheer force of resonance". May this "engine" be spared to us for many, many more years to come to inspire, guide and work, work and work.

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B. P. Bhatt

MUNSHIJI: HIS MESSAGE

THERE is something fundamental about Shri Munshiji, the man and his message. He is among the great thinkers and creative artists of modern India fighting ceaselessly against the prevailing inertia. His thought represents eternally idealistic reaction to the false philosophy of life which has moved us away from our Indian moorings. His writings, therefore, have an unique quality. They lift us up from the spiritual stagnation in which we have long sunk, the sterile scepticism and hedonism of the west, which he calls Westernism, and restores to us our faith in the absolute and permanent values of Aryan Culture.

Munshiji's great contribution to the history of our culture is his tireless efforts to bring back the fundamentals of Aryan Culture to us. It is an article of faith with him that the Indian Renaissance cannot be brought about without the alchemy of the creative art of life which India perfected in the past. Indian Culture to him is not a civilisation, not a religious or social system, not a philosophy only. He views it as the movement of a Central Idea flowing through time, absorbing alien influences, sometimes running underground but always inspiring individuals and movements to express it under the changed conditions of their time. He says:

> In each period it has expressed itself, with easily ascertainable permanence, in the life of our great men, in the output of our art and literature, in our solution of vital problems. This Central Idea is a living reality. Men have derived exquisite joy by living it. It has passed through fresh coverings of each age. These coverings, the outworn sheaths are made the objects of research by our modern scholars. But the moving Reality has passed from covering to covering throwing up great men and recurring movements with every age. This reality must be studied in forces, movements, motives and ideas which have persisted through time. It must be rediscovered by each generation, and above all, lived.

Although Munshiji imbibed the essential impulses of the West, the core of his being is fundamentally Aryan. While he drank deep at

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the fountain of European literature—Greek, French and English—his creative vision has been nourished by the *Vedas*, the *Mahabharat* and the ancient history of *Aryavarta*. The *Yogasutra* and the *Gita* have profoundly influenced him and throughout his writings runs an undercurrent of their teachings.

Thus does he describe the great Epic:

> The *Mahabharat* is not a mere epic. It is the greatest creative factor in shaping and re-integrating Indian Culture. Its heroes and heroines have lived in men's imagination for centuries. Its approach has moulded outlook. Its idioms and figures of speech have worked their way into all Indian languages. Every stage and sphere of life has been provided; its episodes, its situations, ideals and wisdom are so true of life that change cannot affect their appropriateness or beauty. And they have inspired every art, literature, thought, and belief in every generation.

The so-called modern education, according to Munshiji, has impaired the sensibility of mind, destroyed originality of thought and created an attitude of intellectual servility to the West. Most of our intellectual ills can be remedied only by a thorough overhaul of our educational system. Like Tagore he is not averse to the study of foreign languages. He would broad-base the educational structure as much as possible on the essential elements of Indian Culture. He has taught us what Indian Culture stands for in the context of world culures.

> Indian Culture is a challenge to Westernism. It recognises three fundamental and inalienable positions.
>
> First, every man has his own individual nature, *Swabhava*.
>
> Second, Self-fulfilment for him is only attainable on the lines of its own law or *swadharma*.
>
> Third, Self-fulfilment for him lies in co-ordinating his faculties under the impelling urge of this law by a course of self-discipline and thereby attaining an integration of all his powers which we call personality.

He thus declares what the absolute integration of the human personality is :—

> Absolute Integration lies in a man developing a dynamic personality so that all limitations disappear from his individual nature. Personality so developed reaches out to Divine proportions, and becomes the effective instrument of a Force of illimitable Perfection.

Munshiji neither rejects science nor harks back to the primitive society, nor does he stand for revivalism. The Culture in its fundamentals has to be recaptured by

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each generation afresh. The enormous technical advance of modern sciences has to be incorporated into our life.

Education, if it is the creative art of self-sculpture, is also a means of social adjustment. Its products, therefore, must have the latest equipment and skill to deal with the problems of their age. They have to live in their times and serve their country and the world with the best weapons available. Education as a creative art shapes the man to perfection; but even the Perfect has to deal with environments. In doing so they cannot be behind others in matters relating to material equipment.

What passes as the modern Western civilisation is on a closer scrutiny organised violence and brutality; a mad race for power and wealth; a total enslavement of human spirit. For Munshiji the progressive development of the human personality is real progress. He wants change, not transformation. He, therefore, thus formulates the relation between change and tradition:

First, no ancient form or attitude should be sacrificed to passion for change;

Second, no form or attitude should be retained if it could be replaced by another which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of the Culture. The old world must change but the new world must not cease to be the effective expression of our Culture.

We are at cross-roads; either we regain our vision or perish for the want of it. The living idea of Aryan Culture should indwell us. It must bring the inner integration of self and inform our literature, art and even politics. Without cultural reintegration merely social, economic or political programmes are doomed to failure.

He is not content with mere philosophic exposition of his message. He is a student of Patanjali and Shri Krishna and enumerates the process by which this supreme integration, *samsiddhi*,—self-realisation—can be attained. Here are the steps by which according to him a man can rise to Absolute Integration.

I. When a man concentrates all his powers to find out his innate Truth;

When he fuses his thought, word and deed to express himself one with the lines of his own truth;

When he trains himself to express his own Truth by word or deed or silence, fearlessly in disregard of consequences, even at the cost of death,

he attains the dynamic unity of his powers.

II. Having attained this unity when he tries to make every deed of his perfect,

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When he casts out anxiety to secure results and is neither eager for victory nor afraid of defeat;

When he offers his very impulse, thought, word and deed as a votive offering to God;

When he overcomes, by constant self-discipline, greed and fear and lust and wrath;

When he works in life as a force of nature, unhalting and unresting;

When in doing so he surrenders himself to God and lives but as his instrument;

When he sees Him in all and all in Him,

he becomes a supreme artist of life.

This is a message of endeavour and resistance to non-self. It is not a metaphysical system. It is a preception born of his struggles for incessant self-discipline, a glimpse of which one gets in his works.

Munshiji's teachings and life are aspects of the same growing dynamic unity which he is struggling to attain in life by the practice of *yogic* methods applied to the affairs of life. But he fully realises his weaknesses. He knows he has not scaled even the lower reaches of the heights of Perfection. No one, throughout, has been so conscious of his limitations, and no author has expressed them so frankly in his works.

But the Vision of Perfection has been floating before Munshiji's eyes since 1930, co-ordinating and shaping his life. This hard-headed, shrewd, practical lawyer-politician is at heart a mystic. He sees Masters in Shri Aravinda and Mahatma Gandhi, not for their achievements but in their surrender to God.

That is what makes him so happy, so indifferent to praise or blame, so superior to worries which afflict us all. Twenty-five years ago he preached the Joy of Life as the predominant note of modern life. At any rate he has extracted joy from every situation, during health and illness, when he was popular and unpopular, when in power or when refusing to accept it

And thus does he formulate the Law of Moral Causation without following which dynamic unity is but barren struggle.

Power, achievement, riches, vigour, and the true view of life, when attained in the fullest and lasting measure, makes for the Perfect Man.

They are attained only in accordance with the inescapable absolute and eternal Law which governs relations between mind and conduct in all beings in all ages and conditions.

The law operates in the following manner:

Lasting power comes only to him who at all moments is true

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to himself, that is one in thought, word and deed;

Lasting riches only come to him who achieves absolute honesty;

Lasting vigour only comes to him who does not allow his powers physically and mentally to go waste.

A true view of life is given only to him who gives up all possessions.

The general view is that violence gives power, dispersal of faculties secures achievements, dishonesty yields riches; sex indulgence yields creative vigour, and possessions provide the true end of life. That view is false and self-destructive. According to the Law, by the sacrifice of these commonly accepted means only can the objectives be really achieved.

The erroneous view of Perfection arises on account of three basic human limitations, viz., attachment, fear and repulsion.

When these limitations are transcended, all misery and weakness disappear, and personality becomes completely integrated. Then Perfection is attained.

This Law of Moral Causation is the result of perception which the study of the *yoga* and of human nature has given Munshiji.

By enunciating the law underlying the teaching of *Yoga* Munshiji has provided a firm scientific basis for the moral order. The law is as old as the *Upanishads*, it has been only represented to us with a convincing directness.

Munshiji has scanned the life of Masters and he thus describes the process by which they all attained self-realisation. "In such cases, the art lay—First, in stopping the dispersal of life-energy by bringing it under the direction of one active idea; Second, in integrating personality by overcoming greed and lust, fear and hate, by the mind attaining a wide calm which knows no misery; Third, merging the personality into Perfection which throbs in tune with Universal life."

And this is the Art of Life for which Indian Culture stands and which Munshiji has preached through novels and dramas, essays, addresses and works of serious literature.

> This Art which these masters follow and the way of life it prescribes are *sanatana*, for it is not parochial, nor restricted to an age, but eternal and inevitable. It knows no difference of race or country. It is based on something fundamental in human nature. It is *Dharma*, for it upholds the whole existence, both individual and social.

It is Aryan Culture.

Firstly, because the Aryans, of all mankind, found it, gave it a

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shape and meaning and left it as a message of undying strength;

Secondly, because, it was first practised and perfected in Aryavarta.

It is Indian Culture, for India is Aryavarta, for here it has grown, thriven and been preserved. Here, it has moulded life and social movements. Here, it has been lived by great men who have found the highest self-fulfilment in expressing its ideas and forging the collective will in their light.

The Art which these masters have cultivated is Indian in the sense that they were all born in India, drew inspiration from the fundamentals of Aryan Culture and were the architects of the life and culture of the India of their day. It is Indian, for India has no future except as its expression. But the Art is open to every one who learns it.

Throughout the range of his creative art Munshiji has been a prophet of new age. Except poetry—although his life has attained rhythm and beauty of a song—he has touched all branches of prose. In about fifty-five works of art he has worshipped the cult of Beauty and of Strength. He has courageously defied conventional art and led the revolt against the Sunday School morality, prudery, and all forms of hypocrisy which is, in fact, moral cowardice. All his writings are characterised by a refreshing iconoclastic note. His characters, infinitely fascinating as they are, embody the dreams, aspirations and spirit of Aryan Culture. Whether in novels or history, the vision of the ancient Aryavarta lives, a living, breathing world, not of yesterday but of today broadening into tomorrow.

Although Munshiji has written works of abiding beauty and interest he is much greater than his works. He has acclaimed again and again that "To *be* is greater than to *do*". And for those of us who know him intimately he is greater than his greatest achievements. He is in the long line of the Great Brahmins who from the times immemorial formed the priesthood of spirit ceaselessly working for enlightenment and culture. Youthful and profound, fearless and penetrating he reflects the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya.

'Munshiji at 60" sounds rather unconvincing! His dynamic thought represents a revolt against all conventional and obscurantist forces and an onward urge for better forms of life. He himself has drunk deep at Aryan Culture and will remain, like it, ever young, vital and resilient. Imbued with humanity, sympathy, tenderness, and understanding his rich and vivid personality radiates love and joy. To all who have come to him he has

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been a force, an idea, an inspiration and an institution in matters literary and cultural. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan which stands for cultural re-integration is perhaps Munshiji's greatest achievement. Tagore's Shanti Niketana, Malaviyaji's Hindu University and Munshiji's Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan are working for the same ideals—the fusion of the ancient learning and modern intellectual aspirations to reintegrate a new Indian culture.

He thus defines reintegration:—

> The process of cultural reintegration is like the process of nutrition which regenerate the living tissues from day to day. A student of Culture first studies it and becomes a reception centre. He then absorbs its finest elements, if the culture is not alien. This makes him true to himself, his country and his culture. He, in the next stage, tries to live upto them under the conditions of the age. As soon as he does this, he becomes an active centre of reintegration. He radiates the permanent values of his culture; influences his environments; and produces a healthy renaissance by establishing contact with alien influences.
>
> He then grows rich in personality and dynamic effectiveness. And the Culture passing through the crucible of the student's individual nature, will be an organic creation fresh with new life and tenacious and powerful with its ancient strength. This is re-integration.

No tribute to Munshiji is complete without a reference to the two ladies who profoundly influenced his personal, intellectual and creative life—his mother and his wife. Munshiji writes in his autobiography vividly about his mother 'Jijima' who nourished and reared the dreams and gifts of her only son. She was a wonderful soul; a friend, philosopher and guide to him and to all who came to her. Some aspects of Munshiji's forceful personality—such as his defiance of orthodox, courageous persistence, firmness for a just cause and above all his love of Aryan Culture — are built up by 'Jijima' of whom he can say—

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

One of the finest works of Munshiji is *Shishu ane Sakhi*, a unique experiment in autobiography. It is a prose-poem, its sound cadence and unsurpassed magic of words reveal a story of great love and beauty. Munshiji has dealt with this most intimate subject with his characteristic candour.

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Srimati Lilavati in whom he found a twin soul has richly influenced his mind, art, life as a whole. "The intensive indwelling of the Undivided Soul" as Munshiji puts it in both of them produced some of the finest works of art. *Shishu ane Sakhi* is a literary Taj Mahal, so rich, eloquent, colourful and exalting, embodying the life of the Munshis. As Munshiji has romantically stated about it, "Had they met a tragic end and not come together in marriage, poets would have written poetry about them. But like the end of a badly woven drama, the happy end came abruptly." And what would have been poetic material for authors is now poetry in life; a flame of mutual admiration, devotion and self-surrender; a thing of beauty. "I bind my soul with yours, I bind my bone with bone, the flesh with flesh, the skin with skin—is with the Munshis, not an aphorism of the *Grihya Sutra* but a living reality. And from out of this unique experience of realistic unity and practical partnership he has given to the modern world with its farmyard morals, a new message of hope.

I have no admiration for this form of *Brahmacharya*. If men, and women are going to be led to perfection by developing creative vigour, sublimation of the sex urge cannot be left as a process to be pursued by a man or woman singly. In the past man or woman has sought his or her individual perfection. In the future marriage must mean the common effort to scale the heights of an undivided perfection.

Paraskara Grihyasutra, when it postulated complete unity of man and wife, made no compartments to this unity. If a Dante can sublimate his sex urge and if Mira can lead her whole life in contemplation of the Divine, why should not modern men and women, when they fall in love, jointly sublimate their sex urge by creative concentration on an undivided soul inspiring two bodies. If during the period of their early contact, they divert the joint torrents of love into an undivided eternal identity between them, their search for unity would not end with marriage but begin with it. Actually the need for real conscious effort at dissolving the hidden divergences in taste and temperaments, differing emotions, varying degrees of idealism have to be welded into one under the pressure of the 'indwelling Undivided Soul' which lives and moves and has its being in two different human bodies.

I know that many will consider this as poetry. But was not the love of Dante for Beatrice equally idealistic, equally foolish-looking to the sordid and the vulgar? It is not easy for a single individual to sublimate sex

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urge; it may prove very difficult for a man and woman to join day and night in this process of alchemy. But the day of the solitary Brahmachari is gone; women cannot be looked upon any longer as the 'gateway of hell.' For the modern men and women with their highly developed powers, if sex sublimation has to be accomplished, this is the only way. It will lead to great creative vigour. It is not based only on a common will to pleasure; such will, in their case, becomes an incident of the sublimated activities of their soul. Emotional, intellectual and aspirational partnership leads to the evolution of a single personality through which dynamic unity can express itself. It is the creation of Beauty which surrounds the conception of Radha-Krishna and Sita-Rama and the grandeur which we call Ardha-Narishwar. It is *Brahmacharya*, following the path of Brahma.

Writing about transforming life, Munshiji writes:

Our ordinary vision is woefully restricted; it is narrow, suicidal. Men deny the Spirit, and assert material life. Some deny material life, and assert the Spirit. Still more are just blind, they deal with the spirit and material life as things apart. This is at the root of the world's tragic failure.

We have to learn the true philosophy of life.

The spirit of man is rooted in the mind. The mind is rooted in the body; the body in material life. This life is again rooted in the organism of life made of the tree, the animal, the man. The living organism is rooted in the sunshine and the soil, the rivers and the mountains and the climatic conditions of our land. The collective welfare, material, economic, social, political, moral and spiritual welfare, make for the health of this organism. Of them all, spiritual welfare is the most potent; for, by the sense of oneness which it creates, is the organism bound, maintained and vitalised.

There is yet a wider organism of life. We call it the world. It is a living organism though we know it not. It consists of a single organism, one world, dependent on the physical determinants of the globe.

The life of the globe is in its turn a part of the large, still wider life of the universe which has an organism of its own, physical, moral and spiritual. We are but the tiniest of its tiny fragments.

But underlying the whole universal organism is the Spirit unfolding itself through gradual stages to flower as the fundamental aspiration in man.

We must move out of our narrow, egoistic self to a vast foundation which reaches out to a collective consciousness of

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oneness with the whole of India to the One World; from One World to all Existence — not in thought, not in aspiration, but by the aspiration transforming step by step the way of individual life and the life of the organism. We must see and feel more and more universal consciousness. We must see, not in theory, not in belief, but in living and feeling, all in ourselves and all in God; 'all in Him and Him in all.' Then we shall have one India, one world, a new era, and the dawn of a full life. Then only will the Masters who once trod the dust of Vaishali have lived, but not in vain.

Life is real. It is rooted in the body, the social organisation, the collective organism of life, comprising men, animals, trees and soil. The Spirit, however, is involved in the mind; the mind in the body; the body in life.

The Spirit alone, therefore, can infuse life with a purpose and invest it with a power to transform itself. Neither the mind, nor the body, nor the social or collective life can be transformed from without. All becoming is an unfolding of the Spirit from within.

The transformation is one integral continuous process, proceeding from the Spirit to the Matter. "You are the undying Spirit," says Sri Krishna to Arjuna. "I am the son of the Earth," sings the Vedic sage. Both declare the same essential truth of life. Spirit and Matter are neither different nor separable.

Certain new ideas and movements in art and literature bearing alluring names, sanctify the materialistic ideology. They are subtle propaganda which thwart the pursuit of the Fundamental Aspiration, reduce man to the level of an insect and destroy his destiny. They seek to seduce our intellectuals from their anchorage in Indian culture and have therefore to be avoided, exposed, and fought.

The true purpose of art and literature is to feel, to visualise and to create Truth, Love and Beauty—*Satyam Shivam Sundaram,* in one word, Absolute Beauty. This is achieved not merely through stone or colour but through personality and thereby through the whole of life. And this purpose must be achieved by the study of beautiful works of art and literature; by the contemplation of beautiful ideas; by the appreciation of beautiful lives which lead to beauty *in* life, and by passing from a realisation of beauty in life to living in Absolute Beauty. This is the process of transformation.

It is not easy to surrender our individual will to the higher

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Sant Lilaram Maraahi

will of God. It requires a long training in receiving and responding to right influences.

This preliminary training takes two forms: In one of these forms the aspirant has to train himself to turn his egoistic activities towards light and truth by maintaining the fundamental aspirations towards Beauty, Freedom and Joy at white heat.

In its second form, these activities have to fulfil the mandates of God by a conscious obedience to Him.

When this training has been undergone, individual energy will cease to be personal and separative. It will form part of the functioning of God's will; but the aspirant has to be watchful. There are no railway signals to indicate when and how the individual energy has been merged in God's. For long, individual effort might not appear to have made any progress. Even if it has made any progress, there is no guarantee that it will steadily maintain its new functioning. And at all times the test is that, as the aspirant takes one step after the other, egotism, impurity and ignorance progressively lose their hold over him. The mind encompasses a larger scope of vision. There would be ever increasing humility and peace.

It is only in the final step that he will come to manifest God.

The brave do not become disconsolate even in the midst of difficulties. Does not the Moon after being eclipsed by Rahu, gladden humanity?

—Garuda Purana.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 91

★ Am Born ★ Fights with Food
★ The Apple of Discord

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow
JANUARY 1, 1956.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON the Kulapati's Letter No. 85, I introduced you to Mother through her autobiography. You know all about Tapi's childhood, her marriage and her old-world courtship by Father.

By this time, the readers of these Letters, are familiar with the Munshi Heights, believed, fifty years ago, by the Bhargava Brahmans of Broach, to be the centre of the universe.

My father, Maneklal, the third son of Narbheram Munshi, had only studied English up to the fifth standard. But I inherited from him well-thumbed copies of Blair's Belles Letters, Chambers's Elocution, Chambers's Encyclopaedia of English Literature, Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, Shateley's Rhetoric, the Poems of Milton and Longfellow, the Holy Bible and Webster's Dictionary. His notes on the margin of the pages of these books showed the seriousness with which he had studied them and I myself cannot imagine a better curriculum for humanistic studies than these volumes.

I have already mentioned how Father and Mother became fond of each other. But their early domestic life was not without its passing clouds, particularly as Father had inherited the quick temper of the Munshis.

According to the fashion in our caste, young ladies—Mother was no more than fifteen at the time—put vermilion paste on their forehead on festive occasions. Father disliked this custom. Carried away by social conventions, however,

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Mother Taxiben Munshi

Mother invariably wore the paste on festive occasions.

Mother Notes:

"Tapi put on the vermilion paste against the wishes of her husband. When she went up to their bedroom at night, Maneklal, who was angry, closed the doors of the room in her face. Maneklal would not open the door, nor would Tapi complain of this treatment to any one else. So, night after night, Tapi went up ostensibly to her bedroom, but spent the nights on the floor in front of the closed doors. At last, Maneklal repented and opened the door and called Tapi in.

"No one was told of this incident. A few days after, however, Maneklal had an attack of typhoid. It was so severe that he could not even move his limbs. Tapi did not leave him unattended even for a minute. She nursed him in the way he liked. This made him happy and relieved the rigour of his illness. Thus the bonds of love were strengthened between them. Both realised that they were one, partners in sorrow and happiness. Gradually, their love deepened. Separation even for a moment became unwelcome."

Tulja, the youngest sister of my father, was a very affectionate girl and was devoted to Mother. She fell ill and on account of the irrational way in which Rukhiba, the eldest of the sisters—more of her hereafter—treated her, she died in childbed. The autobiography runs:

"Tapi was much grieved at the death of Tulja, as she was her dear friend. They sat, sang, and went to the temple together. Together, they dined, bathed, fasted, attended feasts and passed most of their time. But such was Tapi's luck."

On February 23, 1873, Father went to Ahmedabad to take up the job of a clerk in the Collector's office. Some days later, he was appointed Sub-Registrar, which carried a salary of twenty-five rupees per month.

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The year 1887 saw an end to most of the troubles of my parents and Mother writes:

"Tapi went to Godhara. She reached there at 7 by the direct line of the railways. When she reached home at eight, food was ready. Both husband and wife had their dinner. Then they talked till late, wrapt in great love. This was the first occasion in their life when there was peace and happiness. Their good stars were at their zenith. Maneklal had risen to a high position starting from a very subordinate post. They were free of all worries. Two of their daughters had been married. The third was only seven years of age. They had no debts to pay. God had given them everything."

The result of this happy moment was rather unexpected: myself; at least that was Mother's impression. I can now easily understand how it becomes difficult for me to repress my romantic tendencies.



Sir Munshiji at six

★

The autobiography then describes the Poornima of Paush Samvat 1944, December 30, 1887. It seems that every incident of the day was impressed vividly on Mother's memory. She writes:

"Tapi had great faith in God and always followed the righteous path. So to-day she reaped the fruits of her faith and her devotion to her husband. There was nothing surprising in that she should feel happy about the birth of a son. Day and night she had prayed to God thus: 'Oh Lord, my husband has always been dutiful in supporting and maintaining his wife. It is the duty of a devoted wife to serve her husband. When she begets a son, he becomes free from his debt to his ancestors. By

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Your Grace, Oh God, I perform all my duties scrupulously, and if a son is not born to me, it is only my sheer ill-luck.' "

Now that which she had looked forward to for years had arrived. So she thanked God over and over again.

As luck would have it, a few days after my birth, my father was appointed a Mamlatdar, one of the high ranks in Government service then open to an Indian. Mother notes: "Tapi now felt the joys which Yashoda felt during the childhood of Lord Krishna as described by the poets."

I have been told on very good authority that I had the faculty of impressing on everyone who came near me that I was a prodigy. With all the failures which I have had since then, I am surprised that I should have managed to do so.

Evidently the gods grudged my coming into this world. For years past Mother had prayed to our guardian god, Mahadevji, for a son, and every time she had taken vows as to what she would and would not do if her prayer was granted. But, annoyed at being treated with disregard by the gods, she vowed this time that if she got a son, she would take no vows whatsoever. And I was born.

Being a highly prized child, every one of the family tried to do his or her best by me. This gave me the habit early in life of getting everything done the way I wished. If ever anyone—sister, wife or friend—failed to fall in with this demand, I would feel like smashing up everything, or if I could not do so, I would feel almost suffocated. Life would then appear worthless to me and I would even harbour secret intentions of giving it up.

From the beginning my greatest enemy was food. I simply could not eat. Meal-times were torture for all concerned. If food was brought before me, I would start crying. But for some reason, they all decided that I should be kept alive.

So, Mother, my sisters and the neighbours often got together to see that I was kept alive. One would try to feed me; another would ring a bell; a third would hold me on her lap; a fourth would whistle or sing a song. Sometimes I would be taken in procession from room to room or house to house. If during this process, I forgot to cry, a bit of food would be pushed into my mouth. I would swallow it without knowing it and everyone was happy.

Ever since then food has been a problem for me. If I ever doubted this fact, it was brought home to me even as late as in 1950-52, when I handled the portfolio of Food and Agriculture.

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Then for two years, I moved heaven and earth to fight the food scarcity in the country. I failed, or at any rate most people thought so.

Within a few weeks of taking office, my successor found that the country was full of food and promptly introduced decontrol. Even in the surveys of the Planning Commission, I discovered to my great surprise that during 1951-53 food production had made remarkable progress.

My ancient enemy—food—though vanquished in my time, never let me or rather others discover it.

*

One of my earliest memories is of a fearful night at Surat. I am tossing with fever on a small bed. A mosquito net is spread over me like a tent. I feel as if I am surrounded on all sides by burning embers. My little head is about to burst, for some one is hammering at my temples. I cannot even open my eyes.

A familiar sound is heard. My little heart beats quickly. My head is caressed very softly, fondly, with inexpressible love. I know the sound and the touch. I had known them from birth. In a weak, quivering voice I cry "Mother." A cherished voice replies: "Kanu, I have come." I open my eyes with great difficulty. The lamp on the table is burning softly. By my side on the bed, I see Father and Mother sitting, talking in very low voices. Tears run from their eyes. I am curious. A question floats up into my consciousness: "Why are they weeping?"

My weak body is faint and my eyes are closed.

In the morning when I wake up, I call for Mother. At once Father comes to me from his bed and says: "Kanu, your mother came here last night, but she has gone back to Broach. I am here." And he takes me up in his arms.

The memory of that night in 1894 is still vivid. Father was then the Mamlatdar of Surat, where we lived near a Vaishnav temple. A great calamity had befallen us in the last few months. Two of my sisters—one 17 and the other 15—had become widows. Mother could not leave them alone at Broach. But her only son was dangerously ill: so, defying the conventions of her world, and forgetting all her sorrows, she had come to me.

I too was not to leave them so easily. I recovered from my illness.

Our family was thus shrouded in grief for a considerable time. Father, however, worked hard at his job and he was recognised as one of the few able and conscientious officers in Gujarat.

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Father was never tempted into the vagaries which characterised some of the other Munshis. All that I ever heard about his younger days was that he once took to drinking with a friend. But mother persuaded him to take a vow never to touch alcohol again and this he kept for the rest of his life.

Father was well versed in music, as a young Munshi of the Heights should be. But after the calamity which had befallen my sisters, he never sang again. He was never known to visit the house of a dancing girl, as his brothers did. He enjoyed reading English novels or sitting at home and telling Mother all about them or about the events of the day.

The love and confidence between Father and Mother almost reached the ideal. They had no secrets from each other nor had either of them a more intimate friend. At times Father would grow irritated and angry; it was a family trait; but Mother knew the art of soothing the ire of the Munshis.

The ladies of the Munshi Heights always had a hard time keeping their lords and masters happy. Mother, however, was an adept in that art.

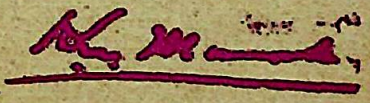
In that age, the devotion of the wife to the husband was taken for granted, but hardly any husband worried about the feelings of his wife. Father was an exception.

Rukhiba, the ferocious, said contemptuously of him: "Who does not know that Manakabhai is a henpecked husband?"

There is the famous Greek legend that King Peleus gave a feast into the midst of which the apple of discord was thrown. On it was inscribed "For the most beautiful goddess." Paris was appointed the judge in the beauty contest between Juno, Diana and Venus and like the gay dog he was, he awarded the apple to Venus, because she promised him the most beautiful woman in the world. To redeem the promise, he had to secure Helen; the Greeks had to invest Troy for twelve years in order to recover her; Troy had to be defeated and Paris killed. The Greeks won the war and recovered Helen, but lost everything they had. All that remains of this war is what Homer sang of it in immortal rhyme.

I was the apple of discord thrown into the Munshi Heights. As a result, the epic war of the Munshis began. Alas! No Homer sang of it nor was there a Helen of Troy.

Yours sincerely,



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THE CHOSEN IDEAL



Swami Vivekananda

ONE who aspires to be a bhakta must know that "so many opinions are so many ways." He must know that all the various sects of the different religions are the various manifestations of the glory of the same Lord. "They call You by so many names; they divide You, as it were, by different names; yet in each one of these is to be found Your omnipotence.... You reach the worshipper through all of these; there is no special time for Your worship so long as the soul has intense love for You. You are so easy of approach; it is my misfortune that I cannot love You." Not only this. The bhakta must take care not to hate, or even criticize, those radiant sons of light who are founders of various sects; he must not even hear them spoken ill of.

Very few, indeed, are those who are at once the possessors of an extensive sympathy and power of appreciation as well as of an intense love. We find, as a rule, that liberal and sympathetic sects lose the intensity of religious feeling, and in their hands religion is likely to degenerate into a kind of politico-social club life. On the other hand, intensely narrow sectarians,

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while displaying a very commendable love for their own ideals, are seen to have acquired every particle of that love by hating everyone who is not of exactly the same opinion as themselves. Would to God that this world were full of men who were as intense in their love as they were world-wide in their sympathies! But such are few and far between. Yet we know that it is practicable to educate large numbers of human beings in the ideal of a wonderful blending of both the breadth and the intensity of love; and the way to do that is by this path of Ishta-nishtha.

Every sect of every religion presents only one ideal of its own to mankind; but the eternal Vedantic religion opens to mankind an infinite number of doors for ingress into the inner shrine of Divinity, and places before humanity an almost inexhaustible array of ideals, there being in each of them a manifestation of the Eternal One. With the kindest solicitude Vedanta points out to aspiring men and women the numerous roads hewn out of the solid rock of the realities of human life by the glorious sons, or human manifestations, of God in the past and in the present, and stands with outstretched arms to welcome all—to welcome even those that are yet to be—to that Home of Truth and that Ocean of Bliss wherein the human soul, liberated from the net of Maya, may transport itself with perfect freedom and with eternal joy.

Bhakti-yoga, therefore, lays on us the imperative command not to hate or deny any one of the various paths that lead to salvation. Yet the growing plant must be hedged round to protect it until it has grown into a tree. The tender plant of spiritually will die if exposed too early to the action of a constant change of ideas and ideals. Many people, in the name of what may be called religious liberalism, may be seen feeding their idle curiosity with a continuous succession of different ideals. With them, hearing new things grows into a kind of disease, a sort of religious drink-mania. They want to hear new things just by way of getting a temporary nervous excitement, and when one such exciting influence has had its effect on them, they are ready for another. Religion is with these people a sort of intellectual opium-eating, and there it ends. "There is another sort of man," says Bhagavan Ramakrishna, "who is like the pearl-oyster of the story. The pearl-oyster leaves its bed at the bottom of the sea and comes up to the surface to catch the rain-water when the star Svati is in the ascendant. It floats about on the surface of the sea with its shell wide open until it has succeeded in catching a drop of rain-water, and then it dives deep down to its sea-bed and there rests until it has succeeded in fashioning a beautiful pearl out of that raindrop." This is indeed the most poetical and for-

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cible way in which the theory of Ishta-nishtha has ever been put.

Eka-nishtha, or devotion to one ideal, is absolutely necessary for the beginner in the practice of religious devotion. He must say with Hanuman in the *Ramayana:* "Though I know that the Lord of Sri and the Lord of Janaki are both manifestations of the same Supreme Being, yet my All in all is the lotus-eyed Rama." Or, as was said by the sage Tulsidas: "Take the sweetness of all, sit with all, take the name of all, say yea, yea—but keep your seat firm." Then, if the devotional aspirant is sincere, out of this little seed will come a gigantic tree, like the Indian banyan, sending out branch after branch and root after root to all sides, till it covers the entire field of religion. Thus will the true devotee realize that He who was his own ideal in life is worshipped in all ideals, by all sects, under all names, and through all forms.

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FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD



His Eminence Cardinal Gracias

IS there any universal link capable of uniting men as men? Physical interdependence certainly there is today on account of the progress made by science with easy and wide-spread communications. But world unity is not simply a matter of broadcasting or extending human bonds. The pertinent question is whether there is the moral sense to keep pace with the physical fact.

It is true that in the natural order, the nations of the world have a link of fellowship in the common origin, for 'God hath made one, all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth.' But this common blood or nature has never sufficed to draw them together. Nations have always forgotten their common origin in the antagonism of a narrower clanship.

The welding of all nations into one vast fellowship with God is the only possible basis of international peace. Take away the supernatural foundation for amity among the nations and peoples, and there is no other standard than that of utility.

Underneath the efforts at progress in the world, two great and opposing principles are at work. There is the principle which begins by ignoring God; which has in consequence no recognition of the true brotherhood of men, children of a common Father which builds up unity from without, by laws, by force, by accommodation;

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which cannot last, but which must break again when the external bonds are broken.

And there is the principle of unity from within: which sees in all men brethren, sons of our Father who is in Heaven which fosters love even more than its fruits, leaving them to grow in due season; creating the unity which alone can live because it comes from within, that genuine self-surrendering love, of which St. John speaks, 'let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth.'

Now Christmas, though essentially a Christian festival, has a message of universal significance. That it should be a public holiday in most parts of the world, as far as our knowledge goes, is in itself a recognition of its worldwide significance, though it must be confessed that secularism has robbed it in many places of its essential meaning and of its historical background and of its doctrinal content.

And yet, we should not be misled by superficial impressions. The external gaiety in its varied forms is but the external manifestation of the interior joy born of deep faith that seizes the Christian on Christmas Day.

What is the message of Christmas which can and should appeal to all men of goodwill? It is the message of love. In the words of St. Paul, 'the kindness of God, our Saviour, dawned on us, his great love for men.'

> Can anyone doubt that if the noblest saint among Buddhists, the noblest Mohammedan, the highest Stoic of Athens, the purest and wisest Christian, Manu in India, Confucius in China, Spinoza in Holland, could somewhere meet and converse together, they would all find themselves of one religion and all would find themselves denounced by their own sects, and sustained by these believed adversaries of their sects?
>
> —Ralph Waldo Emerson

In this age of scientific and industrial progress when the programme assigned to man in the days of his creation seems almost realised, namely that he should 'fill the earth and subdue it, rule over the fishes of the sea and the birds of the air and all living creatures that move upon the earth,' the message of Christmas is a challenge to man's self-sufficiency and his vaunted progress. The ways of lovableness and humanity of kindness and simplicity are the ways of God.

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LORD CHRIST

(To a Christian friend)

Richard Miller

O child of Christ! now may your life unfold
And open its petals to His sungold Love.
Answer His call to Truth and Grace that flowed
From out His ocean heart of pure Compassion.
Worshipping the Son of Man, accept His Cross,
Live hence for all and see in all but Him
Who rose in glory as a new Orb of hope
And, staking His all for the One-in-all on earth,
Shook Night's dominion with God's earthquake.

Aspire to surrender all you cherish to Him,
Open your being to His untrammelled Love,
Pray for His resurrection in the world
He came to save with His redeeming blood.
Accept His vision of the Kingdom of Heaven,
Fulfil your soul in Him by losing self,
Proclaim His message of Light by winning Light,
Hark to His whisper inviting you to give
Peace to the restless by attaining peace.

New York November, 1955

Old age lurks around menacingly like a tigress; diseases invade the body like enemies; life oozes out like water from a broken pot; yet people are unmindful of the means of personal salvation.

—Saunaka Nitisara

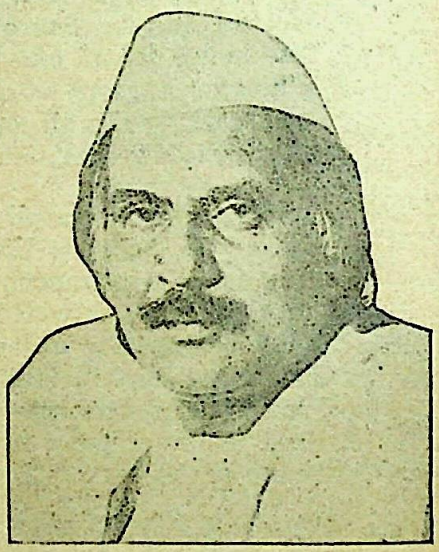
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Is it not time to emphasize the fact of the common ancestry of the inhabitants of this country, no matter what their present religions be?... Change of religion does not imply change of ancestry.

OUR COMMON ANCESTRY

Dr. Sampurnanand

BEING a Hindu I speak with some diffidence on this subject; but I am sure I shall not be misunderstood. We have to remember that the great majority of Indian Muslims consists of those whose ancestors were once Hindus but later adopted Islam as their religion. There is nothing surprising in this. There are Chinese Muslims, European Muslims and African Muslims. The inhabitants of Indonesia were once Buddhists and, further back still, they were Hindus. But this does not prevent them from being good Muslims. I beg you to think whether it is not time to emphasize this fact of the common ancestry of the inhabitants of this country, no matter what their present religions be. *The great men of the past who flourished in what has been called the Hindu period of Indian history were Indians, and all Indians can*



and should take pride in their achievements. Change of religion does not imply change of ancestry nor does respect for one's ancestors, even if they professed a different religion, imply disrespect

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for the founders and the leaders of one's present religion or want of faith in its doctrines. Much of that atmosphere of alienness that seems to envelop us would automatically disappear if this simple historical fact were brought home to all of us. The Hindu has no monopoly in the great men of the past. They belong as much to the Sikh, the Jain, the Buddhist and the Muslim. The works of great Indian thinkers, the achievements of great Indian astronomers and mathematicians, the sculpture and architecture dating from several centuries before Christ which excite the wonder of tourists from all lands, noble pieces of literature which are the glory of Sanskrit—we owe all this to men from whom have sprung not only Hindus but Muslims as well, and the Indian Muslim can be as proud of them as a Muslim of Iran, for example, is proud of those heroes whose names have been immortalized by Firdausi in his Shah-nama. I hope I have made my meaning clear.

Always remember the basic unity of the Indian people whether of the north or south, Christian, Muslim, Hindu or Buddhist. In India, all people from the Himalayas to Kanyakumari are one. India is one great organic body, you might say. If any part of that body is affected, the consequences will be felt elsewhere too. We must help each other to keep the whole body of India healthy.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

[Condensed from his Convocation Address at Aligarh University on 14-12-55.]

They are indeed to be pitied who do not pursue learning in their childhood and are denied the pleasure of wealth and wedded wife in their adolescence. They are just animals in human form.

—Garuda Purana.

Servants and jewels should be used in proper places. Does ever the crest-jewel shine on the feet?

—Brihaspati Nitirasa.

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J. M. Shelat

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

THERE is no problem in Criminal Jurisprudence which raises so acute a controversy as the one on Capital Punishment. For the last 50 years or more that controversy has been going on in almost all civilized countries between—what are known—for the sake of convenience—the Reformist School and those who believe in its retention. In the latter class are mostly the lawyers and the judiciary.

Briefly put the thesis of the Reformist School is twofold: (1) That a citizen is the creature of his environment and delinquency of all kinds therefore is the result of bad breeding, want of education, economic causes and mental frustration. (2) That an offender commits so grave an act as of taking another human life—not of his own mental volition—but because his mental condition at the time is so deranged that the act which he does is beyond his control.

In either case—the reformists proclaim that it would be wrong to say that there was any element of *mens rea*—much less of premeditation. They therefore denounce the laws which seek to punish a person who does an act in question, which springs not from his volition but from reasons which are beyond his control. The society, as a whole, is responsible for the background of these acts, and it does not therefore behove that very society to punish him. In the last resort it is said that all kinds of delinquency—whether resulting in minor or major offences —are determinable by medico-legal methods—and if so analysed —they would be found to be caused by some derangement of the mind which again cannot be attributable to a deliberate will on the part of the offender.

Opposite to this school of thought are those who believe in the retention of the capital punishment in one form or the other. Their concept of Criminal Jurisprudence is: (1) that an offence against an individual or property is an offence against society; (2) that the purpose of all Criminal laws is protection of the society against its offending members; (3) and therefore the purpose of all Criminal laws is punitive rather than reformative.

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Their defence of capital punishment is that the class of offenders, who indulges in violent acts against the rest of the society, is like a cancer in the body politic and the best and merciful method is to cut off that cancerous part of the society in the interest of the rest of the society. Their next postulate is that the object of all laws should be to serve as a deterrent factor rather than as a reformative one. The basis of this theory, no doubt, is that there is always a section of offenders—in all societies and at all times—which is beyond all chances of reform—and once you remove this deterrent factor you will invite chaos in society—and you would let loose an orgy of crime against innocent citizens. No Government in any civilized country therefore can possibly take such a chance for the sake of a thesis which still is in the shape of a mere postulate.

These theories are more for the penologists to determine and not for the judiciary. The judiciary has already a heavy burden of responsibility to carry—and it is not fair or desirable that this burden should be cast on a single head. The function of the judiciary is to take the laws as they come out of the anvil of the Legislatures and apply them to the facts and circumstances that come up before them. The function of the judiciary again is to keep the balance between one man and another and to apply the laws without any distinction and maintain that balance between the rights of man and his obligations.

A few years ago the British Government appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the question of capital punishment. In the course of inquiry, the Medical Association put forward its memorandum, which by the weight of its eminent opinion has become famous. It is not possible to go into all the reasons put forward in that memorandum, but its main attack was that the legal concepts had not progressed as the medical science had. Their ease was that the medical science had so progressed that it was now possible to say that a violent act was due to some mental factor for which it was not possible to punish an offender—and that therefore the Macnaughtten Rules framed over 80 years ago should be radically changed. One of the greatest exponents of this theory—of liberalizing these rules—was that greatest of the criminal advocates of England—Sir Marshall Hall. Sir Marshall Hall felt so acutely about this problem that he not only agitated for it in courts but canvassed for it through newspapers and the lobbies of the Parliament. The Macnaughten Rules however remained —and nothing further was done— not because the judges were reactionaries or static—but it was sincerely felt that it was neither expedient nor practical to frame rules which could adequately deal with the various gradations of

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mental derangement—from the stage of total idiocy to feeble-mindedness. In Scotland the judges have been given the discretion to reduce the offence of murder to manslaughter where there is evidence of such mental deficiency but in England it was thought that such a distinction would cast too heavy a burden on a single man to bear and the laws remain today just the same as they were framed by Lord Macnaughten.

There is no doubt that it is not possible in the present state of affairs to take either school of thought absolutely. To take the laws as purely reformative would appear to be too illusory;—to accept them purely as punitive is equally undesirable—for that would reduce the laws into the category of tribal laws. The time is not yet ripe when it would be expedient to wipe off from our statute book the capital punishment. The waves of social disorders—created by the last two wars have not yet subsided. It is a notorious fact, which no theorist can possibly conceal from himself, that the last war created a new class of offenders and worse still new methods of offence. For a variety of reasons—the cult of the knife and of other lethal weapons has grown to a degree which must waken the conscious class of society. It would be dangerous in these circumstances to abolish this class of punishment at this stage—for that is perhaps the only deterrent punishment felt by the offenders. Experience does show that when a notorious offender is awarded capital punishment, it does serve to create an impression amongst his colleagues and his locality.

Through fear of punishment alone, beings do not devour one another. If punishment did not protect them, they would have sunk into the darkness of hell.

It is the power of punishment alone that governs and protects the people. It is awake even when others are asleep; hence to the wise, it is righteousness itself.

—Sukti Samgraha.

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EKADASI

SCRATCH the Hindu dogma, you will find a package of wisdom imbedded in it. Observance of Ekadasi or the eleventh day of bright half as well as the dark half of the Hindu month, is one such.

As we all know, devout Hindus observe complete fast on these days and spend the hours in the contemplation of God. On the day following, they feed poor souls and after that, break their fast. Don't we know the story of Ambarisha?

Fasting as an aid to healthy living is unexceptionable. Our system requires occasional overhauling and according to our ancients, two days in the month are good enough for that. Mere fasting on the physical plane does only half the trick; one must starve the senses too of their bad food. Knowing their character only too well, nothing is better fitted to keep the senses in their place than the contemplation of God, which, to say the least, thrives when the belly and they are starved of their staple food. Thus Ekadasi serves to set right the imbalance of a purely material cum sensual life.

Padma Purana has an interesting anecdote on the origin of Ekadasi. In Krita Yuga a mighty *asura* by name Mura struck terror in the hearts of *devas* and brahmins who ran to Lord Shiva for protection. Shiva directed them to Vishnu. Vishnu, hearing their plaint promised to protect them and took up his *chakra* against Mura. The battle raged for a thousand years without end.

Lord Vishnu, ostensibly exhausted, retired to Badrikashrama where he lay asleep in a cave called Simhavati. Mura would not let Him rest. He pursued Him inside the cave and offered battle. But a beautiful girl, Shakti, emerged from the Lord's body and challenged Mura who made fun of her. At a sound from the divine girl, Shakti, the *asura* was burnt to ashes.

When Lord Vishnu woke up, he was very glad at the exploits of the divine lady, Shakti, whom he named Ekadasi, and pledged He would grant heaven to whomsoever worshipped her. She or the first Ekadasi appeared in the dark half of Margasira.

The word Mura in this story means that which surrounds. Lord Vishnu signifies life-principle. The story would thus mean that when you subdue *tamasic* and *rajasic* life by fast and prayer you get a *Shakti* or power which has the

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power of annihilating all evil environments incidental to living.

At the rate of two *ekadasis* a month, in a year there are twentyfour *ekadasis* with an extra *ekadasi*, twentyfifth. These have particular names and according to *Padma Purana* their observance has different effects as indicated by their names. They are in order: (1) Primal Ekadasi, as related above; (2) Moksha or Vaikunta Ekadasi which occurs on the eleventh day of the bright half of Margasira. The others are the following in running order: (3) Saphala (4) Bhadrada (5) Shattila (6) Jaya (7) Vijaya (8) Amalaki (9) Papamochanika (10) Kamada (11) Varudini (12) Mohini (13) Apara (14) Nirjala (15) Yogini (16) Sajini (17) Karmika (18) Putrada (19) Aja (20) Padmanabha (21) Indira (22) Papankusa (23) Rama (24) Prabhodhini and (25) Kamala. Some of these however have alternate names.

There are innumerable stories illustrating the virtues of observing *Ekadasi*, the foremost of which is that of Ambarisha. Then we have the story of King Rukmangadha and many others.

Incarnation of Lord Krishna

Overpowered by the great burden of millions of demons in the form of arrogant kings, Earth went to Brahma for refuge.

Brahma, along with the gods, heard of Earth's plight, and told her then: "The Supreme Being, the Lord Himself, will be born in the house of Vasudeva. Let the celestial damsels be born (on earth) for His delight and, on His command, let the sages also be made to assume the form of cows. Let the thousand-headed Serpent Ananta, endowed with an element of Lord Vasudeva, be born as his elder brother. And Lord Vishnu's Power Divine, the blessed Goddess, will also be born for His purpose".

—Srimad Bhagavata.

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Immortal India—35 **J. H. Dave**

AMARKANTAK

चन्द्रसूर्योपरागे तु गत्वाह्यमरकण्टकम् ।
अश्वमेधाद् दशगुणं पुण्यमाप्नोति मानवः ॥
एष पुण्यो गिरिवरो देवगन्धर्वसेवितः ।
नानाद्रुमलताकीर्णो नानापुष्पोपशोभितः॥
अत्र सन्निहितो राजन् देव्या सह महेश्वरः ।
ब्रह्मा विष्णुस्तथा चेन्द्रो विद्याधरगणैः सह॥
प्रदक्षिणं तु यः कुर्यात्पर्वतामरकण्टके ।
पौण्डरीकस्य यज्ञस्य फलं प्राप्नोति मानवः॥

—Kurma in Viramitrodaya Tirthaprakasa p. 382.

"One who visits Amarkantak on the days of the lunar and solar eclipses acquires a merit which is ten times that acquired after performing an Asvamedha sacrifice. This sacred mount has been resorted to by gods and gandharvas; it is full of numerous trees, creepers and flowers. Here is Lord Siva with Uma, also Brahma, Vishnu, Indra and the Vidyadharas. One making a circumambulation of this Amarkantak mount acquires the merit of having performed the sacrifice of Paundarika."

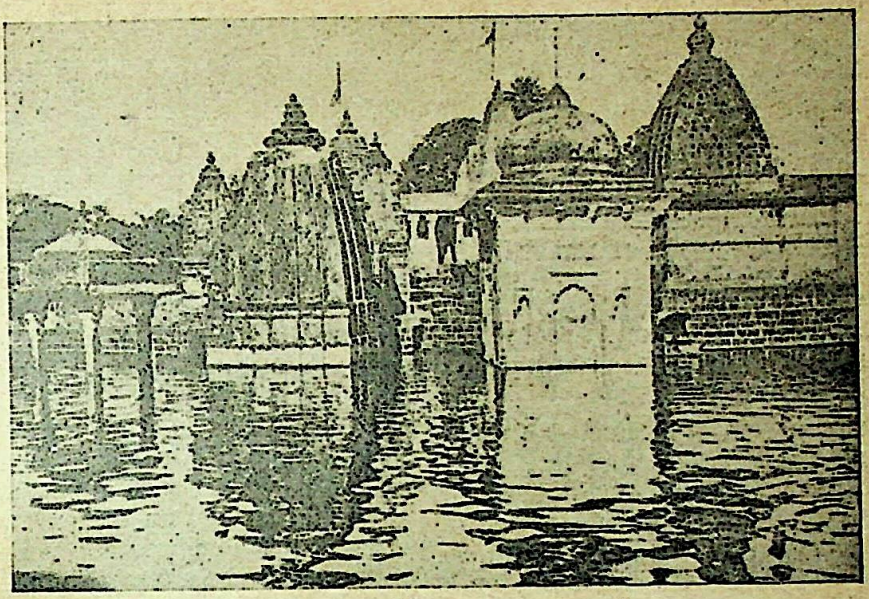
RIVER Narmada is considered next to Ganga in point of sacredness. This Narmada, the Namados of Ptolemy and Namnadios of the Periplus rises on the summit of the plateau of Amarkantak which is situated in 22° 41N and 81° 48E. Amarkantak is part of the Mekala or Mikul hills, forming its extreme eastern peak, in Gondwada. Its height is 3493 feet above the sea level. On the railway line connecting Bilaspur with Katni, we orrive at the Pendra Road station. Amarkantak is about seven miles from this Pendra Road station.

Rivers Narmada, Son and Mahanadi, have their sources on this plateau of Amarkantak. It is a very reputed spot of pilgrimage. Pilgrims generally make it a point to visit this place on their way to or way back from Jagannath Puri.

On this hill of Amarkantak there are temples of Amarnath Mahadeo, Narmada Devi, several other Saiva and Vaishnava temples and the holy kunda at the head of the infant river Narmada which is considered very sacred. There is also the deserted temple known as the Karan Mandir which is traditionally ascribed to Karna Raja and which is of some architectural interest.

Amarkantak forms the eastern part of the Vindhya range. The

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The Sacred Pool at Amarkantak from which the Narmada rises; rivers Son and Mahanadi also have their source on this plateau.

Vindhya is one of the seven principal ranges of mountains called Kulaparvatas. They are Mahendra, Malaya, Sahya, Suktiman, Riksha, Vindhya and Pariyatra.

ततो वर्षं प्रवक्ष्यामि यथाश्रुतमहो द्विजाः।
महेन्द्रो मलयः सह्यः शुक्तिमानृक्षवानपि।
विन्ध्यश्च पारियात्रश्च सप्तैते कुलपर्वताः॥

—Padma, Adi, Ch. 6 Verses 7 & 8.

Amarkantak is referred to as Amrakuta by Kalidasa in Meghaduta 17. Chitrakuta in Meghaduta means the Ramagiri hill and not the famous Chitrakut near Prayag. The cloud is requested to go from Ramgiri near Amarkantak and then to Amrakuta or Amarkantak proper.

त्वामासारप्रशमितवनोपप्लवं साधुमूर्ध्ना
वक्ष्यत्यध्वश्रमपरिगतं सानुमानाम्रकूटः।
न क्षुद्रोऽपि प्रथमसुकृतापेक्षया संश्रयाय
प्राप्ते मित्रे भवति विमुखः किं पुनर्यस्तथोच्चैः॥

—Meghaduta 17.

After having rested for a while on Chitrakuta or Ramgiri hill, the cloud is requested to remove its remaining fatigue on the Amrakuta or Amarkantak hill.

"The Amrakuta with its lofty peak will receive you on its summit. You would have extinguished the forest fire by your incessant raining and got tired on your way. Even a small man does not refuse hospitality to a friend who has pre-

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viously obliged him and who subsequently comes for shelter; what to talk about a person so lofty?"

The hill is called Amrakuta probably because of the numerous mango trees on its summit.

From the kund or the reservoir, the small stream of Narmada runs westwards and after a further course of about two miles, it falls over a descent of about 70 feet with great force and this spot is known as Kapil Dhaara.

The deserted or neglected Karan Mandir was never completed, having three temples on three sides of a square, the fourth side remaining unoccupied and the platform at that end broken. Cunningham has compared this temple with the smaller temple at Khajuraho, and spoken highly of its bold and elegant mouldings.

Mekala is another name of mount Amarkantak which is a part of the Vindhya range. River Narmada which has its source here is therefore called the Mekala Kanyaka in the Amarakosha.

रेवा तु नर्मदा सोमोद्भवा मेकलकन्यका ।

Skanda in Avantya Khanda has the third sub-khanda called Revakhanda of 232 Adhyayas. Chapter 21 states that river Narmada is capable of destroying all sins. River Ganga is sacred at Kankhal, river Saraswati at Kurukshetra but river Narmada is sacred at all places whether it is a town or a forest. The waters of Saraswati purify a person in three days, those of Yamuna in seven days, those of Ganga immediately, but river Narmada purifies a person by her mere sight. This river Narmada rises from Mount Amarkantak which is on the western side of the Kalinga country. The river is sacred in the three worlds and of pleasing sight at every step.

कलिंगदेशात् पश्चार्द्धे पर्वतेऽमरकण्टके ।
पुण्या च त्रिषु लोकेषु रमणीया पदे पदे ॥

Kalinga Desa is the Northern Sircars, south of Orissa and north of the Dravida Desa and touching the Bay of Bengal on the east. In the days of Mahabharata, a portion of Orissa or Utkala was also included in Kalinga.

Padma, Adikhanda Chapter 6, verses 35 and 36 make a separate mention of Mekalas, Utkalas and Kalingas as forming the several janapadas.

उत्तमाश्च दशार्णाश्च मेकलाश्चोत्कलैः सह ।
पाञ्चालाः कोशलाश्चैव नैकपृष्ठ्युगन्धराः ।
बोधा मद्राः कलिङ्गाश्च काशयोऽपरकाशयः॥

At the source and on the banks of this Narmada, gods, gandharvas, sages and ascetics are said to have performed penance and attained high siddhis. If one observing the rules and with his senses controlled bathes here and observes a fast for one night he is said to liberate his 100 ancestors. Mount Amarkantak has been described as a great siddhi-kshetra. Lord Sankara abides here.

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River Narmada is described as 100 yojanas in length and 2 yojanas in breadth according to Kurma while Skanda gives one half yojana as the breadth. The actual measurement of its length is estimated to be 801 miles; its breadth varies at different places from a few yards to 17 miles below the Broach city where it gradually widens into an estuary and joins the gulf of Cambay.

From Amarkantak to the sea near Broach there are numerous Tirthas. Matsya and Padma state there are 10 crores of such Tirthas; Agni, Kurma and Skanda state they are 60 crores and 60 thousand. Out of them 400 are the chief ones according to Naradiya. Skanda adds that in this Kali age, the Pratyaksha Tirthas are few inasmuch as men are losing their spiritual strength.

Reva and Narmada are generally taken to be synonyms and the Reva Khanda of the Skanda treats them as one but Bhagvata 5-19-18 and Vamana 13-25-29 mention them separately and Reva is said to rise from the Vindhya and Narmada from Rikshpada. Dr. B. C. Law observes that the two separate streams of Reva and Narmada meet near Mandla and thereafter the two names are used indiscriminately for the combined river.

The word Amarkantak is derived by Skanda in this way: Amaras means Gods and their 'kata' means body. Narmada smilingly danced on the bodies of Gods. The mount surrounded by these bodies of Gods is called Amarkantak.

Narmada is called Rudra-Sambhavaa or born from the body of Lord Siva.

नर्मदा सरितां श्रेष्ठा रुद्रदेहाद् विनिःसृता।

—*Padma, Adi,* 17-13.

As Amarkantak is the abode of Lord Siva (Skanda Reva Ch. 21) and Narmada springs from that mount she is called Rudra's daughter. The legend is stated in Skanda Reva 4. Siva was once practising penance on the Riksha mount. He had then some perspiration and from that sprang this river. She assumed the form of a woman and worshipped Siva. She sought the boon of being sacred and inexhaustible. She is known as A-yonija, not born of the womb, and A-mrita undying even in the Pralaya. She is called Narmada because she caused amusement by appearing for some time and then disappearing in turn when the Gods and Demons were running after her. This legend refers to the dancing and rugged course of this river in her initial stages.

It appears that in the country round about Amarkantak Gonds were originally residing. From them the country went to the Haihaya Vamsi dynasty which ruled from Ratnapur. This dynasty traces its antiquity to the Satya Yuga. One of its descendants, Nila Dvaja established a kingdom at Mahishmati or mandla; another, by name Hansa Dvaja at

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Chandrapur and a third at Ratanpur, sometimes also identified with Manipur. The last kingdom alone survived till the last of the Raja, by name Raghunath Singh, was deposed by the Marathas in 1745 A.D. Raja Karnapal of this line reigned from 115 to 194 A.D. He made a city at Amarkantak and raised temples there. It is said that he consecrated the spot at the source of Narmada which has become a holy and worthy spot of pilgrimage.

Religious suicide at Amarkantak has been highly eulogised. One observing Brahmacharya, remaining pure, self-controlled and free from anger; desisting from all Himsa and thinking of the good of all creatures—if such a person gives up his life at Amarkantak, he is promised a stay of one lac of years in heaven and then the next birth of a king. Religious suicide by entering into the fire or water or by fasting is said to bring liberation which means the cecession of rebirths.

The Jalesvara reservoid is stated to be the on the western side of this mount and Shradha performed here produces great merit. River Narmada is called the daughter of Pitris and Shraddhas performed on her banks produce inexhaustible results. It is said that Narmada is so sacred that even trees which fall down in her waters achieve the highest *gati*. The confluence of Narmada with Kapila and also with Visalya has been considered holy.

ॐकारतीर्थमारभ्य यावत्पश्चिमसागरम् ।
संगमाः पञ्चत्रिंशद् वै नदीनां पापनाशनाः ॥
—*Skanda, Reva* 231-7.

It is said that during her entire course, Narmada makes 35 confluences or Sangamas. On the Northern bank there are eleven Sangamas and on the southern bank there are twenty three of them. The 35th Sangama is that of Reva and the sea which is the best.

Padma, Adi, ch. 15 describes the legend of Bana and his three Puras. Siva made preparations for their destruction. The various Gods became his implements of war. With the piercing of the arrow, the three puras were in commotion. Bana, however, worshipped Siva and appealed that the linga in his possession should not be destroyed. Siva was propitiated and granted him a boon. The third city of Bana was protected and he became long-lived and invincible. But the first two cities were burnt. One of these two burnt cities fell at Srisaila and the other at Amarkantak.

एकं निपातितं तस्य श्रीशैले त्रिपुरान्तके ।
द्वितीयं पातितं तत्र पर्वतेऽमरकण्टके ॥
—*Padma, Adi, 16-68.*

Every year several pilgrims start performing the *pradakshina* of river Narmada. They start from Broach and walking on one bank of the river consistently, they

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reach her source at Amarkantak and they reach back the Reva-Sagar sangama by the other bank. The pilgrimage is considered to be of very high religious efficacy.

This great river, surrounded at its source at Amarkantak by numerous temples first falls at Kapildhara in a descent of about 70 to 80 feet. It passes from the rugged hills of Mandla. Towards Jubbulpore it makes a narrow loop and has a fall of 30 feet called Dhua-Dhara. It then moves through rocks of marble and then flows west in the Narmada Valley between the Vindhya and the Satpara ranges. Parts of the hills near the banks are covered with dense forests.

The river passes through the old capital of the Holkar family. The last 170 miles of the river are through the State of Bombay. Near Broach or Bhrigukatchha which was the residence of sage Bhrigu, she meets the sea. It is called Reva because it is jumping in the rocky bed. On her banks are dense forests and rocks; she dashes jumps, rushes and dances through high rocks and valleys; she also runs smoothly and peacefully for several miles. She is Rudrakanya and makes one realise that Lord Sankara is both Rudra in the furious aspect and Siva in the benevolent aspect.

Vishnupurana says that one saluting Narmada thrice in a day has no fear from serpant poison.

Siddhantasekhara, quoted in Viramitradaya, Lakshana Prakasa p. 600 states that a Linga of Siva found in a river and which has become smooth by friction is called Rauha. Such a linga found from river Narmada is like the Bana Linga and is fit for being installed in all houses and Peeths.

नर्मदासम्भवं लिङ्गं वाणलिङ्गवदीरितम् ।
सर्वप्रासादयोग्यं च सर्वपीठार्हकं मतम् ॥
नमोऽस्तु ते धर्मभृते वरानने
नमोऽस्तु ते देवगणैकवन्दिते ।
नमोऽस्तु ते सर्वपवित्रपावने
नमोऽस्तु ते सर्वजगत्सुपूजिते ॥

"Salutations to You who are the protector of Dharma, of pleasing appearance, worshipped by all the Gods, who purifies even all sacred things and who are adored by all."

—*Padma, Adi,* 17-18.

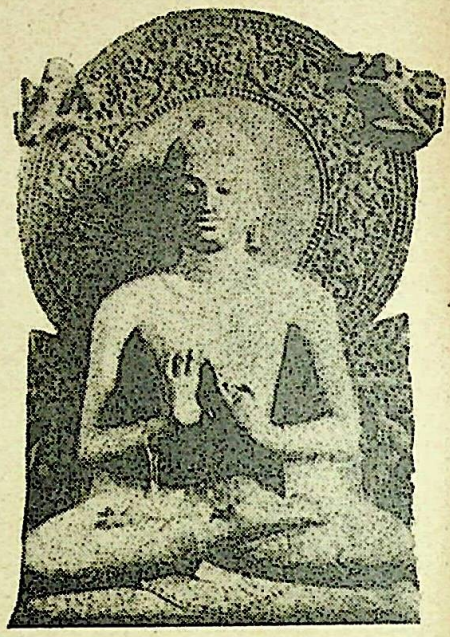
Firmness, fearlessness, single minded purpose and expedience—these are the four worthy means to wealth.

—Padma Purana.

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Swami Sadananda

BUDDHA AVATARA



THERE is a general belief among historians, mainly on account of the influence of Western scholars, that Gautama Buddha established Buddhism as a protest against Vedic Brahmanism and that after a conflict between Brahmanism and Buddhism which prevailed for some time, Brahmanism re-asserted itself from the time of the Guptas.

But this view is wrong because it is based on the assumption that at the time when Buddha was born, 563 B.C., there prevailed in the country only Brahmanism characterised by sacrifices involving the slaughter of many animals. The fact is that there existed at that time innumerable sects which had originated from the imperfect understanding of Vedic scriptures and Vedic or post-Vedic philosophy.

A Buddhist canonical work called *Anguttara Nikaya* of the third or the fourth century B.C. mentions the religious sects which had prevailed in the days of Gautama. A few of them were the Ajivikas, Nirgranthas, Jatilas, Parivrajakas, Aviruddhakas, etc., and also different groups that were engaged in the worship of the elephant, the horse, the cow, the dog or the crow, and of Vasudeva, Baladeva, Purnabhadra, Manibhadra, Agni, Nagas, Yakshas, Asuras, Gandharvas, Maharajas, the moon, the sun or Indra.

The reason for such diversity of beliefs and worships was that when different branches of religious and philosophical literature came up, like Vaiseshika, Nyaya, Sankhya, Yoga, etc., along with the almost infinite number of Bhakti or pseudo-bhakti cults, the essence

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of Dharma became forgotten by the ignorant masses.

Unless a Saviour was born for the purpose of re-establishing the true religion in its simplest form there was danger of Dharma being completely ignored. Thus it was that Vishnu incarnated Himself partially as the Buddha.

In the Buddha Avatara, there is no symbology to unriddle but one has to discover the reason for, and the importance of, the incarnation. In brief, it was to lay emphasis upon the good life that is to be led by man. People had to learn that practice was more important than theory.

Gautama Siddhartha was born as a prince of the ruling family of Kapilavastu, the capital of the Sakyas in 563 B.C. After education and marriage, the visions of an old man, a cripple, corpse and an ascetic led him to renounce the world in his 29th year.

A few years of rigorous penance convinced him that mortification of the flesh was not the solution for human ills. After intense meditation under a pipal tree in the Uruvela forest he gained enlightenment and he spent the subsequent forty-five years of his life in teaching the truths he had seen through self-illumination and in establishing the Sangha or the organisation which was to make his work effective and lasting.

When we analyse his teachings, we discover that they were all intended, first, to remove the ignorance of the different sects which were all struggling in vain to achieve happiness, and secondly, to instruct mankind in the new way of life which alone could secure final emancipation from pain and sorrow.

What he preached went by the name of the Middle Path or the Eightfold Path. The choice of the word Path itself emphasises the truth that religion was to be understood not as a set of dogmas but as a way of life.

The Eightfold Path consisted of (1) Right speech (2) Right action (3) Right means of livelihood (4) Right exertion (5) Rightmindedness (6) Right meditation (7) Right resolution and (8) Right point of view.

It will be noticed that all these are mainly control of body and mind and the development of one's Buddhi or intelligence. These contain nothing contradictory to the ancient tenets of Hinduism. But this new Avatar was needed to make men realise the importance of practising righteousness or Dharma in this manner instead of ignoring it and trusting to rituals or to the interference of gods for the removal of one's troubles or for the grant of boons.

Sri Krishna had taught through the *Bhagavad Gita* the way by which every individual could liberate himself from bondage and the cycle of births and deaths. But

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the weak-minded could not benefit by the teaching. Buddha came to their rescue. When a combined effort was made by a large number of people in Viharas or monasteries observing the common rules of discipline, even the less spiritually advanced could benefit by association with their more advanced brethren. The monasteries became in course of time spiritual centres commanding the respect and shaping the thoughts and lives of common people all over the land.

The Buddhist Sangha was equally valuable for establishing unity in religious ideals. Before Buddha's time the wandering preachers were ever creating fresh sects of their own, each differing from the others in doctrines, beliefs and practices. This increasing tendency for division and sub-division of society was arrested by the Sangha which emphasised what was common to all—namely the observance of the rules of good conduct.

The message of the Buddha may well solve the problems of our troubled and tormented world.

History today has ceased to be the history of this country or that. It has become the history of mankind because we are all tied up together in a common fate.

In India, as in other countries, great lights have shone to show us the right way. Not only has India been the scene of these great teachings but she has also sent them abroad to light up the darkness in other countries. The message that the Buddha gave 2,500 years ago shed its light not only on India or Asia but on the whole world.

The question that inevitably suggests itself is, how far can the great message of the Buddha apply to the present-day world? Perhaps it may apply, perhaps, it may not; but I do know that if we follow the principles enunciated by the Buddha, we will ultimately win peace and tranquillity for the world.

—Jawaharlal Nehru.

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Our Vedic Seers—17 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE GARGA

ONE of the two sons of Pratardana, Devadasa's son Sage Garga filled with distinction the position of a priest under the famous Yadavas. He seemed to have been an Acharya, the great teacher, and according to the *Devi Bhagavata* (1—2), he not only baptised Lord Sri Krishna but also had his *upanayana* performed, committing him to the care of a preceptor immediately on the conclusion of the ceremony. The *Devi Bhagavata* goes on to relate how poor Devaki, Vasudeva's wife, time and again brought forth issues only to have the mortification of seeing them slaughtered by her own brutal brother, Kamsa, and how the harassed Vasudeva begged of the sage to tell him a way out of this remorseless situation. It would appear that the sage then commended the reverential and respectful study of the *Devi Bhagavata* as capable of ensuring for the future progeny of Vasudeva a long lease of life. But Vasudeva who was constantly spied on and almost always incarcerated, found it impossible to follow the sage's directions. Thereupon, the sage himself deputising for Vasudeva, commenced a reading of the Purana with becoming solemnity and piety, and had it completed. Much pleased with it, the Devi is reported to have vouchsafed Lord Krishna a crowned and gloriously long and distinguished life.

By all accounts the sage was a remarkable man of many and ample parts. The Anusasana Parva of the *Mahabharata* makes mention of the fact that he had composed a learned treatise on the 64 arts. There is extant a complete code of morals going by the name of *Garga Smriti* which is supposed to have been written by the sage; and from the fact that later writers like Hemadri and Madhavacharya quote extensively from his work, we can infer that the sage commanded much respect and following. He is also said to have been a reputed astrologer who had narrated long before Lord Krishna's birth as to the latter's incarnation and his glorious deeds. Yet another work by name गर्गसंहिता in verse of 12,000 metrical feet (slokas) stand to his credit. But it is also clear that the text, बृहद्गर्गसंहिता must have been of a later origin, and should not be mistaken as having been of the

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sage's making. Two other treatises, *Vari Shastra* and *Mayura Chitra* by name are also attributed to him. The former of these deals with meteorology—about the atmosphere, wind, and pressure belts and seasonal rainfall, etc; the latter is in the form of dialogue between the sage and one Bhaguri. Besides these the Matsya Purana credits the sage with the authorship of a treatise on Vastu Shastra.

The Narada Purana says that the sage lived in the Kalinga country. Once, while he was having his usual round carrying the pot of the Ganges water on his shoulders and uttering the holy name of Shiva, he chanced to meet Somadatta, a Brahma Rakshasa, and also Kalmasha Pada. The sage was moved to pity on their helpless condition. So he sprinkled on them both the Ganges water, with the leaves of the sacred Tulsi. Instantly Somadatta became freed from his demonical being while the distressed Kalmasha Pada was consoled by Goddess Saraswati. It is said that subsequently Kalmasha Pada sought asylum in the sacred Banaras and after a period of six months' residence there, he left for his own kingdom. It is stated that the sage comes of the famous Angiras race. In yet another place he is referred to as the son of the king of Manu and one Giri is spoken as his son.

The Uttara Khanda of the Bhisma Purana refers to the fact that the sage performed the Bhishma Panchaka Vrata.

It is also said that he was the disciple of one Rishaba who was none other than the incarnation of Lord Shiva. Yet another version, however, has it that he was the disciple of one Lakulin, who also was an incarnation of Shiva.

Kindness, sympathy, learning, character, control, tranquillity—these six qualities adorned Rama, the greatest of men. Rama who was wonderfully lustrous and whose strength was Dharma, was, indeed, the root of the people: the people were the flower, fruit, leaf and branches.

—Valmiki Ramayana

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Our Fortnightly Profile—36

HUGH GAITSKELL

IN electing Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, in preference to fire-eating Left-Winger Mr. Bevan and moderate, cockney Mr. Morrison, as its Leader, British Labour has demonstrated that its heart is in the right place. Whether it is Mr. Gaitskell's personality or the principles of Right-Wing Socialism he espouses that has won him this distinction, is a moot point, for it is impossible to extricate the one or the other from the man.

In the triangular bid for leadership, age and record of service were on the side of the old-guards; youth and versatility were on the side of forty-nine year old Gaitskell, and British Labour has expressed its preference in no uncertain terms. Indeed, it was clear from the days of Mr. Attlee that glamour had no attractions for the British working class, but solid worth and character, which are the incomparable components of successful leadership. Is not Mr. Gaitskell the future P.M. of Great Britain, when Labour wins?

In so far as a comparative junior has underscored the old-guards doubts have been expressed if Mr. Gaitskell will succeed in pulling the Party through without defection or disintegration. This fear is entirely baseless if we know the man and his mind. Mr. Shinwell whose understudy Mr. Gaitskell had been in the Ministry of Fuel and Power, once described him as possessing "all the qualities I lack — tact, an inordinate and phenomenal politeness and the capacity to put up with almost anything." When Mr. Gaitskell was at the Treasury, Mr. Eric Johnson, the American film czar had protracted negotiations with him, at the end of which he said, "Mr. Gaitskell can say 'no' more charmingly than most Englishmen!"

That the Conservatives have a truer appreciation of Mr. Gaitskell's worth is reflected in the latest Cabinet alignments in which younger and more active blood has been pitchforked.

Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell, son of an Indian Civil Servant, was a Winchester boy who opted from the ivory tower of pedagogy to the maelstrom of political life. With a broad face, untidy hair, wide eyes, and a slow deliberate smile, he lives in Hampstead with his wife and two daughters. He does not

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smoke and prefers bitter beer to any other drink.

When you meet him you cannot fail to be impressed by his deliberate mind. Ordinarily he speaks slowly and quietly, but never without thought. But when heckled, he smarts like a wounded tiger and retorts with a force that makes even a Churchill quail. Occasionally he uses a picturesque phrase. His is a synthetic brain. His foresight on the balance of payment issue and his first Budget speech earned for him well-deserved tributes from all sections of Parliament including the redoubtable Mr. Winston Churchill.

After an initial defeat at the election to Parliament, he succeeded a second time and twice later, from Leeds. The war found him in the Ministry, in different capacities, until at last he succeeded Sir Stafford Cripps with great distinction in the Treasury. While occupying the high office of Chancellor of Exchequer, he participated in all major International Conferences of a monetary or financial nature where he has impressed foreign politicians with his grasp of the subject. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference carried the impression that he was no pale copy of either Dalton or Cripps, but a unique intelligence on his own merit.

In his own party, he had occupied till now a very important position, having been inside the "Shadow Cabinet". What distinguishes him is that besides the theoretical knowledge gained from an extensive study, he keeps a live contact with his constituency and almost at each week-end, one can find him meeting members of his constituency and discussing topics of common interest. Since going out of office, he has gone on international lecture tours and within the Parliament, has been the chief Opposition speaker on financial and economic subjects like the budget.



Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell

It will not be far out of the mark to say that he may perhaps be England's man of destiny.

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BHAGAWAN PARASHURAMA

(Lord Rama of the Battle Axe)

A Tale of the Vedic Aryans

K. M. Munshi

[This is perhaps my first attempt at summarising a story in a language other than my own. It is summarised from the several novels and plays in which, during the last thirty years, I have tried to reconstruct, with the aid of the "Rig-Veda," the story of some of the sages and heroes of Vedic times.

The hero of this novel, at any rate of the latter part, is Bhagawan Parashurama, Rama of the Battle Axe, who is worshipped throughout the country as the descendant of the primeval sages, Bhrigu, and as being the sixth incarnation of Vishnu.—K.M.]

PROLOGUE

King Janamejaya, the son of Parikshit, the mighty king of the Bharata race, ruled at Hastinapur. After wide conquests, he held a snake-sacrifice at Takshashila (modern Taxila). At the sacrificial session, Vaishampayana recited the Epic called *Jaya*, popularly known as the *Mahabharata*. He had learnt it from his Master, Krishna Dvaipayana, the first and greatest of the prophets and the founder of immortal Culture of India.

After the *Mahabharata* had been recited, the king spoke to Vaishampayana thus: "O Venerable Sage! In the epic *Jaya* you have told me all about the Master and his descendants, who were my ancestors; but you have not yet told me how Lord Parashurama, the valorous son of Bhrigu who was God, saved mankind from wicked kings. Tell me all about Him, O Sage! Please also tell me, O Venerable Sir, of Jamadagni, the father of the Lord. I also want to learn of *Dasharajna*,

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the Battle of the Ten Kings, in which the army led by Vasishtha fought with allies who were led by that noblest of sages, Vishwamitra. I am anxious, too, to learn all about Vishwamitra, because, as you know, O Sage!, he was the maternal grandfather of Bharata, the founder of my race, who gave to this sacred land the name of Bharatavarsha."

"O mighty hero of the Bharata race", replied Vaishampayana, "I will do so with delight. I will tell you the Epic of these Ancients, the Bhrigus, the Vasishthas and the Vishwamitras, as they lived in the great days of old. This Epic, which my Master Veda-Vyas recited to me, is in every respect unique. Listen, O King! !"

1

SAGE RICHIKA BEGETS A SON

AT the dawn of Creation, man lived in the shuddering cold of icy caves. It was then that the primeval sage, Maharshi Bhrigu, worshipped Agni, the god of fire. Well pleased with the Maharshi, the god descended on earth, lit the first sacred fire and taught the Aryans the eternal Law of Righteousness, Rita.

The Sage Bhrigu had a mighty son named Shukracharya, otherwise known as Kavi Ushanas. For many ages he was the high-priest of the Danavas, the Titans of the Nether World, who ceaselessly fought the Devas, the gods, who were proud of their immortality.

With the blessings of Mahadeva, the God of Gods, the Sage Shukracharya had learnt the magic incantation, *Sanjivini*, and with its aid he restored the Danavas to life every time they were killed in battle.

The sage had a daughter, the proud and fiery Devayani, who was married to Yayati, the first king of mankind.

In the family of Bhrigus was born the sage Chyavana. He would not offer sacrifices to Indra, the King of the gods, nor would he yield to the God's commands even though a curse of premature age was laid upon him. But the Aswins, the divine physicians came to his help and made him young again, so that in the end peace was made between the sage and Indra, the King of the gods.

The sage Chyavana had many sons by his wife Sukanya, the daughter of King Sharyat and they lived happily in their *ashram*, situated on the Vaidurya mountains on the banks of the sacred river Narmada.

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Into the family of Chyavana was born the Sage Richika, who became the hereditary chief of the Bhrigus, the warrior priests. He was the high-priest of Mahishmat, the king of the Haihayas. Tempestuous and headstrong, Mahishmat spread terror from his capital Mahishmati on the river Narmada. Even the denizens of Patala, who lived across the dark seas, trembled at his very name.

Mahishmat, proud of the power which he wielded, did not pay the Sage Richika the respect which every Aryan owed to his *guru*. The Haihaya tribes also defied the Law of Rita which the great God Varuna, who ruled the Universe, had laid down for the Aryans to observe.

The mighty Sage Richika, the master of the Atharvan lore, was angry with the Haihayas and their king Mahishmat. He, therefore, laid a curse on the king and his tribe and left Anupdesh (Gujarat) in disgust. With his Bhrigus, his cows and his horses of unmatched mettle, the sage migrated to Sapta Sindhu—the land of the Seven Rivers (the Punjab)—where the cultured Aryans lived.

For a time Richika and his Bhrigus were the guests of Gadhi, the king of the valiant tribe of Bharatas, who lived on the south bank of the sacred Saraswati, the Mother of Waters.

While staying with king Gadhi, Richika wooed the latter's daughter Satyavati and won her hand. In course of time, a son was born to Satyavati, a fine, big boy, who was named Jamadagni.

About the same time Satyavati's mother gave birth to a son who was given the name of Vishwaratha. Handsome as a new-born god was this heir to the kingship of the Bharatas.

Vishwaratha and Jamadagni grew up together and were inseparable from their infancy. The uncle was vivacious and lovable; the nephew, though slow of speech and heavy of build, was wise and loyal.

When Vishwaratha and Jamadagni were seven years old, they both fell in love with the eighteen-year-old Lopamudra, the beautiful daughter of the renowned sage Bharadwaja. Flying from the wrath of her father, she had sought asylum in the hermitage of the Sage Richika. She was a wilful young lady, who had flouted Aryan custom by refusing to marry and deciding to become a rishi. This was a strange decision; for rarely did the Gods confer on a woman the gift of holding converse with them. According to the Aryans, a woman's most noble task was to honour and obey her lord and bear him heroes and sages of renown.

One evening, Vishwaratha and Jamadagni concealed themselves behind the hut where the elders were discussing matters of importance, and heard about the plight of

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Lopamudra. The little boys held hurried consultations and discovered an easy way to help her out of her difficulty. As they were inseparable, the best solution they could think of was that they should both marry her.

The next morning the boys went to Lopamudra and offered to marry her. This flaming beauty, who loved to commune with the shining gods, kissed them for their devotion but refused their chivalrous offer. She told them not to feel hurt for she had foregone the honour of being their wife not because she did not like them, but because she had decided not to marry. She added that if at any time she changed her mind, she would avail herself of their offer.

Both uncle and nephew were disconsolate. They did feel deeply hurt, and wondered at the strange ways of young women.

Listen to the song of life. Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. At first you may say it is not there; when I search I find only discord. Look deeper. If again you are disappointed, pause and look deeper again. There is a natural melody, and obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality. Find them, and you will perceive that none, not the most wretched of creatures, but is a part of it, however he blind himself to the fact and build up for himself a phantasmal outer form of horror. In that sense it is that I say to you—All those beings among whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it you will more readily recognize it around you.

—The Song of Life.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—10 Serial

LADY OF THE PERFUME

ON the fourth day, King Bhoja and his minister Nitivakya came to the throne-room after completing their morning duties. They worshipped the divine throne in the prescribed manner and King Bhoja ascended it in the hope that he would no longer meet with any heckling.

But as soon as he set his foot on the fourth step, the statuette holding it became animated and rolling its eyes in derision, clapped its hands and shouted at the King, "Stop".

King Bhoja was taken aback, but having become accustomed to this sort of setbacks, he asked the statuette: "May it please you, O Statuette, to tell me the reason why you stopped me from going up?"

Replied the Statuette: "You really are a guy, don't you know that on this throne the great King Vikramaditya sat and dispensed justice in a manner that was the envy of gods? How dare you, you who do not even possess a hundredth part of his valour and wisdom, ascend it?"

THE STORY SO FAR—

King Bhoja discovered a throne in one of his fields which turned out to be the one used by King Vikramaditya of Ujjain. When he installed it and after worship tried to ascend its steps, the first three statuettes holding the first three steps heckled him and made him get down after relating the exploits of King Vikramaditya. In this instalment King Bhoja tries to ascend the fourth step. Now read—

"I beg your pardon, Statuette," apologized King Bhoja. Continuing, he asked, "Can you tell me why and how he ruled to the envy even of gods?"

"Hear, then," started the Statuette:

You know perhaps that King Vikramaditya ruled his country for six months in the year and went out to the forest for the rest of the year. Once while living in the forest, King Vikrama and his faithful minister Bhatti happened to take shelter in a choultry in mid-forest. No sooner did they seat themselves on its pials than they

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were regaled by the sweet aroma of the *champaka* flower! The smell was so exotic that the king sent Bhatti to find out where it came from.

Bhatti naturally thought there must be a garden or at least a cluster of *champaka* trees nearabout wherefrom the perfume emanated. He searched the entire surroundings up to quite a few miles but failed to discover any *champaka* tree. He therefore returned and reported to his master that no *champaka* tree could be found.

They inhaled the perfume again and again and the aroma continued to regale them. Consequently, they wondered where possibly could it be coming from.

At that time a group of travellers happened to pass that way, rather in a hasty manner. The King beckoned to them to stop for a second and asked them about the mystery of the *champaka* scent, when there were no *champaka* trees around.

The travellers, on the other hand, beckoned to them to follow them a few yards away when they would tell them.

Accordingly King Vikrama and Bhatti followed them nearly for a mile when they said:

"Not far from this choultry is the city of Vijayanagar where rules King Vijaya Ranga Raja. He has a daughter by name Champakvalli. She was born with the perfume of *Champaka* flower on her body and that is why she was named like that. This aroma is natural to her. She came of age at twelve and from that time—now she is twenty-two—she has taken a vow not to see a man. On Fridays she comes over to this choultry with a big retinue and she stays for the day. She bathes in the lake yonder, does up her hair and wears gay flowers. Among her maids-in-waiting, she gambols like a she-elephant and by evening she repairs to her palace where she is under strict surveillance. On the day previous to her coming, royal messengers mounted on elephants tom-tom on these roads and scare away all vestiges of men. None therefore dares to stay in these parts and should anyone chance to see you, woe unto you, so begone!" Saying this, the travellers departed.

King Vikrama then said: "Bhatti, when her body should be so bewitchingly aromatic, how much more lovely should her person be? I am now determined to make the girl break her vow and marry me. Tell me, how can I set about it?"

"Quite right, my Lord, your will shall be done. Come to think of it, it is necessary, first of all, to find out the cause of her vow and then seek to break it. Tomorrow is Friday and the Princess will come over here. We should take that opportunity to find out the truth."

Continuing, Bhatti said: "You must assume the form of an aged decrepit and I shall assume the

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form of a young maiden. While you may watch the Princess from afar hidden by the bushes, I shall mix with the maids-in-waiting and find out what could be found."

At 10 a.m. on Friday the Princess came to the spot with all the fanfare of a royal party which consisted of a thousand maids-in-waiting. They sported in the lake beyond, took their food, played and after siesta, departed homewards. Bhatti, disguised as a maiden, had no difficulty in dissolving himself into the party. He went with the party far into the city in the hope of finding something.

There were seven gates to the city at each of which part of the retinue melted and at the last gate, only a pick of them went in. Bhatti had half a mind to go inside but fearing that he would be spotted out, he turned his way back feeling sorry all the time, that, after all the troubles he took, he was not any the wiser about the Princess. Rather than go to the king empty-handed, he decided to go to Mother Kali's temple at Ujjain to fall at her feet, seeking guidance. Throwing off his disguise, Bhatti walked briskly towards Ujjain.

On the way it became noon and unable to proceed further, Bhatti saw a big banyan tree and a lake by its side. Quenching his thirst in the cool waters of the lake he lay down beneath the cool shade of the banyan tree trying to woo sleep.

It so happened that an ascetic couple lived nearby. They were practising penance. The ascetic came to the lake to take his midday bath. On seeing Bhatti's comely appearance it made him think on these lines: "This young man seems to be of a royal origin. He is so beautiful that if my wife sees him, she is likely to err. So, to be on the safe side, I shall transform him into a woman." So thinking, he picked up a herb and uttering a *mantra*, threw it on Bhatti, who became a handsome woman instantaneously.

After the ascetic had gone, his wife came to the lake with a pitcher in her hand to fetch water. Like her husband she too happened to notice the young woman that was Bhatti, lying beneath the banyan tree. She thought: "My husband has so far not set eyes on other women, much less a young woman of this beauty. It will prove dangerous if he does so, so I shall transform her into a man." So thinking she pulled another herb and uttering a different *mantra* cast it on Bhatti, who once again became a man.

Bhatti was at first wonderstruck by these phenomena. But his synthetic mind immediately jumped at the fact that he was in possession of two herbs and their formulae by which one could turn a man into a woman and vice-versa. And this knowledge, he thought, was providentially put into his hands by Mother Kali in the prosecution of

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his plans. Taking hold of these herbs, he ran posthaste to where his royal master was anxiously waiting for him.

King Vikrama had lost his patience waiting for Bhatti. Apprehending trouble for the latter, he had almost decided on raising hell in Vijayanagar in that eventuality and taking the princess by force. When Bhatti returned by nightfall, it was such a relief to both.

Bhatti related all that happened since the morning and the precious possession of the herbs and their formulae.

"What do you propose to do now?" asked Vikrama of Bhatti rather petulantly.

"Listen, my Lord, to my plan. By the power of this herb, I shall convert you into a young lady and I shall somehow manage to leave you in the Princess's harem, where you can find out the secret of the Princess' vow after which we shall connive at the marriage."

The King agreed.

King Vikrama became a young lady and Bhatti, calling himself King Salya, went to King Vijaya Ranga Raja, followed by Vikramaditya in the disguise of a young woman. Let us call her Lady Vikrama.

Bhatti sought the audience of King Vijaya which was immediately granted. Bhatti told King Vijaya: "I am King Salya and by a series of misfortunes, have come into bad days. King Vikramaditya of Ujjain whose vassal I happen to be, would not leave me if I don't pay his annual dues. The worst part of it is, that, I have married his own sister, here this lady, and I do not want to be under any obligation to him. If you can kindly lend me a thousand gold coins, I shall pledge my wife to your care and shall soon redeem her."

"Oh no," protested King Vijaya. "I shall of course give you the money you need, but don't take the trouble of pledging this lady. That is not necessary at all."

"I quite appreciate your point" replied Salya, "but you see, I am fighting for principles."

Salya received the money, but while departing told King Vijaya, "Oh King, this lady has not known any hardship. Her birth as well as married life was paved with maximum comforts. I would therefore request you to treat her as your own daughter. I hear you have a daughter. If you leave this lady too to the care of your daughter, they will each find a good companion in the other."

"Exactly" returned King Vijaya, "that was what I wanted to do and now you have given expression to it. Please be assured that your wife will be looked after just like my own daughter."

After signalling a farewell to his fake-wife, Salya returned.

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King Vijaya escorted Lady Vikrama to his daughter's palace where he entrusted her to Champakvalli's personal care stating that no effort should be spared to make her stay happy. The two girls immediately took to each other and their friendship became so fast that it was impossible to see them separately.

Bhatti, on the other hand, dug up a pit near the slopes of a mountain and after burying the gold coins, invoked his extraordinary powers by which he cast off his human frame and entered the body of squirrel. Leaving his human frame to the care of the faithful ghoul, he jumped his way into the Princess's harem. At nights, when the girls slept together, the squirrel used to perch itself on the canopy unnoticed and listen to their conversation. During days it went outside through the windows or ventilators.

For a long time, the Princess did not of her own accord, reveal either the cause of her vow, or anything at all connected with her. Lady Vikrama, therefore, one day feigned a weary face and sought a forsaken room where she lay with a careworn face. Princess Champakvalli, not finding her anywhere, spotted her there and started importuning her for her sudden carewornness.

"What is the use of telling you about my worry? Can you remove it?" asked Lady Vikrama dejectedly.

"By all means, yes, what makes you doubt that? Listen to a story where two people were so friendly that one proved to be of invaluable help to the other" replied Champaka.

Lady Vikrama nodded consent and Princess Champaka started:

"King Saindava ruled over Chaturgiri. A son was born to him who was named Chitrasena. At about the same time was born a son to a hunter in the same kingdom who came to be called Simha. It so happened that Chitrasena and Simha developed fast friendship while at school and so, when the old king expired and Chitrasena became King, poor hunter Simha was the happiest man; for he dreamed that the new king, being his friend, would offer him riches and make him happy.

He went so much as to stay all day long at the gates of the palace so that the king might look at him and recognise him, but although the king passed before him several times, he did not even nod acquaintance.

Blasted of all hopes the hunter returned home. Having been educated in the modern manner, he was poor in his traditional vocation of hunting. When all means of livelihood were exhausted, he went to the forest for hunting. While all others bagged rich quarries, he could not even get a sparrow.

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Disheartened, he went along the way his legs took him. The way took him to the mouth of a cave where, to this astonishment, he saw a very attractive young woman on whose laps a bearded ascetic lay fast asleep!

On seeing him, the lady warned him, "Flee back, if the ascetic wakes up he will make short work of you. For heaven's sake fly for your life."

Simha came aside and thought: "This young lady is so beautiful that she must belong to a royal household. Apparently she is wrongfully confined by this ascetic." With a snap of his finger he came to this conclusion: "I shall run to my friend, King Chitrasena, who will be the ideal match for her, and shall inform him of this girl. He will reward me for my labour."

So thinking, he ran to King Chitrasena and after gaining audience related to him his find. The King was charmed with the proposition. The King immediately said he recognised his old friend and profusely apologised for forgetting him all those days. He promised to make amends for his default.

Riding on his best steed, the king armed himself suitably and accompanied by the hunter came to the cave and found the girl much prettier than what he had imagined her. The ascetic was sleeping on her lap.

Beckoning the hunter aside, Chitrasena said: "Go inside, you place the head of the ascetic on your lap and send the girl to me. After depositing her safely, I shall come and kill the ascetic and release you."

The hunter agreed, first, at the chance given to him to help his old friend and secondly because his poverty would for once be banished.

When the hunter entered the cave, the girl once again persuaded him to go away before the ascetic woke up, but Simha told her, "Oh woman, you, in your prime of youth, you should not languish in the clutch of this old wretch. You must live in a royal harem and enjoy all the comforts and sports of the age. Outside, I have brought the matchless King Chitrasena who is waiting for you on his steed. Go and marry him and live happily."

The girl heaved a sigh of helplessness, but Simha offered, "I know why you despair. Allow me to hold the old man's head on my lap while you depart. I shall take care of myself while you can make good your escape."

The girl agreed and gently handing over the old man's head to the hunter, she went out of the cave. King Chitrasena who was mad with joy, lifted her bodily and depositing her beside him on the steed, whipped him in the direction of his palace. All the way, he could not help lavishing his love on the divine girl.

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King Chitrasena in doing so, never had a thought of his friend, the hunter, nor of his promise to rescue him from the ascetic, who would doubtless kill him. Indeed, he made light of the entire promise, thinking "What do I care what happens to the hunter as long as I have my love?" He completely forsook him.

"What happened to the hunter, my dear?" asked Lady Vikrama anxiously.

Princess Champaka continued:

"The poor hunter, not finding the King return for a long time, knew that the King would never return and that his own days, rather hours, were numbered, for the ascetic on waking up would surely kill him. The thought brought torrent of tears to his eyes and his entire body shook with fear."

(To be continued)

He who is described as the sheath of the universe, in whom are all beings placed, in whom do all the worlds flit like birds in a net; in which Lord of all beings, all the beings which form His adjuncts enter and remain, like gems in the string; on which eternal and ever stretched Lord, whose limbs and activities form this universe, the whole universe made up of positive and negative entities stands like a garland on a strong thread; smaller than the smallest, biggest of all the big, weightiest of all the weighty and best of all the good; whose acts are greater than those of the wind or the king of the gods, whose effulgence is greater than that of the sun or the fire, who is beyond the intellect, the senses and the self within us,—that Lord of all beings, I seek as refuge.

—Mahabharata

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS

AS usual, it is proposed to celebrate the Founder's Day of the Bhavan in the first half of January. As on December 30—the Founder's Day celebrated last year—the institutions are closed, the programme of the celebrations comprising of meetings and cultural functions of dance, drama and music, will commence on January 5, prayers only being held on December 30.

The Bombay Programme this year (January 1956) will be as follows :—

December 30, 1955
Friday 9-00 A.M.
Prayers at the Gita Mandir

January 5, 1956
Thursday 8-30 P.M.
"SREEMANT"—a Marathi drama produced by Bhavan's Kala Kendra

January 7, 1956
Saturday 8-00 P.M.
Members' Dinner Meeting to celebrate the 69th Birthday of the Founder, Shri Munshiji

January 8, 1956
Sunday 10-00 A.M.
"SONGS OF THE MONTH" organised by Bhavan's Kala Kendra

January 13, 1956
Friday 5-00 P.M.
Group Photograph

5-30 P.M.
"At Home"—by the President and Smt. Lilavati Munshi

January 14, 1956
Saturday 4-30 P.M.
Convocation of the Bhavan

8-30 P.M.
"GEET GOVIND"—a dance-ballet produced by Bhavan's Kala Kendra

January, 15, 1956
Sunday 8-00 P.M.
Annual Dinner at Nava Gujarat, Bhavan's College Campus, Andheri.

As stated above while the branches of the Bhavan may keep the nature and dates of the programme to suit local convenience, it is desirable that if practicable the Prayers, Founder's Day Dinner-Meeting and Convocation Day should be observed on the same days as at Bombay. On the Convocation Day, branches should organise public meetings to explain the aims, objects and activities of the Bhavan.

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'PIROJA BHAVAN'

On the 4th, 11th and 18th of December our hilarious Gujarati comedy, PIROJA BHAVAN was staged to full house audiences.

Written and directed by Adi Marzban, this rip-roaring play has been the talk of the town for the last six months.

'Piroja Bhavan' has been acclaimed as a masterpiece of Indian stage-production. To quote the words of the famous British play producer Mr. Mark Barker, who saw the play last week, "This play can be favourably compared with any western professional play production".

Depicting the trials and tribulations of a family who leave their city home to settle down at countryside, the entire play is full of practical wit, rib-tickling jokes, sardonic sarcasm, wit and wisdom.

In the first week of January, 1956, 'Piroja Bhavan' will be staged at Ahmedabad.

SONG OF THE MONTH

On the mornings of 11th and 18th December, the poetry-loving people of Bombay enjoyed a veritable feast of eight Gujarati songs written and presented by well-known Music Director Ninu Mazumdar.

With excellently laid out settings, Mazumdar presented a grand programme with the help of his music school students. Pinakin Shah and Kaumudi Munshi also lent their voices to make the programme still richer.

A chorus score sung by small children about a child's dream where he meets a fairy and a young prince, was liked by one and all.

'GEET GOVIND'

In the wake of success of the Kala Kendra's jubilee hit 'Ram Shabari', yet another devotional dance ballet 'Geet Govind' was presented on the 23rd, 24th and 25th December.

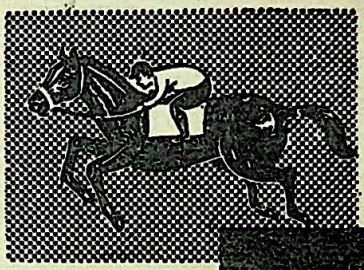
Produced by the same team that made 'Ram Shabari', with a cast of more than 70 artistes, entrancing music and gorgeous costumes and setting, this ballet bids fair to be another jubilee hit.

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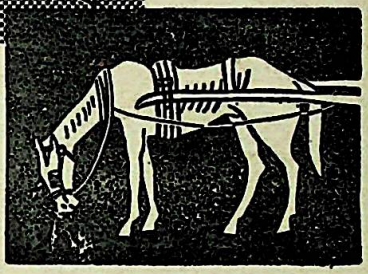
Our readers in Gulbarga are informed that Sri M. S. Jawalkar, News Agent, Gulbarga, has been appointed as the Selling Agent of Bhavan's Journal. Copies of the Journal can be obtained regularly from him.

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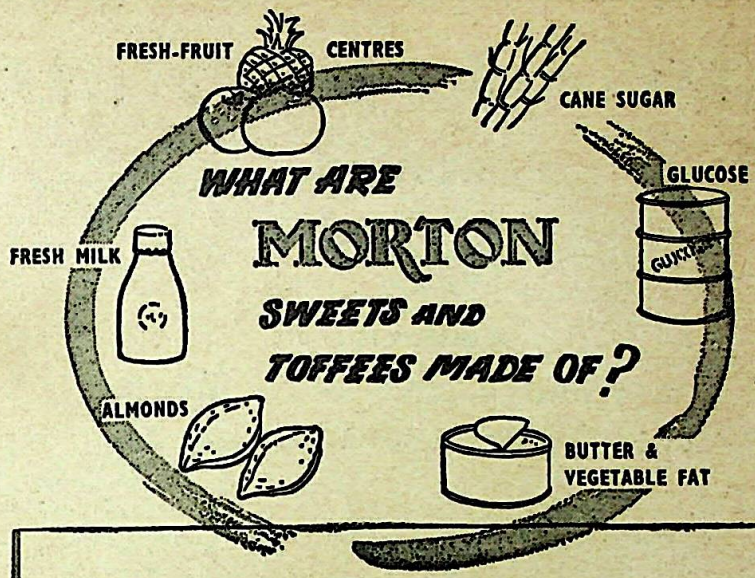
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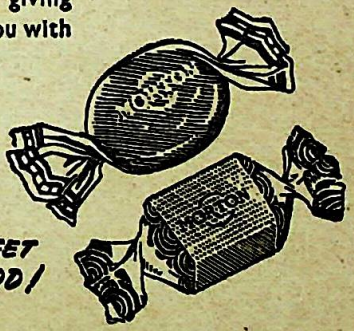
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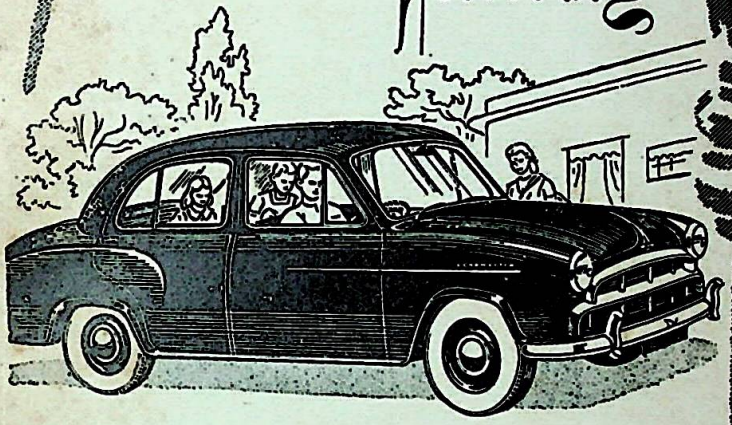
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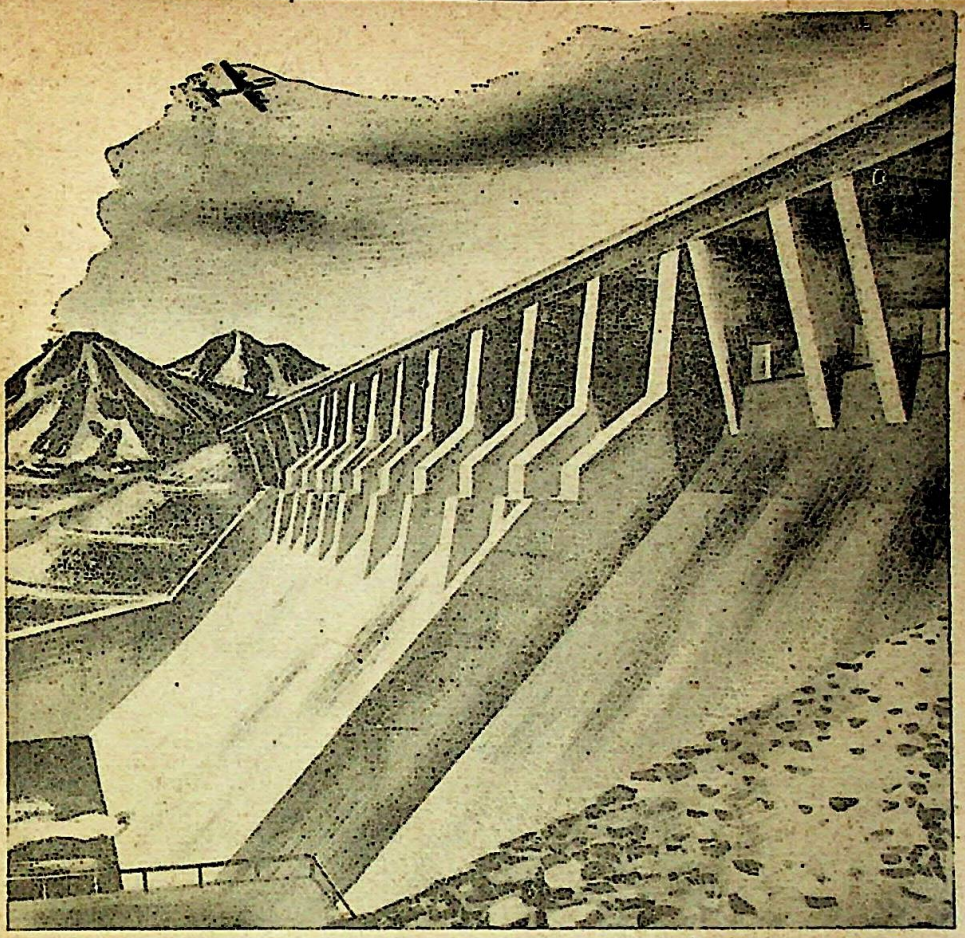
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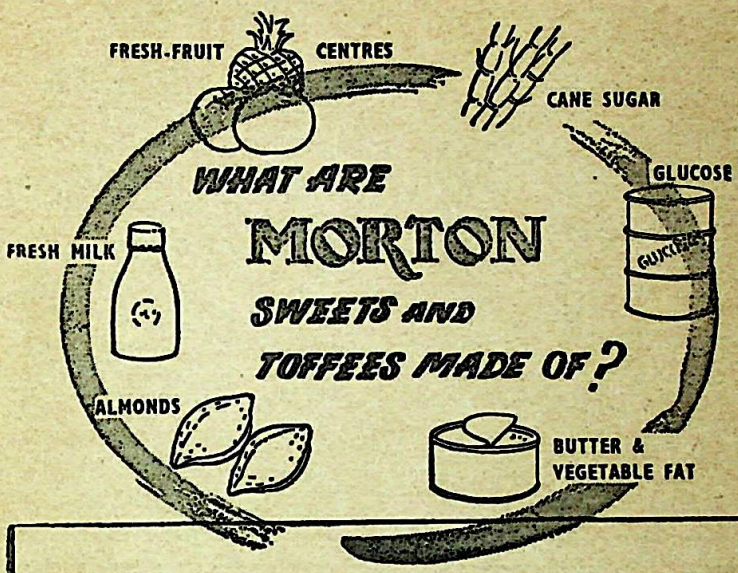
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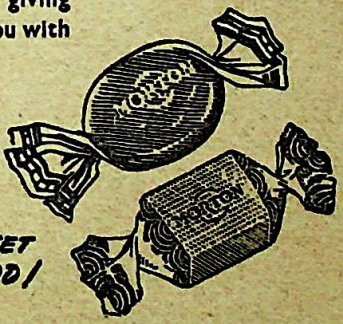
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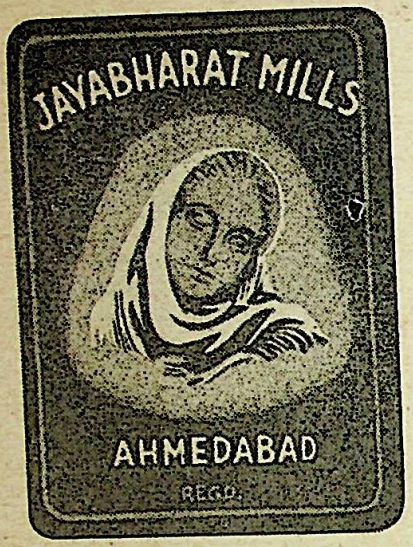
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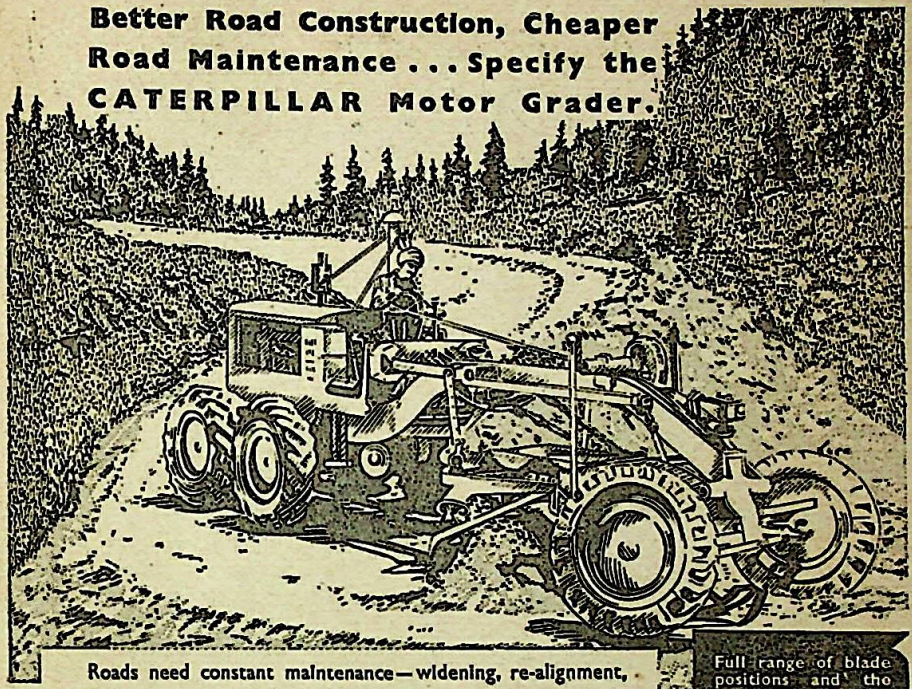
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—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. II, No. 12] [JANUARY 15, 1956

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यज्ज्योतिरन्तरमृतं प्रजासु।
यस्मान्न ऋते किंचन कर्म क्रियते
तन्मे मनः शिवसंकल्पमस्तु ॥

The Mind that is divine and, as one is awake or asleep, reaches afar, (in Space) that travels far (in Time), that which, among senses of knowledge is the one great sense of knowledge, may that Mind of mine be of good intent.

The Mind that is Knowledge, Thought, Fortitude, that is the immortal light within the beings, that without which no act of any kind is done, may that Mind of mine be of beautiful intent.

—Sukla Yajurveda Samhita

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 92

The Origin and Purpose of Indian Art

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow
JANUARY 15, 1956.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I cannot write about Indian Art as a student but only as one who enjoys its beauty and senses its greatness. Nowhere have I found the genius of India reflected with greater beauty than in its literature and sculpture. And nowhere has it been expressed with such unbroken continuity as in the latter.

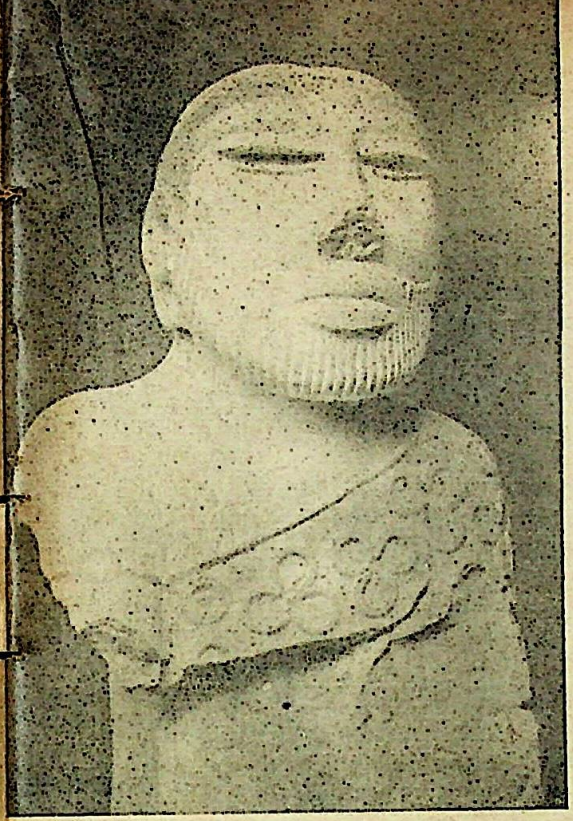
It is difficult for me to agree with the view of various eminent scholars that Indian Art is religious. It is neither religious in the sense in which the European Art of the Middle Ages was religious; nor is it secular in the modern sense of giving no more than aesthetic pleasure. If India did not look at life in compartments, nor did its art. Our forefathers viewed existence as a whole — matter, life, mind and spirit, each involved in the other, each integrated with the other in a harmonious pattern.

Our outlook on life was based on an all-pervasive *Dharma* with four fundamental values or *Purusharthas: Dharma,* in the narrow sense of religious merit; *Artha,* the attainment of desires; *Kama,* desire; and *Moksha,* the absolute integration of personality which released a man from the bondage of desires.

Both the literary and plastic arts of India have, for their aim, the fulfilment of one or the other of the *Purusharthas,* which must be brought into a homogeneous pattern, with the integration of the human personality as its end. In this scheme of things, nothing is omitted; even sin has a place as no more than an obstacle to be overcome.

The amorous sport of Radha and Krishna in the *Gita-Govind,* the terrifying vendetta in the *Dusshasana Rudhirpana,* have as much a place in literature as the Apoca-

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Bust of a Priest—Mohenjodaro

lypse in the XIth Canto of the *Bhagavad-Gita* and the search for the All-pervading Consciousness in the *Brahmasutra*. Similarly, this unrestricted vision of existence is symbolised in art as much by the curving beauty of the foliage, the grace of the proud-stepping lion, as by the chaste nudity of the Yakshini, the ecstatic embrace of amorous lovers and the perfect calm of the liberated soul.



In India, Art found its home in the temple which was not only the physical core, but the soul, of the community. It was not a monastery of the ascetic, nor the fortress of the priest claiming semi-divine powers, but the home of *Dharma*. The shapes and forms of its sculpture and the colour on its walls only recorded the heart-beats and the spiritual aspirations of a vigorous racial life.

This meaning and significance of the temple has persisted from age to age, though its materials have changed from bamboo to wood, from wood to rock, from rock to stone, brick and marble.

When the worshipper spies the spire of the temple at a distance, he breathes a sigh of relief. The journey's end has come. As he passes through ancient trees, or looks at the river running by, or at the lake in front, the beauty of nature uplifts his soul and the sordid world is left behind, if not forgotten. As he comes nearer, he is overwhelmed by the massive front of the temple, and then by its high-springing spire. The shapes and figures of gods, men, animals and foliage on the temple walls spring before his eyes into vivid form. The varied richness of Creation is about him. Then, as he observes one figure after another and follows with interest the successive meaning of the Puranic episodes depicted on the walls, his sub-conscious mind embraces both the history and the hopes of his race. He recognises his favourite gods. His heart turns to them in thank-

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fulness or expectation. He becomes one with them.

As he enters the temple, he is overcome by the grandeur of the inner dome. His pilgrimage culminates in the *Garbha-griha,* the inner shrine. Its coolness and fragrance, so different from the moving experience that is his, suppresses for a moment the vital movements of his body. Out of the surrounding darkness there rises before him the almost imperceptible outline of the deity as the flickering lights throw shifting shadows on it. He is overwhelmed by his own insignificance. He sees the deity, the embodied fulfilment of the aspirations which have so far remained inarticulate in him. He feels that he is in a higher world which is surcharged with divine power. He bows before the deity. He feels himself in the presence of God.

Indian Art has to be viewed as associated with the spiritual needs of the hundreds of generations the temple was intended to serve.



The traditions of Indian Art have been continuous. In the course of time they have assimilated new elements; rejected old ones; evolved fresh conventions; elevated crude popular art into stylised perfection; given back the perfection in some form or the other, even to the crude art of the toy-maker. But their central purpose, and its association with the temple, have remained the same throughout.

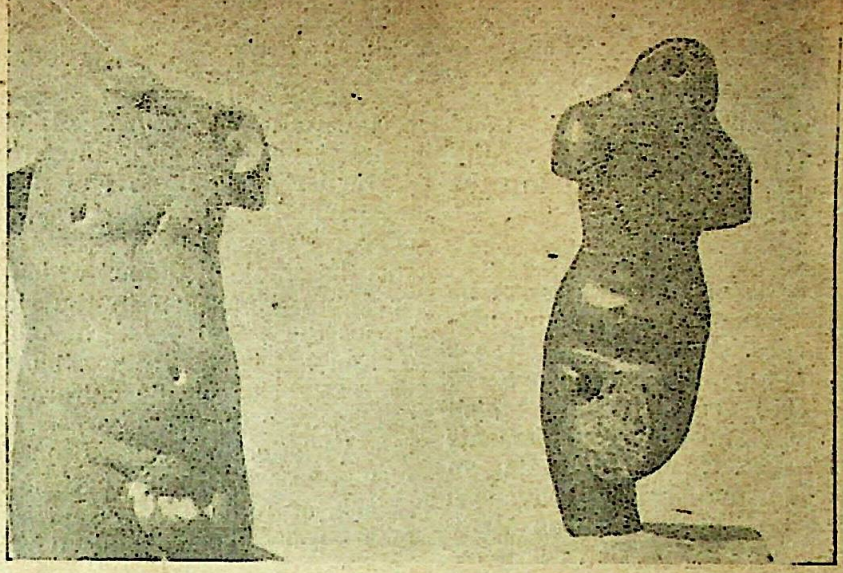
Any division of Indian Art, as of the north or of the south, region-wise or dynasty-wise, is misleading.

When the human agency which was at work is taken into account, no other course was possible. Throughout the period we are dealing with, except in the case of Indo-Persian art under the different Sultanates of the Mughal Empire, the architect was a Brahmana. The 'Shilpa-Shastra' was as much his monopoly as were rituals or medicine. Throughout the country he had a single heritage inspired by a mission.

The artisans who worked under the architect also belonged to certain caste-guilds which specialised in temple-building. His skill and technique were perfected by training, handed down from generation to generation. And it was the caste-guilds to which such artisans belonged that were pressed into service by the royal dynasties which were anxious to build great monuments in all parts of India. The details of the plan and technique varied from region to region, but the differences arose either because of external influences, as in the North-West of India or on account of the local traditions, or of the needs which had to be woven into art.

From the rise of the Harappa Culture, five thousand years ago,

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Male Torsos—Harappa

till the seventeenth century when it was broken, the tradition was a living inspiration, not a dead ritual; and except in those parts of the country where Hindu art came to be denied the patronage both of the Courts as well as of the rich patrons, vitality was imparted by the architect or the guild, by means of a change in emphasis or shape; by a re-orientation which became necessary on account of some great ruling movement, or by the genius of some great individual artist.

Though each craftsman was no more than a link in the chain of the traditional heritage which was derived from Vishwakarma, the ancient father of art, the skill and reputation of the best of them lay in the making of an image which should be instinct with life and movement. In this creative process, he had not merely to carve a copy of an older image out of stone, but to convey to his contemporaries the significance of the life and mission of the god for whom the image stood. Even that was not enough. The image had to take the soul of the worshipper to a higher plane. The craftsman had, therefore, not only to bring out the dominant character and mood of the deity, but to symbolise a soul in action so that it could speak to the worshipper and to move him to his depth and give him the hope and solace of his life.

I have not been able to reconcile myself to the view that Indian Art tried only to reveal a spiritual attitude. It was certainly not otherworldly, like the Christian art of Medieval Europe nor was its purpose necessarily to induce an inner vision. Its main achievement lay in the portrayal of life in all its

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variety of emotions, situations and needs. It projected the personality of the deity in relation to the movement to life.



The roots of Indian Art can be traced to the paleolithic and neolithic ages. However, when we come to the chalcolithic age of about 5000 years ago, in which both stone and copper implements were in use, we find in India an art comparatively well-advanced for the then age of man on earth. The culture of which it was the expression, misnamed the Indus Valley Civilisation, dominated the river-valley settlements in the whole of Northern and Western India from the Punjab to Saurashtra.

It was a mature art as we find it in the two torsos of red stone and grey slate found at Harappa, the terra-cotta figurines of the nude Mother Goddess with heavy bust, thin waist and rounded hips, dressed in elaborate head-dress, *Mekhala* or the girdle and ornaments or *Chhanavira*, the characteristics which we see in the female figures in all succeeding centuries; in the bust of the fat priest clad in a painted mantle, perhaps the ancestor of the stone Yakshini; in the seals depicting Shiva as Pashupati, which are the earliest known ancestors of the Shiva icons and images which adorn a million temples in the present century.

It is more than likely, as is held by many scholars, that the people of the Harappa Culture had close contacts with the early Sumerians, particularly the proto and pre-Sumerians of Kish. Coomaraswamy suggests the possibility that India was the cradle of the art which later found expression in the richer art of Syria and Western Asia as a whole. It is equally possible that the early chalcolithic culture extended over the whole area, from the Adriatic to Japan from 4000 B.C. to 3000 B.C., and that the early arts of India, Sumer and Babylonia were its regional developments.



The progress of art is always associated with the sweeping movements of the Spirit, so that it would be misleading to divide it.

The Harappa Culture *(circa* 2750 B.C. to 1500 B.C.) during which the art of India first took shape, was followed by the Vedic period (1500 B.C. to 600 B.C.).

The recent excavations in Rupar, Hastinapur, Delhi and Mathura, disclose that at about 1500 B.C. the Harappa Culture was moving in a south-easterly direction from the Indus valley through Saurashtra. At that time the basin of the Ganga was occupied by the people whose characteristic material evidence is the ochre-coloured ware.

A century or two later, the Punjab and the valleys of the Saraswati and of the Ganga, came to be occupied by the people using the

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Painted Grey-Ware, now identified as the Vedic Aryans. There is ample evidence to show that the Vedic Aryans, once settled in the valleys of the Punjab rivers and of the Ganga, the Yamuna and the Chambal, had adopted the forms and cult effigies of the pre-historic non-Aryan culture to interpret their own religious ideas.

The principal object of worship of the Vedic Aryans was fire as installed in the sacrificial altar, the pre-historic ancestor of the temple. But effigies of the Vedic gods are also alluded to in the *Rigveda*, where there is a reference to one of Indra and to another of Varuna, clad in a golden mantle. The Rudra of the *Rigveda* is fierce and 'destructive like a terrible beast.' He is a 'bull,' 'exalted,' 'the strongest among the strong,' 'rapid and swift.' He is 'the unageing *Asura*,' the '*Asura* of heaven ruling heroes,' 'Lord (Isana) of the whole world.' He is also the 'wise,' 'beneficent,' 'auspicious,' Siva. He is described as possessing 'firm limbs, beautiful lips, a fat belly and brown colour' and as being 'decked with gold ornaments and a multi-form necklace.' He is *trayambaka*. His painted image is also described.

Here we have a complete image of Shiva, both in words and in icon.

In the *Rigveda*, the Mother Goddess was worshipped in two aspects: *Prithvi* and *Aditi*, representing the mother; *Usha*, and later, *Saraswati*, the virgin. When the non-Aryan cults were elevated into the Shiva and Shakti cult, the Mother Goddess became *Amba*, the Mother, and *Lalita* the charmer, of the Shakti cult.

The effigy of the Mother Goddess, as known to Pre-Aryan India, was adopted as the embodiment of some Vedic deity — perhaps *Aditi*. Material evidence to support this belief, however, has not been found so far. The coloured image of the nude goddess, recovered from the Vedic mound at Lauriya Nandangadh, has the unmistakable characteristics of the Harappan Goddess Mother, the predominant breasts, the large rounded hips and the girdle, *mekhala*, which was recognised as sacred in the *Atharva Veda*.

Though this effigy is sometimes placed about 800 B.C., it is not likely to be older than 400 B.C., as similar images were found in the *stupa* at Piprawa (400 B.C.) and Tilpat, near Delhi, at the same level.

We find from the terra-cottas the form and design of sculpture of the later Maurya, Shunga and Andhra periods were also in vogue in post-Vedic and Pre-Mauryan times, about 600 B.C. The Harappa Culture was, therefore, related on the one hand, to that of the early Sumerian and Babylonian and, on the other, to the Mauryan Art of India.

Yours sincerely,



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SELF-RELIANCE

Swami Rama Tirath

YOU know the elephant is a much larger animal than the lion. The elephant's body seems to be much stronger than the body of a lion, and yet a single lion can put to flight a whole herd of elephants. What is the secret of the lion's power?

The only secret is that the lion is a practical Vedantin and the elephants are dualists. The elephants believe in the body; the lion practically believes not in the body, but in something higher than the body, the spirit. Even though the body of the lion is comparatively very small, the lion practically believes his power to be infinite, his inner force illimitable.

The elephants live in groups of forty or fifty, sometimes one hundred or two hundred, and when they go to rest they always keep one strong elephant as watch and guard. They fear that their enemies might attack and devour them. They know not that a single one of them is capable of destroying thousands of lions, only if each has faith in itself, but the poor tuskers lack faith in the inner self and the consequent courage.

Thus is self-trust a fundamental principle of bliss. Vedant teaches you not to call yourself a grovelling, sneaking, miserable sinner or wretch. Vedant wants you to believe in your innate power. You are infinite. God Almighty you are, Infinite God you are. Believe that. What an inspiring truth! Believe in the outside and you fail. That is the law.

Two brothers involved in litigation appeared before a magistrate. One of them was a millionaire, the other a pauper.

The magistrate asked the millionaire, how it was that he became so rich and his brother so poor.

He replied: "Five years ago we inherited equal property from our parents. Fifty thousand rupees fell to his share and fifty thousand to me. This man, regarding himself as wealthy, became lazy (you know some rich people think it beneath their dignity to labour) and whatever work was to be done

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he entrusted to his servants. If he received a letter he would give it to his servants and say, 'Go, attend to this business.' Anything that was to be accomplished he told his servants to do. He lolled away his time in ease and comfort."

Speaking of himself the rich man said: "When I got my fifty thousand rupees I never committed my work to anybody; when anything was to be done I would always run to do it myself and I always told the servants, 'Come, come, follow me.' The words on my lips were always, 'Come, come,' and the words on the lips of my brother were 'Go, go.' Everything he possessed obeyed his motto; his servants, friends, property and wealth went away, entirely left him. My maxim was 'Come'; friends came to me, property increased, everything multiplied."

If you think, yourself a poor, sneeking vermin, that you become, and if you honour yourself and rely on yourself, grandeur you win. What you think, the same you must become.

The following conversation between Lakshmi, the Consort of Lord Vishnu and Parvati the Consort of Lord Siva was heard in heaven:

L. Where is the Beggar gone today?

P. I believe, to Mahabali, who is performing a great sacrifice!

L. Pardon me, where is his dance-programme today?

P. May be in Brindavan!

L. Did you, my dear, see the young (animal) deer anywhere about?

P. Not the boar, I am sure.

L. Have you, by any chance, seen the aged lord of bulls?

P. The cow-herd, I am sure, must be knowing that!

May this word-duel, between the daughters of the Ocean and the Mountain, protect us:

—Subhashita

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. . . I was in double wilderness. I remember what great peace I found then in re-reading this great epic (Mahabharata). This was twelve years ago. Again, in the middle of 1954, when I laid down the office after a difficult and critical period of two years, I found the peace that I needed in Valmiki's epic. . .

WAY TO INNER PEACE

C. Rajagopalachari

Rajaji's condensation of Sage Vyasa's *Mahabharata*, the first volume in Bhavan's Book University Series, has in about four years gone into four editions covering 58,000 copies. The extract given in this article is from his Preface to the Fourth Edition recently published.

ASKED to write something by way of a fresh preface, I think of the days when I first began to write these chapters in Tamil for KALKI. The Congress had then resigned from its position in all the provincial governments and Hitler's war was on. I was in a double wilderness. I remember what great peace I found then in re-reading this epic of our land and telling it in simple Tamil. This was twelve years ago. Again in the middle of 1954 when I laid down the office of Chief Minister of Madras after a difficult and critical period of two years, I found the peace that I needed in Valmiki's epic. I re-told the *Ramayana* in weekly chapters to the Tamil people. I have just concluded that work as I write this preface.

I have lived a pretty active life. But I feel that these two things that I have done are the best service I have rendered to my people. These two books of mine have been widely read and enjoyed. They have helped the simple folk in the Tamil country to realise their selves. Naturally this has been a source of great joy to me in the evening of my life.

It is good to be a political and national worker and to take office and work hard. But I have seen that it is better to be able to leave it and enjoy the company of the sages of our land and to help them to speak to our men and women again.

The sages of our land had never any thought of land or sea boundaries. They thought in all things for all mankind.

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In what lies the cultural unity of India? What have been the governing ideals in India's culture through the ages which have shaped the mind and spirit of the people?

OUR CULTURAL UNITY

V. T. Krishnamachari

THE greatest truth enshrined in our culture is the dignity and worth of the human person and the possibility it has of attaining perfection.

Life, according to us, is a ceaseless striving for perfection. Man is a free agent, seeking the Absolute by the discipline of selfless action. All human institutions have to assist in this quest.

This applies to the State as well. The justification for the existence of the State lies only in so far as it recognises human worth and dignity and assists in the striving after perfection. It is in this sense that Aristotle said, "The State originates for the sake of life: it continues in existence for the sake of the good life," and Guizot, "Government is but the consequence of the recognition that man must obey the will of God."

From the earliest times, our thought has insisted that the power of the State is not absolute. Above the State is the eternal Law—*Dharma*.

Connected with this is an equally fundamental fact in our life. It is the faith that there are many ways of approaching Reality, depending on one's inner experience. There is thus an unrestricted right to freedom of thought and we find, in the Upanishads and elsewhere, all kinds of opinions are put forward and discussed ranging from materialism to the highest flights of mysticism.

It is because of this that reform movements like those embodied in Buddhism, Jainism and Sikhism met with no antagonism or persecution. Some were absorbed and others remained outside, influencing and in turn being influenced by the existing systems.

In later times, the saints who reached some fusion of Hindu and Islamic thought, especially in their

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mystical and devotional aspects, were recognised as leaders.

This again happened when we came into contact with Western civilisation: we absorbed and made an integral part of our way of life the elements in that culture which suited our genius.

There has always been at work a continuous process of synthesis and adjustment. This attitude to other ways of thought—of catholicity and broadminded tolerance—is India's great contribution to the world.

Dr. Arnold Toynbee has drawn attention to this in a recent article in which he has described the changes that took place in his point of view, during the three decades he was engaged in his monumental work, *A Study of History*.

He says, "As I have gone on, Religion has come to take a more and more prominent place, till in the end it stands in the centre of the picture . . . I have come back to a belief that Religion holds the key to the mystery of existence; but I have not come back to the belief that this key is in the hands of my ancestral Religion exclusively . . . The Indian religions are not exclusive-minded. They are ready to allow that there may be alternative approaches to the mystery. I feel sure that in this they are right and that this catholic-minded Indian religious spirit is the way of salvation for all religions in an age in which we have to learn to live as a single family if we are not to destroy ourselves."

This spirit of synthesis was not confined to the realms of mind and spirit. The assimilation of peoples was no less persistent. Throughout the ages, many peoples have come to India through the old gateways and established themselves in the country. Some came as conquerors and adventurers. Others like the Jews and the Parsis, came to escape persecution in their native lands. But all have become part of the land and its culture, and, in their turn, they have given to their new country the enduring elements in their culture. This genius for assimilation and synthesis, for hospitality to newcomers and their ideas and institutions, has always been a distinctive feature of our civilisation.

These then are the fundamental ideas of our culture: First of all, there is an underlying unity based on the dignity and worth—the sacredness—of the human person. Secondly the diversities that exist in our life and thought are evidence of this unity and vitality; they add richness and variety to it. Take, for example, the different languages in the country. Most of them have a common origin; they have been growing alongside of one another, for centuries influencing one another; and they express different aspects of a common culture.

The Constitution of India embodies the conception of all these

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languages developing by contact with one another and enriching one another, so that they may serve as a medium of expression for a free India which is seeking to take its rightful place in the modern world with its advances in science and technology. The same applies to other diversities. They strengthen our national life and are all needed in its service.

In the days in which our national life was at a low ebb, we lost sight of this heritage of ours. We developed fissiparous movements based on caste and community, language, religion, etc.—diversities which, as I have explained, were always regarded as valuable elements in our composite culture. Such movements spread mistrust and hatred, and still poison our national life.

To mention an example, the recent happenings in regard to the adjustment of State boundaries show how far we have drifted away from our basic ideals. The fixing of State boundaries is eminently an issue on which settlements based on mutual good-will can be achieved, always bearing in mind predominant national interests. That this has aroused passions and led to violence should cause all of us the deepest concern.

Such movements are evidence of deterioration of our moral values and of want of reverence for the ideals that have been a deep moving force in our life through the centuries. Nothing can be more detrimental to the nation's vital interests than these.

In this fight for unity, educated men and women should take the lead. Fortunately for us, the heart of the people is sound. Sri Aurobindo has pointed out that "the main metaphysical truths . . . in their broad ideal aspects or in an intensely poetic and dynamic representation have been stamped on the general mind of the people." This is also mentioned by a foreign observer, who visited India recently, Mrs. Pearl Buck. She writes, " . . . the Indian peasant is a person innately civilized. The maturing culture of an organised human family-life and profound philosophical religions had shaped his mind and soul."

A special responsibility, therefore, rests on educated men and women. They have to give the right lead to ensure that the unity of India is maintained at all times whatever sacrifices might be required.

[Condensed from his Convocation Address at the Banaras Hindu University on Dec. 18, 1955]

Repentence is the expiation 'par excellence' for the worst sins; the wise man therefore takes recourse to it as a matter of course.

—Skanda Purana.

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A Birthday Tribute

Sri Munshi As A Literary Man

Sharda Prasad Saksena

IT would be easy to point to Sri Munshi as the most controversial and the most admired writer living in the country. Sri Munshi accepts admiration in the same spirit in which he accepts criticism, and he delights in both. For, the one fans out his spirit, and the other serves as a tonic. And both critic and admirer watch with amazement the incessant flow of words which spin out an anecdote, a character-sketch, a dissertation, a short-story, a novel, a play, or a formal address.

How Sri Munshi does it is perhaps his own secret, which he is unwilling to share with others. For, while he smilingly admits us to his most intimate confidences—if you have any doubts read the three Volumes of his autobiography — he does not allow us to see the Master at work.

At 69 he writes with the same zest with which he started writing a little over forty years ago. And these forty years which saw the emergence of a new India in spirit, which saw the rise to fame of Premchand and Sarat Chandra Chatterji must in literary history always be remembered as the Age of Munshi, for the creative period of both Premchand and Sarat Chandra runs to not more than 20-25 years, and their canvas was much smaller than the one on which Sri Munshi works.

Tagore had already done his best, and the award of the Nobel Prize for literature put the final seal of world approbation on a work which had touched the highest level of literary distinction. Nothing that Tagore wrote subsequently added to his already great stature. But around his giant feet were rising other figures which in the next fifteen years were to excel the Master in one or the other field, though their over-all stature must remain smaller than his.

Of these Premchand could never rise beyond provincial fame in his own life-time, and it is only within the last ten years that his genius has been recognised outside his province. Bengal was much more discerning, and the star of Sarat Chandra once having risen in the

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sky continued to burn with a steady glow until he died not in poverty like Premchand, but loaded with honours and competence, which seldom come to an Indian writer in his own life-time. But they were writers who were "content to breathe their native air in their own ground." The contemporary social scene occupied their vision, and they got so entangled in it, that they could not get out of it. Their works are part of the social history of the period when they wrote, and if by any chance no record were left of how the Bengal zemindars lived in pre-Independence days, what were the urges which moved them, what petty intrigues went on to make or mar their fortune, one can still find a true picture of that life in Sarat Chandra's pages. To a lesser degree this is also true of Premchand, though his political affiliations blur his vision, and his characters are over-idealized illustrations of a political or a social thesis.

Munshi would be the first to yield palm to Premchand and Sarat Chandra as a social novelist, that is to say as a novelist of the the contemporary social scene. His ambition is greater. He is not contemporaneous with just two decades of a disintegrating society but with ages which go back to pre-historic times. His vision is millennial rather than decadal, and the problems which engage his attention are necessarily viewed by



Sri K. M. Munshi

him in a wider rather than a restricted perspective.

To Munshi the problems of today are not the outcome of a recent yesterday, possessing a ready-made solution; they are the resultant outcome of racial impulses, a glimpse of which we find in our earliest writings, notably in the *Mahabharata* of Vyasa. Munshi is not therefore disturbed with what he sees as Premchand is, for him the present is only a small chapter in the long history of ages, and the future is yet to unroll. All his writings, therefore, are vibrant with joy and confidence.

The picturing of the dirt and squalor, of the degradation of man

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and woman, the ugliness of a low, mean, and sordid existence, these which would have cast a shadow of gloom over his pages, are not allowed to come near him. His picture of life is no mean or anaemic one, even when people die they die with a smile, grateful to have lived and to have made their exit in an equally befitting manner. He exults in beauty, is no less enchanted by the beauty of a thought or an idea than by the splendour of a fine building, a lovely scene, or a face which could "have launched a thousand ships." He remains, therefore, essentially a portrayer of beauty, and is probably the only writer of any eminence in whose long gallery of women who figure in his works there is not one who is plain, ugly or mis-shapen.

In a world which is cluttered with the debris of broken dreams and ideals, over which sinister shadows flit perpetually, it is no small consolation to have a writer who keeps the sky clear and lets in sunshine. To go to Munshi's works, whether plays, novels, stories, or letters, is to go to a world of romantic beauty where the lights are low, where laughter comes with the sound of gurgling water, where bravery and high courage and love are the themes of common talk, and where the Muses dance perpetually.

Munshi summons the vanished ages to rebuild their greatness, and to make vivid to the eye of a modern sceptical age the glory that was Gujarat or the splendour that was Bharatvarsha. Vasishtha and Vishwamitra, Vyasa nd Jamadagni, Indra and Shukra, Devayani, Lopamudra, and Lomaharshini are not just names who come down to us from an ancient moth-eaten manuscript, but real men and women whose austerities have not dulled the course of their warm blood, but who love and are loved, who are thrilled by the same raptures which thrill men and women of more common clay, and who play, on the stage of life, their part with as much zest as the characters in a Greek play.

Asceticism in the abstract is foreign to Munshi's world, and at no time the great *rishis* or their consorts cease to be human. That too is the principal glory of the *Mahabharata,* and Munshi is in the central tradition of the great Vyasa. It is not impossible to conjecture that, thrown back two thousand years, he would have written another great epic of the Aryans rather than mythological romances about their legendary past. He is closer to Vyasa than to Valmiki, his legendary women are more after Draupadi, the haughty and lovely Princess, at once vengeful and queenly, rather than the self-effacing Sita; similarly his men take after the brave heroes of Vyasa's epic, with their failings and their virtues, rather than after the blameless and innocent hero of the *Ramayana.* Sri Krishna and not Rama is Munshi's ideal, Sri Krish-

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na of the *Mahabharata* with his love of life and its ironies rather than the wearer of the white flower of abstract pure virtue.

Munshi at 69 has his vision undimmed. If anything, he sees things in a clearer light, only his gaze sweeps backward and not forward. Unlike the English poet he dips into the past and not the future, for the past is a reality, the future only a conjecture. He who has seen the vision of Vyas, has seen the earth peopled with gods and goddesses, heard their converse and beheld their immortal beauty, who has inhaled the incense rising from a thousand sacrificial fires, and heard the chants of Vedas on the banks of the Saraswati, who though a mortal has been co-eval with immortal centuries, how can the future with its large question-mark ever attract him?

Writers who are obsessed with the social problems of today, have been dazzled with scientific progress and believe in the consistant working of a physical and material doctrine of evolution may dip into the future, far as human eye could see, see the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be, but to a writer who possesses a bi-focal and millennial imagination, who possesses a strong racial memory, who prefers the twilight of past ages to the daylight of ages to come, the day-to-day problems of life, howsoever pressing they might be, can hardly attract. This explains why such social novels which Munshi has written read thin, and are entirely built on the basis of such limited social experience as came within his range. Munshi needs a freer air to try his wings, and this unhampered by any ideologies the limitless past of myth and legend and history provides him.

And this marks him out from his compeers of the West. Munshi was not the first historical novelist in India; he has his predecessors. Like them he too has been influenced by the works of Scott and Dumas, more by Dumas than by Scott, but unlike all of them, he possessed a double inspiration. He does not distinguish between the legendary and the historical past. The heroes of history are inspired by the examples of the heroes of the epics. Neither in Scott, nor Dumas, nor Lytton this double inspiration, one reacting on the other, is to be found. This invests Munshi's characters with a spiritual aura wholly lacking in his compeers of the West.

Arthur Balfour advised Lord Morley when he was about to write his *Life of Gladstone*, that he must be bold an indiscreet. Munshi would have needed no such advice. Boldness and indiscretion, as the world understands the latter, are the very essence of a successful autobiography or a biography. "In writing about yourself," said Margot Asquith, "and other living people you must take your courage in both hands." Munshi's three-

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volume *Autobiography* is the best thing of its kind in any Indian language, No autobiography which is not anecdotal can ever succeed for long. To be anecdotal one must be a born *raconteur*. Mahatma Gandhi had this gift, but both Nehru and Surendranath Banerjea lacked it. Jawaharlal wrote his *Autobiography*, as he says, "to occupy myself with a definite task, so necessary in the long solitudes of goal life, as well as to review past events in India, with which I had been connected, to enable myself to think clearly about them." Surendranath wrote, "I want to do justice to the memories of honoured colleagues, many of whom are now dead."

In Munshi's "Memories" which also cover the same period as Nehru's book does, public events occupy almost a negligible part in telling, and the main interest lies in the personal history of the writer, and the various people who moulded it. These are as vital and living as are the characters of his novels. Evidently, the writing of "memoirs" was not a mere telling of the past incidents of his life, it was the fashioning of a creative work. And this is the secret of his popularity.

Munshi wants to enjoy every moment of his life, and if possible to communicate his joy to others. The clothes he wears, the flowers which he sees arranged on his table, the curtains hung round the place where he writes, the pictures which are put on the wall, and the masterpieces of sculptures with which the rooms in the Government House are slowly being adorned, each demands a meticulous attention on his part, and the slightest disarray would cause him pain

A book by Munshi is now a literary event. People talk of it much in the same way in which they would have talked if they had discovered some new find. But since the books of late have become rare, it only whets the appetite, and when the long-awaited one does actually make its appearance it is pounced upon as a rarity.

No living writer during the last twenty years has commanded the emotional loyalty of his readers to the extent as Munshi has done, nor has been so much a subject of lifting of eye-brows. To be provocative is Munshi's forte, to jolt people off the hum-drum of life is what delights him. It may not be possible for everyone to be rich in terms of wealth, but Munshi would wish everyone to be rich spiritually, to breathe happiness from every living moment; and above all he bids us:

> Look thy last on all things lovely
> Every hour. Let no night
> Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
> Till to delight
> Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
> Since that all things thou wouldst praise
> Beauty took from those who loved them
> In other days.

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Like the English poet he is the writer par excellence of "these other days."

Millions of people all over the country are grateful to him for his gift of breathing life into dead ages, of resurrecting from the dust of vanished empires kings, queens, princes, heroes, generals, and commoners, all appearing before us as they lived, loved, fought, and died.

The politician, statesman, lawyer, and administrator in him will be forgotten a few years after, but the characters which he has summoned from the past, these shall live.

At sixty-nine Sri Munshi is still young, his creative faculty shows no falling off, and the world of literature still expects much from him. Those who read his *Kulapati's Letters* know that life still continues to enchant him, and as long as it does Munshi's pen cannot remain quiet. Time may do the worst with him, but he is not likely to be affected. He has discovered, if not the secret of perpetual physical youth, the secret of perpetual mental youth, and the years that "bring the philosophic mind" to others only make him more vivacious, more light-hearted, as if with laughter he can ward off for ever the cold march of Time.

To those who, like me, have heard him, have talked to him, have shared the intimacy of his thought, Sri Munshi appears ageless, and the impression that he leaves on one's mind is the one which Shakespeare immortally expressed about the most dazzling character in the world, and which with a slight change in the pronoun is also true of Munshi,

> Age cannot wither him nor custom stale
> His infinite variety.

Spirituality respects the freedom of the human soul, because it is itself fulfilled by freedom, and the deepest meaning of freedom is the power to expand and grow towards perfection by the law of one's own nature dharma.

* * *

A thought is an arrow shot at the truth; it can hit a point but not cover the whole target. But the archer is he who will be satisfied with his success to ask anything further.

—*Sri Aurobindo.*

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THE ASHRAM OF AGASTYA

YOU HAVE READ—

While a guest of King Gadhi, Sage Richika wooed the latter's daughter Satyavati and won her hand. In course of time a son was born to them who was named Jamadagni. Simultaneously King Gadhi's wife also gave birth to a son, who was named Vishwaratha. They grew up together and became inseparable. Now read on—

2

VISHWARATHA and Jamadagni were sent by Richika, the chief of the Bhrigus and the master of the Atharvan lore, to the hermitage of the Sage Agastya for their education. Agastya, the most renowned of the Aryan Rishis, was the High-Priest of Divodasa, the king of the Tritsu tribe.

On their way to the hermitage, the boys met the young Rishi Vasishtha, younger brother of the Sage Agastya, whose fame had already spread throughout the whole of Sapta Sindhu. Even now, while still so young, he was the acknowledged master of learning and austere practices.

The boys also met Sudas, the son of king Divodasa, who was going with the Sage Vasishtha to the hermitage of Agastya for his education. Proud and malicious, this Tritsu prince developed an instinctive hatred for the handsome, open-hearted Vishwaratha. When he heard that the Bharata prince, who could win hearts by a word or smile, was to be his co-student, he became blind with jealousy, and when the boys went to the river for their bath, Sudas even made an unsuccessful attempt to drown Vishwaratha.

Once in the *ashram* of the Sage Agastya, Vishwaratha acquired devoted friends. Among them was Rohini, the little daughter of the sage himself. Riksha, the huge, uncouth, lumbering idiot, who also aspired to become a great sage in his own right, became his loyal adherent. Jamadagni was, of course, Vishwaratha's inseparable.

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Of all his pupils, Agastya came to admire and love Vishwaratha the most. The Bharata prince had a winning presence, a sparkling intelligence and a charm the like of which he had not yet seen in any one.

Vishwaratha quickly mastered the Vedic lore, as well as the art of war. Following in the footsteps of his master, he made boyish attempts to invoke the Gods and to seek their guidance in the affairs of daily life. He soon acquired faith that in whatever he did he was guided by the shining Gods, particularly the great Varuna, who watched the creation with unwinking eyes.

In the meantime, King Gadhi died. Vishwaratha, loving and loved, succeeded to the domains of the warlike Bharatas, which were vaster than those of the Tritsus. Sudas could not forgive Vishwaratha for the love he commanded and the vast domains he inherited. Green-eyed as jealousy itself, he made fruitless attempts to outshine Vishwaratha and ended by carrying on intrigues against the young king.

After some years, Divodasa, the powerful king of the Tritsus, came to the hermitage to consult his High-Priest Agastya, on affairs of state. Taking advantage of this occasion, Agastya held an exhibition of the skill of his pupils. Of the students whose feats were exhibited, Vishwaratha was easily the best. His graceful demeanour, modest behaviour and mastery of bowmanship, drew the admiration of all present. Sudas alone was furious.

King Divodasa had set his heart on the destruction of Shambara, the king of the dark-hued, snub-nosed, non-Aryan Dasyus, who was the lord of ninety-nine forts.

Agastya was unrelenting in his hostility to Shambara. The sage believed that the very basis of *Rita*, the Law of Righteousness, was the purity of the Aryas. He was sure that the Gods in their wisdom, had set before the Aryas a mighty destiny, leading them to world conquest. He had a horror of the wicked ways of the Dasyus and firmly held that their ways were corrupting the morals of his people. He was, therefore, convinced that their extermination was an event ordained by the Gods.

Inspired by his unwavering faith, Agastya was unable to tolerate the younger Aryan sages who taught that the Law of Righteousness was the law of all and not the privilege of birth. These sages, therefore, sought to bring the Dasyus into the Aryan fold by teaching them the Law as they understood it.

During the years that Vishwaratha and Jamadagni had spent in the *ashram* of Agastya, Lopamudra, the fascinating daughter of the Sage Bharadwaja, had be-

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come a leader of this band. She was the most attractive apostle of the new cult and, therefore, according to the Sage Agastya, the most dangerous. She had grown to magnificent womanhood; yet she had remained unmarried, which in the eyes of Agastya was a sin. She was working to bring the Dasyus within the Law of Righteousness. This, in Agastya's eyes, was an even greater sin.

The Maharishi—the Great Sage—was, therefore, uncompromising and no man dared mention Lopamudra's name in his presence.

King Divodasa and the sage held long consultations and ultimately decided upon waging a war against Shambara.

One night a few days after the war had been declared, Shambara's men stole into the hermitage of Agastya and kidnapped Vishwaratha and his friend, the uncouth Riksha of the voluminous body.

The sage was angry. A theft from Rishi's *ashram* was sacrilege. The kidnapping of the king of the mighty Bharatas was a challenge to Aryavarta. He therefore sent messengers to all the tribes, and particularly to the Bharatas, to join the Tritsus in this war to destroy Shambara.

The mighty Bharatas promptly responded to this call, and shouting "Death unto Shambara", joined in the fray.

3

THE HEART-BROKEN UGRA

VISHWARATHA and Riksha, tied on horseback, were taken through jungles and swamps to a distant fort which had been built on a solitary hill. Vishwaratha was received there by Tugra, the keeper of the fort, and a vast crowd of Dasyu men and women. He found that when Shambara and his warriors had gone to war, his queens and children had been sent here for safety.

The fort was in charge of Tugra, an old warrior, but the most formidable person in it was the high-priest Bhairava, who was the favourite of Ugrakala, the dread deity of the Dasyus. He was the most indispensable member of the community, for the god, whose important shrine was in the fort, only spoke through him.

The dark-skinned Dasyus not only gave the two young captives a hearty welcome, but began looking after them with effusive hospitality. When Vishwaratha and Riksha were taken by Tugra to pay their respects to Shambara's queens, Vishwaratha met the

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seventeen-year-old Ugra, Shambara's favourite daughter. Ugra had never seen a more fascinating man than Vishwaratha, and straightway she became mad about him.

Unfamiliar with self-restraint as was this Dasyu girl, she began to woo the young prince with what seemed to him unmaidenly forwardness. Unaccustomed to such uninhibited advances, he tried his best to repulse her without discourtesy.

The Dasyus grew upon Vishwaratha. He liked this simple, honest, affectionate people. He loved the joyous ways in which they lived, and when in the evening they gathered together and the drummers of Ugrakala played their music, the Dasyu girls danced in a carefree manner which made a strong appeal to Vishwaratha.

When he saw the kindly nature of these laughter-loving people, Vishwaratha realised the folly which kept the Aryas and the Dasyus apart. So far he had never doubted the wisdom of his Guru, the Sage Agastya who had taught him to regard the Dasyus as the wicked creatures on earth, but now he felt convinced that the Guru was wrongly informed. There was no wickedness in these people.

Riksha enjoyed the situation thoroughly. He delighted in the dark-maidens of the race who denied him nothing. He also loved the wine of the Dasyus and their free and easy ways. He felt so happy indeed that he flung all self-restraint to the winds.

Alone of all the Dasyus, Bhairava, the high-priest, looked upon these strangers with stern, silent displeasure. Their presence was to him a portent of coming disaster for his race.

After a few days, however, Vishwaratha began to feel unhappy. No doubt the Dasyus, with the exception of Bhairava, were hospitable. For instance, Tugra, the keeper of the fort, and his wife, Dagi, gave him the respect and attention due to a king. But the fort was no more than a prison and Vishwaratha's nerves began to be frayed.

Presently came reports that Shambara was winning great victories over the allied army of the Bharatas and the Tritsus and Vishwaratha was miserable. So miserable was he in fact, that he offered oblations to the sacred fire, invoked Agni, the God of Fire, and begged to be set free in order that he might lead his Bharatas into battle and, if need be, die a hero.

Riksha, meanwhile, had completely lost the veneer of decency, which he had acquired in Agastya's *ashram*. He was drunk all day and wandered about the fort with Dasyu girls of easy virtue. Vishwaratha felt ashamed at Riksha's behaviour.

There were times when Vishwaratha was tempted to lash out at Riksha, but the latter was more

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than a match for him. Every night, when the Dasyu girls had left his hut, he came to Vishwaratha with unsteady steps.

"O Bharata king! My most beloved friend! Why do you leave me alone?" he would ask in a ludicrously piteous way.

"Why are you not with me all the time? Then at least I should escape the attentions of these dark wenches." He would end his exhortation with address to himself at the same time shedding copious tears: "O Riksha, thou Durdama's son, Agastya's pupil! Why hast thou grown so weak? Why dost thou not drive away these wretched girls?"

Vishwaratha could not repress a smile at this drunken sanctimoniousness, nor had he the heart to be harsh to Riksha. He realised that shut up in this prison and surrounded by strange people, it was impossible for him to maintain the code of Aryan behaviour. He loved Riksha and so he ended by uttering words of comfort.

These were not Vishwaratha's only trials, for Ugra, the young daughter of King Shambara, concentrated all her attention on him. Dark, beautiful and graceful of limb, she reminded Vishwaratha a pet antelope.

Vishwaratha was greatly embarrassed by her unabashed advances. Once, when annoyed, he told her as gently as he could, how the Arya girls would behave in such circumstances.

"Tell me how do your girls behave when they are in love, Vishwaratha?"

In order to shake her off, Vishwaratha said a little harshly: "The girls of my race are modest. Even if they wish to make love, they never speak of it."

Ugra innocently promised him that she also would behave like the girls of his race. But that was scarcely the end of the matter.

Having been told by Vishwaratha not to speak of her love, Ugra had accepted the mandate literally.

From the next day he found Ugra waiting for him wherever he went, but never opened her lips. Only her large eyes, full of tears, pleaded with him with pathetic eloquence.

Vishwaratha saw that she was becoming a picture of misery. She had given up the nightly dancing, which was the favourite pastime of the Dasyu girls.

Every time Vishwaratha saw the large black eyes of Ugra following him, he felt as if someone was stabbing him in the heart. Even when she was not present, her tragic eyes haunted him.

Three or four days later, he woke up in the middle of the night to find Ugra standing outside the hut, singing a pathetic song in a low crooning voice.

(Continued on page 47)

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Immortal India—36 **J. H. Dave**

VIJAYANAGAR

कोकामुखे कुरुक्षेत्रे नैमिषे ऋषिसंगमे।
वाराणस्यां प्रभासे च तथा बदरिकाश्रमे ॥
गङ्गाद्वारे प्रयागे च गङ्गासागरसङ्गमे।
रुद्रकोट्यां विरूपाक्षे मित्रस्यापि वने तथा ॥
तीर्थेष्वेतेषु सिद्धिर्या क्षेत्रेषु द्वादशाब्दिका।
प्राप्यते मानवै र्लोके षण्मासाद् राजसत्तम ॥

Padma Purana, Srishti,
Ch. 17, Verses 102 to 104.

"That Siddhi which is acquired after twelve years of penance at other places is acquired within six months at the following places: Kokamukha (the Varahakshetra in the Purnea district of Bengal), Kurukshetra, Naimisha (Nimsar near Lucknow) where sixty thousand sages had collected together, Benaras, Prabhasa, Badarikasram, Hardwar, Prayaga, the confluence of the Ganges and the ocean, Rudrakoti (at Kuruksheta or Amarkantak), 'Virupaksha' (in Hampi) and Mitra Vana (Konarak in Orissa)."

HAMPI (Kannad for Pampa) stands on the southern bank of river Tungabhadra in the Hospet Taluk of the Bellary District and is about nine miles from the town of Hospet. It is the seat of the great Pampapati or Virupaksha temple of Lord Siva, the patron-deity and family God of the Kings of Vijayanagar. It was the oldest and the most sacred temple of Vijayanagar. It has miraculously escaped the destruction which was the fate of Vijayanagar after the battle of Talikota in A.D. 1565. The description of this temple as given by the Portuguese traveller Paes who visited it in the reign of Krishna Deva Raya and published in Sewell's book shows that the temple had much the same appearance then as it has now.

This great and ancient temple of Hampi or Pampapati had originally a small village round about it. Everything in its vicinity points out to its great antiquity. Sewell estimated that the old temple belonged to the seventh century. Long before the grand Vijayanagar Empire had come and was gone it was at a spot where there was nothing but nature in one of her wildest moods. On one side there were huge boulders and lofty hills scattered here and there, on the other there were green trees and grass on the low ground. River Tungabhadra was flowing nearby; it was a lonely spot fit for meditation. On the other side of the river was Anegundi, which was the populated area. As has been noted above in *Padma, Srishti,* Ch. 17, this

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sacred spot was placed in line with Banaras, Badari, Prayag and others and was specially holy for penance and meditation. The majesty of huge tumbled boulders, the river, isolation, solitude and wild nature must naturally have attracted a number of sages and ascetics to this spot. Sage Vidyaranya or Madhava also used it for his meditation. Pampa is another name of river Tungabhadra. Pampadevi is considered the daughter of Brahma and she performed penance on the Hemakuta Hill. Visvesvara appeared before her and made her His consort. His other consort is Bhuvanesvari.

Deriving inspiration from this celebrated sage and philosopher, Madhava or Vidyaranya, Harihara and Bukka, two of the five sons of Sangama, laid in A.D. 1336 the foundation of the city and kingdom of Vijayanagar named after their Guru Vidyaranya and made Pampapati or Virupaksha their patron deity and family god. On the northern bank of the river was the fort of Anegundi and Vijayanagar was on the southern bank. This is the traditional account. Father Heras opines that the city of Anegundi was the cradle of the Vijayanagar Empire and that city was founded by the Hoysala king Vira Ballala III.

Most of the authorities, however, agree in holding that Vijayanagar was founded in A.D. 1336 by Harihara and Bukka and their Guru Madhava became the first minister of their new state. For about three hundred years this empire remained as a bulwark against the onrush of alien culture and ideas, withstood invasion from the surrounding area and stood up in support of the traditional religion and culture of the country. Vijayanagar became the Dakshina Kasi and Virupaksha was famous as one of the 108 Divya Kshetras of Bharat. The first dynasty of Vijayanagar is named after Sangama who was the father of Harihara I and Bukka I. These rulers adopted for their crest the Varaha or the Boar. After Harihara I came Bukka I who became more famous. In 1374, Bukka I sent an embassy to China. He was a very tolerant ruler and brought about a reconciliation between the Jains and Vaishnavas in 1368 A.D. He called the leaders of both sects, took the hand of a Jain and placing it in the head of a Vaishnava, the wise ruler decreed that each of them should follow their own religion with equal freedom and without fear. This decree was sent to and published at various places.

Bukka I was succeeded by Harihara II who assumed imperial titles. He is eulogised for making sixteen great gifts to various temples situated in localities ranging from Kurnool to Kumbakonam. He extended his sway over the whole of South India. He was a devout worshipper of Lord Shiva, Virupaksha, though tolerant to other faiths. There were constant fights

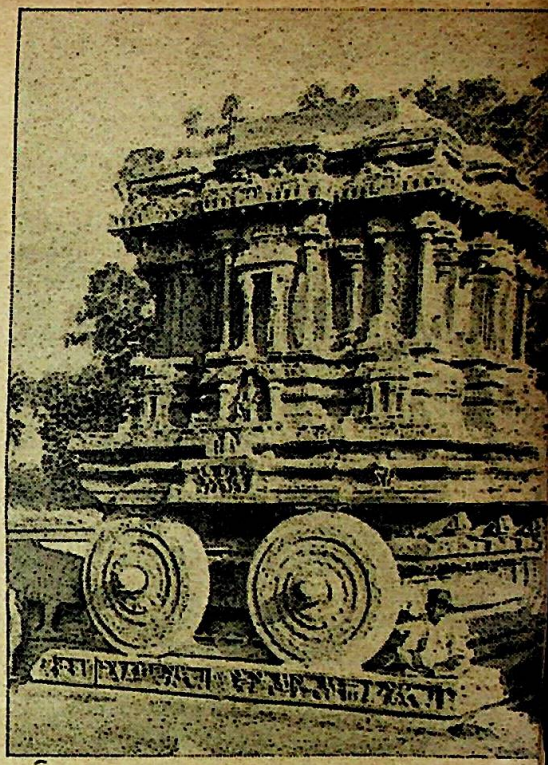
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between the Vijayanagar Empire and the Badami kingdom. There were nine kings in this first Sangama dynasty which had come into power after the decline of Hoysalas and Yadavas, and it remained in power from 1336 to 1486 A.D. To save the kingdom from invasions from various quarters Narasimha Saluva deposed his worthless master and seized the throne for himself in 1486 A.D. This Narasimha had entrusted the administration to his General Narsa Naik. After the death of his master, this Narsa Naik placed on the throne Immadi Narasimha, the son of Narsimha Saluva. There were only two rulers of the Saluva dynasty. The last Saluva ruler was deposed by Vira Narasimha, Narsa Naik's son of the Taluva dynasty. This Vira Narsimha, himself a pious king, was succeeded by his younger half-brother, Krishna Deva Raya, the greatest among Vijayanagar rulers and one of the most distinguished kings of India. He extended his Empire from Cuttack to Salsette, to the extreme south and certain islands in the Indian Ocean. He was friendly with the Portuguese and the Portuguese traveller Paes calls him the most learned and perfect king of cheerful disposition, who was kind to foreigners. In his reign, the Vijayanagar Empire was at its zenith of glory and prosperity. He was a great patron of Sanskrit and Telugu literature and he himself wrote his great work Amuktamalyada in Telugu in which he refers to his other five works in Sanskrit. In his court there were eight famous poets called the Ashtadiggajas, and the Poet Laureate was Peddana. Dhurjati was another famous poet. It is said that Krishna Deva Raya desired to know from other poets as to how it was that Dhurjati could bring extraordinary sweetness in his poetic compositions. One of the court poets, Tenali Ramakrishna, a humorous writer and the author of "Panduranga Mahatya" investigated the "secret" and reported in the open court that the sweetness was traceable to the constant contact of Poet Dhurjati with the sweet lips of his mistress!

On Krishna Deva Raya's death, his half-brother Achyuta Raya ascended the throne. He relaxed his personal control and his Viceroys who were three brothers, Rama Raya, Tirumala and Venkata of the Arividu dynasty became powerful. After Achyuta Raya came Venkata I and then Sadasiva Raya, but the power was with Rama Raya, the Minister. Rama Raya was the virtual ruler and he was possessed of great abilities. He became overconfident and haughty and by his changing alliances, he alienated the sympathies of the people of his neighbouring states. The Muslim States of Bijapur, Golkonda, Ahmednagar and Bidar formed a coalition; the long-standing hostility ended in a combined attack on Vijayanagar and on the 23rd Janu-

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ary, A.D. 1665 the battle of Talikotta was fought near the villages of Raksas and Tagdi. It resulted in the defeat of the Vijayanagar armies. Hussain Nizam Shah killed Rama Raya and the invading army enriched itself fabulously by plunders. The highly developed and magnificent city of Vijayanagar was systematically sacked and totally destroyed by the invading army. From the third day after the battle upto the next five months the destruction was carried relentlessly and completely. "Never perhaps in the history of the world had such havoc been wrought and wrought so suddenly, on so splendid a city; teeming with a wealthy and industrious population in the full plentitude of prosperity one day, and on the next day seized, pillaged, and reduced to ruins." (Sewell)



Stone Ratha at Vijayanagar

The Vijayanagar Empire continued to exist till about the early part of the seventheenth century and thereafter it got weakened and dismembered by the dissatisfaction and rebellion of its own viceroys.

Nicolo Conti, an Italian visited Vijayanagar in A.D. 1420. Abdur Razzak, a Persian Ambassador came in about A.D. 1440. Domingo Paes, the Portuguese traveller visited it in A.D. 1520. Fernao Nuniz wrote his chronicles in about A.D. 1535. Federici visited it in about A.D. 1567 after the city was sacked.

Krishna Deva Raya built the Ranga-Mandapa and the eastern gate-way of the Pampapati temple and did his best to beautify his capital. He also built the Krishna and Hazara Rama temples, the great monolithic statue of Narasimha and started the construction of the famous temple of Vitthal. He built the town of Hospet in honour of his courtesan Nagala Devi.

Hampi, the birth-place of the Vijayanagar Empire and its capital is now described as a "vast open-air museum of Hindu monuments in the Dravidian style of architecture." Before the rise of this empire, Lord Virupaksha stood here in solitude and isolation. Even today, Virupaksha stands in the same solitude and isolation in the ruins of one of the most magnificent cities

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covering an area of some nine square miles. Hampi dominated South India from A.D. 1336 to A.D. 1565 and even thereafter the Vijayanagar Rulers ruled over part of South India from elsewhere. The 600th aniversary of the founding of Vijayanagar was celebrated in A.D. 1936.

Kamalapur is 7 miles from Hospet. Proceeding from this place towards Hampi, one comes across the Ladies Bath forming a part of the palace. To the north of it is the Simhasana with the carvings of elephants, dancing-girls and Ramayana scenes. North of it is the Hazara Rama temple and further north is the Zenana enclosure. To the east of it are the Elephant Stables. Further north towards Hampi is the gigantic statue of Narasimha in granite with a canopy of Sesha Naga. To the north-east is the Krishna Swamy temple. North of it is the Ganesh temple and the Hemakuta Hill. There are a group of Jain temples. Then comes the great Pampapati temple of Hampi. The Eastern Gopuram has eleven floors and is known as Gati Gopuram as it reaches the air of Vayumandala. On the bank of the river in the north-east direction one first comes to the Rama Swamy temple and then the Vijaya Vitthala Swamy temple.

About half a mile to the east from the main entrance of the Virupaksha temple, there is the great monolithic bull. This way also leads to the Matanga Parvatam. On the full moon of Chaitra there is a festival and Lord Shiva is taken out in a procession.

About half a mile to the north-east from Virupaksha temple is the Rishyamuka Parvata and the Chakra-tirth; Tungabhadra flows on three sides of this hill. To the north of it is Sita Sarovara and also a small cave where legend says Sita threw her ornaments when she was forcibly taken away by Ravana.

About four miles to the east of Virupaksha is the Malya Vana Parvata. It is considered to be identical with the Prasravana Giri where Sri Rama stayed with Lakshmana for four months after his alliance with Sugriva. But according to Bhavabhuti, Malyavana and Prasravana are different hills. Malyavana is also called Sphatikasila. According to Pargiter, Prasravana is the chain of hills and Malyavana is the peak.

Ancient Kishkindha is identical with Anegundi on the northern bank of river Tungabhadra. It is about three miles from Vijayanagar. About two miles to the south-west of Kishkindha is the Pampa-Sarovara. A little to the north-west is the Anjani Hill which is the birth-place of Hanuman. About 60 miles from Kishkindha is the birth-place of Sabari.

Sugriva was considered a son of Surya and he was the younger brother of Vali. The two brothers were once friendly but after some

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time they fell out, Vali capturing Sugriva's wife Tara and driving him out. Sugriva then stayed on the Rishyamuka Hill. He one day saw Rama and Lakshmana coming towards him. He sent Hanuman to know their mind. Lakshmana told Hanuman that they were out in search of Sita and were recommended to secure the help of Sugriva. Rama and Lakshmana were then taken to Sugriva and in the presence of the luminous flaming fire, the friendship of Rama and Lakshmana with Sugriva was avowed and proclaimed. Sugriva showed the ornaments thrown by Sita and requested Rama to help him against Vali. Rama obliged his friend Sugriva by killing Vali and established Sugriva on the throne of Kishkindha. Sugriva was thereafter busy with the new pleasures and Rama stayed at the Prasravana Hill for four months. Lakshmana had to remind of Sugriva of his promise to help Rama in finding out Sita. Sabari was staying near the Pampa Sarovara and rendering service to Matanga and other sages.

The various localities mentioned in the *Ramayana* are identified with the spots near about Hampi. Pampa Sarovara, Rishyamuka Hill, Matanga Parvata, Malyavana Parvata, the cave where Sugriva kept Sita's jewels are some of these localities. Near Nimbapuram is shown the cremated remains of Vali. The various boulders of stone near about this place are stated to be remnants of the huge stones collected by Hanuman for the great Setubandha. Rama met Hanuman for the first time at Rishyamukha.

Virupaksha is classed with the celebrated Tirthas after a visit to which one must have a shave and a fast. If one returns home without that, his sins are said to accompany him back to his residence.

अयोध्या दण्डकारण्यं विरूपाक्षं च वेङ्कटम् ।
मुण्डनं चोपवासश्च क्षेत्रेष्वेषु प्रकीर्तितम् ।।
लोभान्मोहादकृत्वा यः स्वगृहं प्रतियाति यः ।
सहैव यान्ति तद्गेहे पातकानि च तेन वै ।।

—*Skanda, Brahma, Setumahatmya*, Ch, 52, Verses 102 to 104.

An education that enables us to live in our ivory towers may have its use, but it will not serve national purposes today, for essentially it will be a class education, with but little relation to the realities of our life.

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Bhrigu Samhita : An Introduction

Shiv Kumar Dixit

The word Samhita *means collection. In relation to Astrology, it means a collection of predictions based on horoscopes. The authorship of these Samhitas is attributed to great Rishis of old.*

There are a number of such Samhitas, Bhrigu Samhita, Surya Samhita, Garga Samhita, Narada Samhita, *etc. The present article describes the first.*

THIS is the oldest history of Bhrigu Samhita which is the foremost of the Samhitas which form the most important branch of the science of astrology of olden days.

According to the *Shrimad Bhagawata,* Brahma was born out of the navel of Lord Narayan. On His Orders, Brahma started the creation as before: धातायथापूर्वमकल्पयत् (The creator created the world as before). In the process of creation first of all, ten sons were born to Brahma.

अथाभिध्यायतः सर्गं दश पुत्राः प्रजज्ञिरे ।
भगवच्छक्तियुक्तस्य लोकसंतानहेतवः ॥
मरीचिरत्र्यंगिरसौ पुलस्त्यः पुलहः क्रतुः ।
भृगुर्वसिष्ठोदक्षश्च दशमस्तत्रनारदः ॥
Shrimad Bhagawata.

"Then, while the Lord Brahma, full of the divine power, was pondering over his creation with a desire to create the world ten sons were born to him. They were: Marichi, Atri, Angiras, Pulastya, Pulaha, Kratu, Bhrigu, Vasishtha, Daksha, and the tenth was Narad."

Three of them, Bhrigu, Vasishtha and Daksha were born under the predominance of the Rajas quality; as is clearly mentioned further in the same text in the 23rd stanza भृगुस्त्वचि Brahma created Bhrigu out of his skin. This sense organ is predominantly the touch-organ. This sage, Bhrigu married Khyati, one of the nine daughters of the sage Kardama and Devahuti, the daughter of Swayambhuva Manu. The progeny of Bhrigu and Khyati was known as the Bhargavas after Bhrigu. In the race of the great Sage Bhargava the descendants became illustrious—as the name

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Khyati literally means illustriousness.

Shukracharya, the famous preceptor of the Asuras, is also a son of this Bhrigu. In this very family were born the great sage Jamadagni and the Lord Parashurama, the Lord with Battle-axe. This Shukracharya is also known as the planet Venus. In the world-famous *Bhrigu Samhita*, Sri Bhrigu is the speaker and the great sage Shukra is the listener.

It is a well known story that the disciple Shukra happens to be the first knower of Sanjivani — the science of restoring the dead to life. the *Bhrigu-Samhita* is in the form of conversation between these two great men.

सिद्धान्तसंहिताहोरा रूपस्कन्धत्रयात्मकम् ।
वेदस्यनिर्मलंचक्षुज्यौंतिश्शास्त्रमकल्मषम् ॥

—*Narada.*

The science of Astrology consists of three main branches: Siddhanta, Samhita, and Hora. This science is known as the clear and stainless eye of the Vedas. In the absence of this science the world would be handicapped like a man absolutely without eyes.

So far we have introduced Bhrigu the Guru of this Samhita branch and his disciple Shukra. The Samhita, the main branch of astrology, has been elevated by Narad as Veda and the eye.

The learned persons of the world have unanimously declared this science as ज्यौतिषंमूर्धिसंस्थितम् । (Astrology heads all sciences) चक्षुर्विहीनः पुरुषोनर्किंचित् (A man without eyes is nothing).

FOURTH COVER PAGE

Illustration :

"STEPS UNTO PRIDE AND PRESTIGE"

Artist : Sri M. B. Samant

Courtesy : Artist & Bombay Art Society.

These five should be accomplished without haste: acquisition of knowledge, acquisition of wealth, climbing of mountains, fulfilment of desires and accomplishment of Dharma.

—Garuda Purana.

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Swami Sadananda

KALKI AVATARA

ACCORDING to the account of the Avatara of Kalki, when the Kali age advances, men will be overruled by lust and hunger, and for that reason, will be engaged in continuous quarrels and fights. Even the physical stature of men and women will greatly diminish and the maximum age of men will be twenty and of women twelve. Women will bear children when they are seven.

When conditions become such, Vishnu will incarnate Himself as Kalki, the son of Vishnuyasas and Sumati. He will have Kavi, Prajna and Sumantra as his three brothers. He will be taught the Vedas and archery by Rishi Parashurama. Through the performance of Tapas, Kalki will receive from Siva a white horse, a parrot and a sword. He will marry Padma, born of Brihadratha and Kaumadi. She would have obtained a boon from Siva that anyone other than Vishnu wooing her would become a woman. After marrying Padma, Kalki will overthrow the Bauddhas, Jainas and Mlechchas. Then He will return to his village and meet Narada and two other Rishis, Maru and Devapi, the former a descendant from the Solar line and the latter from the Lunar. Taking these two into his service he will open fight with Kali, the evil spirit of the age. He will have on his side the warriors going by the names of Dharma, Krita, Prasada, Abhaya, Niraya, Adhiyajna, Devapi, Maru, and Visakhayupa. The combatants on the enemy's side will be Kali, Dambha, Lobha, Krodha, Moodha, Vyadhi, Barbara, Pulinda, Koka, etc. After gaining victories over these enemies, Kalki will establish the Krita Yuga. Then he will go to the city called Bhallata and marry Rama, the daughter of Sasidhwaja and Susanta. After remaining with her for some time, Kalki will go back to Vaikunta leaving the kingdom in the charge of Maru and Devapi.

It can be easily seen that the foregoing account is allegorical. To say that, in the last stage of the Kali age, lust and hunger will be the ruling influences, is to say that man will think only of his body and will lose all finer feelings. He will not be able to rise to his full stature. This is figuratively spoken of when it is said that he

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will be shorter than he is at present. The statement about the maximum age being twenty for men and twelve for women means that even grown-ups will have the intellectual development only of men of twenty and girls of twelve. Even children of seven will be too sex-conscious.

The name Vishnuyasas means one who has the reputation of Vishnu. The word Sumati means one whose intellect is good. Vishnu is known as the pure Satvic being. The child born of these two will therefore have the qualities of Pure Satva and chastened intelligence. The underlying idea of the *Kalki Purana* is, therefore, that to get rid of the evils of Kali, one must develop Pure Satva and keep his intellect clear and bright. Along with Kalki are also born Kavi, i.e., the person of foresight, Prajna or True Intelligence, and Sumantra or the person of noble thoughts and resolves. The story that these are the brothers of Kalki signifies that when one develops Satvic qualities and has a clear intellect, one will acquire foresight and will be able to have proper discrimination and strong willpower. It is said that Kalki will be taught Vedas and archery by Parashurama. That means that one who has to fight against the evil of lust, hunger and greed must be established in Dharma or Righteousness and also be a warrior. The white horse symbolises purified Indriyas and the mind; the parrot indicates foreknowledge (because the parrot can fly in advance and understand what happens at a distance) and the sword signifies the strength to overcome obstacles. The wife Padma (Lotus) is the cool fragrance that radiates from such an accomplished person. Her father has the name Brihadratha which literally means the great chariot i.e., the Mahat or Cosmic Intelligence. Padma's mother is called Kaumadi which also means the Lotus. Naturally therefore, the daughter is Lakshmi who manifests Herself in the Lotus. He is spoken of as vanquishing the Mlechchas i.e., the embodiment of all impurities. The Rishis, Maru and Devapi, descended respectively from the Solar and Lunar lines, represent Atmic power (symbolised by the Sun) and mental purity (symbolised by the Moon). Both are needed to combat the evil forces of Kali, the personification of Strife. The combatants on the side of Kalki are (according to the names) Righteousness, Righ Action, Divine Grace, Fearlessness, Freedom from Worry, the great spirit of sacrifice and Devapi (Atmic power) and Maru (Mental purity). The combatants on the side of Kali have names which mean Pride, Greed, Hate, Idiocy, Sickness, Blockhead, Barbarity and Goose. When the victory is achieved, Krita Yuga commences. It means

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Right action begins. In other words, life becomes regulated and purposive.

After Krita Yuga is established, Kalki marries Rama (the personification of sport or play). She is the daughter of Sasidhwaja (the moon-flag) and Susanta (true tranquillity). It is clear therefrom that Rama personifies the Divine Leela or sport. When Kalki leaves the world for Vaikunta, He leaves the kingdom in the care of the Rishis, Maru and Devapi. That means that after the Krita Yuga is established, the world begins to be ruled by Atmic strength and mental purity.

The central teaching of the story of the Avatara of Kalki is thus seen to be that evils of lust, greed and strife can be got rid of by the steady practice of virtues and that, as a result, life can be made effective and valuable.

Once there was a man so clever as to reproduce himself to a perfection that you could not tell the reproduction from the original.

He knew that the Angel of Death was coming for him and as he did not know just what to do to avoid the angel, finally settled upon what might be termed and able device. He reproduced himself a dozen times.

Now when the Angel of Death came, he could not know which was the real person and therefore did not take any.

The angel returned to God and asked Him what to do, and after a consultation returned to earth to try again to take this man and remarked: "My! But you are wonderfully clever, why, that is fine the way you have made, these figures, but there is just one thing wherein you have erred, there is just one fault."

The original man immediately jumped up and asked suddenly "In what, in what have I erred?"

And the angel said "In just this," singling out the clever man from the mute statues.

—Swami Ram Tirath.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—37

EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE

LAST November Ethiopia celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the reign of its Emperor, His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie and appropriately enough, held an economic and cultural exhibition in his honour, for the progress that has been achieved by Ethiopia during his reign against overwhelming odds. For, the history of modern Ethiopia is but the epic struggle of its Emperor to conquer the backwardness of his country.

This frail tenacious, little man, even as he commanded the liberal conscience of mankind when Mussolini overran his territory in the thirties, is presently an encouragement to all non-white peoples of the world standing on personal dignity and independence of spirit.

Rather short of stature for his age—he is 64 now—and reputation, the emperor has a striking face. His dark eyes are a mixture of gentleness and fire and nose slightly Semitic. His generous mouth is hidden between curved moustaches and short, crisp beard and his hair, which is richly thick, is swept back from a wide, intelligent forehead. His hands are those of an artist.

An American reporter who saw him described him "He looks a King, even if he were not!" Possessed of an acute tnd inquiring mind, he has centralised the administration so much that nothing escapes his scrutiny. Indeed, even from his boyhood, he has evinced a *penchant* for the new and curious.

Formerly known as Ras Tafari, the Emperor traces his descent from King Solomon and Queen Sheba. He was born on July 23, 1892, as the son of Ras Makonnen, the right-hand man of Emperor Manelik and received early education from a priest and became a scholar in French. Later he learned English. By a fortuity of circumstances he came to be enthroned Emperor in 1930, not however without bloodshed. In this, the church, his imperial lineage and a wing of the army helped him. Mussolini's invasion and the Emperor's exile in Britain, are recent history. You remember Wal-Wal?

Haile Salessie is a Christian (Coptic) by faith, and has nationa-

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Emperor Hailie Selassie

lised the church with himself virtually at the head, for administrative reasons, of course. It is said that every fifth man in Ethiopia is a priest and ill-educated at that, and this will give an idea of the hold of religion on the people. A large proportion of his population is Muslim, enjoying complete religious and even secular freedom.

The imperial family is said to be fantastically rich, because, after the nationalisation of all public property by the Italians, the Negus conveniently came to inherit them and, indeed, there is no such thing as private funds and national finance in Ethiopia, for, almost all national undertakings are financed by the Emperor. The King, further, is by law, entitled to a third of all gold production in the country, which is estimated at a million ounces per year!

It is something like the Mogul court to have an audience with the Emperor. There is a cumbersome procedure. You have to bow to him at three stages and repeat the same while retiring, when you have to rear with your front towards him. His citizens, of course, fall literally flat at his sight. The Emperor hardly speaks any language other than his Amharic, although he can speak French and fluently too.

Haile Selassie cherishes, like our Prime Minister, a great love for

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children. During a luncheon at a Consulate where the Emperor was chief guest, to the consternation of all, a diplomat's kid just caught his face and asked, "Why do you grow that beard, Sir?" But the Emperor guffawed!

The Lion of Judas, another synonym for the Emperor, and the Empress Manan—the Emperor is her second husband—have several children. Of them Princess Tenaghne is married for the second time, to the Viceroy in Eritrea. She is about forty and has many children. Another daughter, Princess Tsahai who was the apple of her father's eyes, died at childbirth and the Negus has built a modern hospital in her memory. The Crown Prince is Mardazmach Asfa Wasan who studied at Liverpool and after marriages, has ensured an unbroken successor to the throne. Prince Masfin Makonnen, Duke of Harar, is another son who is in his early thirties, and he has several sons.

The Empress is a very large woman, and is seldom seen, but is known to be very religious with a marked interest in finance. The story goes that she sleeps on a vault filled with gold bars! Although she has no pronounced political views, she is known to be fond of keeping the monarchy in tact and to wield considerable influence on her husband. Unlike the neighbouring countries, the woman enjoys a unique position in Ethiopia, where, she has equal property-rights with men and can sue her husband for divorce. She has no purda.

Speaking of Arab countries, the Negus cannot look with equanimity at the latest political developments in the border countries like Egypt, Sudan and Jordan, particularly in their bearing on his monarchial form of Government, if not on other aspects. But that is a long way off.

THE ASHRAM OF AGASTYA—*Concld.*

Vishwaratha felt as if the very heart's blood of the poor girl was being poured out through her songs, and tears came into his eyes.

In the morning Vishwaratha found that Ugra had left flowers and peacock's feathers at his door as mute messengers of her love.

His days were miserable, for wherever he went, either the tragic eyes were looking at him or he was looking for them, and his nights of sleeplessness were made even more wretched, for, day after day, he heard the tragic crooning voice grow fainter.

Vishwaratha developed a feeling that he was murdering Ugra by slow torture.

[*To be continued*]

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Our Vedic Seers—18

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE AMBARISHA

THE *Rig Veda* refers to Sage Ambarisha as वार्षागिर and makes him one of the distinguished company of Bhrijashwa, Sahadeva, Suradhas and Bhayamana.

Coming of the Angirasa Gotra, the sage is a rare Mantra Drashta or seer of hymns of great power and might. The *Mahabharata* calls him as Nabhga after his father Nabhaga. A man of extreme piety, he was great as a hero also. It is said that almost single-handed, he fought as many as a thousand kings. Amongst his innumerable charitable deeds, is also one of gifting away kings and their sons by the thousand. His great good nature, compassion and charitable disposition were well-known.

When the great Yudhishtira was bitterly lamenting the death of his nephew Abhimanyu, Arjuna's son, Sage Narada, in an attempt to console him told him that Death was a mighty and impartial leveller and that even the good Ambarisha had to die at the expiry of his allotted span.

The *Bhagawata Purana* narrates the story of how, once, even the mighty Durvasa, of proverbial short-temper, was powerless against this sage of great piety. The sage was observing the Ekadasi Vrata in the holy month of Kartik. He had therefore to go without food for a continuous period of three days, breaking his fast in the early hours of the following day, Dwadashi. Just before breakfast, a guest in the person of Sage Durvasa came to Ambarisha and informed him that he would be coming in for his food after a bath in the river nearby. Ambarisha was too pleased to have Durvasa as his guest. He received him with open arms.

Now, it so happened, that, the duration of Dwadashi (the appropriate time for the ending of the fast) was running short and Durvasa showed no trace of early return. Ambarisha became anxious. On the one hand, the injunction of Dharma that the guest must first be fed, had to be observed and on the other, the proper occasion for taking the food was fast slipping by. He did not know what to do.

But then a happy idea struck him. He offered a little holy

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water to Lord Vishnu in token of breaking the fast and drank it. In this manner, he cut the Gordian knot. The fast was broken without the least disrespect to the honoured guest. But Sage Durvasa came to know all that had taken place in Ambarisha's home and felt highly offended. In great anger, he removed a hair out of his matted tuft and threw it in the direction of Ambarisha in utter contempt.

Sure enough the hair transformed itself into a she-demon, out to possess Ambarisha. But Lord Vishnu who was mightily pleased with Ambarisha's deed, sent in His Disc, called Sudarshana, against the irate Durvasa. Now, Durvasa was in trouble. Run wherever he hight, flee as fast as he could, the Disc was right in front of him. Terror-stricken, he ran to Lord Vishnu, prostrated himself before Him and begged of Him to take pity on him. But Vishnu replied him that only Ambarisha had it in his power to forgive him. So poor Durvasa had to run to Ambarisha and request him for pardon. During all this period of a year, Ambarisha had to go without food. The sage learnt his lesson well. Ambarisha extended to him a royal welcome.

It is said that the sage also performed what is known as Paksha Vardini Ekadasi Vrata and that because of this, Lord Vishnu became particularly fond of him The *Padma Purana* says, by the grace of Lord Vishnu, he quit the mundane world and ascended direct to Heaven. The Uttara Khanda of the same purana credits the sage with the performance of the holy Panchaka Vrata. It is said that once, while in heaven, he beheld a commander-in-chief of extraordinary beauty by name Sudeva. The perfection of his physical form so excited the sage that he was dumbstruck. Later, he enquired of Lord Indra as to who this angel of a man was. Indra told him that Sudeva attained that beautiful form because he was a true Kshatriya—he laid down his life on the battlefield and never once did he show his back to the enemy. Indeed, Indra added, all such true warriors, when dead, reached heaven and possessed such radiant features.

Sindhu Dwipa is the name of his son who ruled over his realm for a period of a thousand years. The *Bhagawata* also adds that three other sons of his, were Virupa, Ketuman and Shambu. The sage seems to have been generous and pious, ready and willing ever and anon to help all those that ever needed it.

There is no friend like virtue and no preceptor like the Shastras.

—Padma Purana.

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Simhasana Dwatrimsika—II

Serial

THE PERFIDIOUS PRINCESS

AT last the ascetic woke up and finding that his head was lying on the lap of an uncouth youth instead of the cosy young woman, his face contracted and eyes reddened. The poor hunter's body shook like a reed in the wind.

"Who are you and where is the lady? Tell me the truth or your life will separate from your body", roared the ascetic.

The poor youth's tongue stuck on his palate and he was too dumbfounded to reply, while tears flowed from his eyes profusely.

The ascetic thereupon concentrated for a few seconds and divined what had happened. On realising that the youth before him was but a scapegoat in this drama, his heart warmed up towards him. Patting him on his shoulders the ascetic asked him in soothing terms, "Don't be afraid, I won't kill you. Now tell me the truth, who are you and where is the young lady?"

The hunter-youth thereupon prostrated before the ascetic and said whimpering, "I come from Chaturgiri and King Chitrasena rules there. He was my childhood friend, but forgot me completely after he became king. Not being successful in my hereditary profession, hunting, I was coming along this way dejected when I saw your young woman. I went to King Chitrasena and told him about her in the hope that he will reward me for the information but the ungrateful king put me in this predicament and ran away with her. This is the truth."

"Hm" said the ascetic as he shook his head with a sardonic smile.

THE STORY SO FAR—

In the course of the Fourth Day's story, the statuette said that King Vikramaditya fell in love with Princess Champakvalli of Vijayanagara who would not even see a man. With the help of Bhatti, Vikramaditya transformed himself into a young woman and managed to become Champakvalli's confidante. Champakvalli told her fake-friend the story of King Chitrasena who was ungrateful to his hunter-friend by leaving him at the mercy of a fierce ascetic, after carrying away the latter's woman. Now read——.

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"What you did was irresponsible" he continued, "but what your royal friend did was worse. When you went out of your way to oblige him, it is quite wrong of him not to have helped you. What is worse, he has left your life in jeopardy. On the contrary he should have helped you even with his life. I have heard a story of old, in which two royal friends were so faithful to each other, that one brought back the life of the other with his own. Hear it!"

The ascetic started:

In the South there was a king who had a son by name Sanmarga and his minister too had a son, Gunabhadra, who were approximately of the same age. The two sons took to each other so well even from childhood that their parents gave them equal education in the royal arts and sciences. When they came of age, they were duly married but as their education had not concluded, they had left their wives at their (wives') parents' home.

One day, however, these two princely pals felt that they should fetch their brides home. After informing their parents, they started towards their bride's country, Sanmarga riding ahead and Gunabhadra following him.

On the way, a bird chirped in its language: "The one who rides ahead is heading for his death."

It so happened that the minister's son Gunabhadra knew the language of the birds and beasts whereas the other did not. So he thought, "It is the Prince that goes ahead. What shall I do if he dies? Surely I can't allow it. Let me then go in front and make it safe for my friend on whose greatness lies my future, indeed, my all."

Gunabhadra cleverly persuaded the Prince to follow him while he himself led.

After some distance, however, the same bird chirped "The man who follows will meet with death."

Gunabhadra was now flabbergasted. His position was like that of a stork, which was so sure of its feed until a few hours ago, finding the lake high and dry! But he resolved that, come what might, he would protect his friend's life. So thinking, he rode on the flank of Sanmarga, holding him by one hand and keeping the other on his sword.

When they reached the outskirts of the city where Sanmarga's wife, Suratha, lived, they sent word to her father King Kusa, of their arrival. Soon King Kusa came to receive the royal pair with due honours.

The king offered them each a palanquin to ride, one made of emerald to his son-in-law and another made of ivory for his friend.

Gunabhadra who was obsessed with the evil omen suspected that there might be some fraud in that arrangement and somehow managed to occupy the emerald palan-

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quin himself and caused his friend to ride on the one earmarked for himself.

The rest of the journey was uneventful, except that it went round the city in a procession.

As soon as they arrived at the palace, the Prince was directed to an apartment and the minister's son to another.

The doubting Thomas that Gunabhadra became, after the bird's ill-omen, he decided at the last minute, to occupy the chamber allotted to the Prince and persuaded his friend to occupy that which was earmarked for himself. Thus, he thought, he was stalling fate.

There was some comment in the capital about these sudden changes and the enormous influence which the friend wielded on the Prince.

After supper, the royal household retired and Princess Suratha followed by her maids entered her husband's chamber with delightful dishes and sweet scents. There, on the cosy bed, the Prince lay fast asleep, having been tired by the strenuous journey of the day.

Gunabhadra, on the other hand, after ostensibly retiring, pulled a cover over himself and arming suitably, walked briskly towards Sanmarga's bed-chamber. After dodging the sentries cleverly, he managed to hide himself beside his friend where he kept all-night vigil.

Princess Suratha looked around and seeing the lights down and her husband snoring, bade her maids adieu. When they had gone, she pulled herself up and with supreme contempt spat on the ground before her husband, uttering "Tut! The fool that he is!"

Turning round with a swing of her body, she placed the tray of sweetmeats on a table nearby and collecting half of them in another tray walked out of the room after closing the door behind her.

Gunabhadra lost no time in jumping out of his hideout and trailed behind her in the shadows.

The Princess walked swiftly out of the palace to the north of the city until she came to a dilapidated mutt, where lay a cripple, before whom she placed the delicacies she brought. He was her secret lover.

"Why so late?" questioned the cripple.

"Excuse me, dear! My husband came today unexpectedly, and how can I come before sending him to sleep?" replied the princess cringingly.

"Oh! that is it? I had all along been thinking you were unmarried; now that I know you are, you shouldn't come to me. I wouldn't touch a married woman. If you come, note, yours and my life will be in danger" said the cripple.

"Oh dear! How can I live without coming to you even for a day? Please don't say that," remonstrated the Princess.

After a few minutes, the cripple said "If you are so insistent, you

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must kill your husband and then only can I reverse my decision."

"Agreed," replied the Princess.

The cripple then took out his sword and gave it to her. He then partook of the delicacies brought by the Princess and became his old self.

"I shall not only make short work of my husband, but see that his close friend too is disposed off, thus killing two birds with one stone." Saying this she walked back to the palace jauntily.

Not a single word of this conversation was missed by Gunabhadra who had shadowed her to the strange rendezvous and their meaning was not lost on him.

He however entertained a legitimate doubt if the Princess said what she meant, for, he felt, it was her infatuation for her lover that made her say fantastic things. However unfaithful a woman might be, it was too much to expect her to put the dagger into her husband's neck with her own hands, he thought.

Yet, when he remembered the bird's ill-omen, he could not confidently leave things at that. He therefore hurried back to his hide-out beside the Prince, before the Princess arrived and was ready for any emergency.

The Princess turned the latch of her husband's bed-room and softly walked towards his cot, not stopping to look back or think.

No sooner did she reach it than she whipped out the dagger and thrust it into her husband's neck and so Sanmarga lay dead in a pool of blood! It was all quick like lightning and Gunabhadra, who was spell-bound, was a second too late when he clutched her hands uttering: "How dare you murder your own husband and that too when he has not done you any harm and while asleep?"

Princess Suratha was quick to realise the seriousness of her situation and clever like the devil that she was, cried "Oh! Is there no one to check this outrage! This man not only murdered my husband but tries to outrage me!"

The entire royal household was stirred by her hue and cry and came dithering to the Princess's bed-room.

The scene before them was so realistic and needed no explanation that the guards beat Gunabhadra blue on the spot and put him in the lock-up.

On seeing her father, the Princess embraced him and let flow a torrent of tears, exclaiming "What shame! That wretch not only killed my husband but committed treachery. How can you tolerate this atrocity to your dear child? Father! What shall I do now?"

People were not wanting there to remind the King how Gunabhadra had, from the beginning, been

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planning this atrocity by changing palanquins and rooms.

The King immediately ordered that Gunabhadra be beheaded and that he be entrusted to the Minister for the North for the execution of this order.

The guards took Gunabhadra to the concerned Minister after clamping the fetters on him. The guards related to the Minister the circumstances of the arrest and also conveyed the King's orders.

The Minister who was mellow with age and wisdom asked the prisoner: "You seem to come from a noble family and look intelligent. How is it that you committed this dastardly crime? By this act you not only suffer by yourself, but have brought a bad name for your family!"

"Sire, what you say is correct and I am fully aware of them. But who is exempt from the decrees of fate? Since I have been found committing the crime, it is but natural that I should suffer the consequences. You may kindly expedite the execution of the King's decree," replied Gunabhadra.

The Minister was too shrewd to take the prisoner at his word. The physiognomy and other indications of the youth clearly showed that he was innocent, particularly, as the minister thought, a woman was involved in the incident. At any rate he was not willing to take risks. So he paid the guards handsomely and sent them along with the prisoner to the Minister for the West for the execution of the King's orders.

Accordingly the guards took him to the latter to whom they related the circumstances of the tragic event and also what transpired between the prisoner and the Minister for the North.

The Minister for the West too had his own doubts about the veracity of the incident and he had too great a regard for the Minister for the North and his great intellect to take independent action. So, he sent them to the Minister for the East after rewarding the guards.

It was daybreak when the East-Minister heard the case. Under the circumstances, the latter arranged for a meeting of all the four Ministers in connection with the King's orders on Gunabhadra.

The four Ministers seated themselves in a secluded spot where they called Gunabhadra and after putting him at ease that they were favourably disposed towards him, persuaded him to tell the truth.

Said Gunabhadra: "My friend Prince Sanmarga and myself have been fast friends since our childhood. We came here, he to fetch his bride and I to fetch mine on the way. On our way a bird uttered the ill-omen of impending death to my friend. I tried to protect him by offering to change my palanquin to his and his room to mine. I lay hidden in my friend's bed-room

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last night when the Princess came in. Finding him asleep, she not only abused him, but taking hold of the delicacies meant for him, went at dead of night to the dilapidated mutt where she gave them to the cripple, her secret lover, and made merry. On his initiative she took the sword from him and without thought thrust it into my friend's neck, while, alas, I was late by a second in catching her hand. In order to save herself, she has put the blame on me now. This is the whole truth."

Continuing he said, "One request I have to make to you. Kindly see that my friend's body is not burnt."

The Ministers were impressed by the prisoner's statement, and decided to verify it and in the meantime, agreed to keep the Prince's body in tact.

It was not difficult for the Ministers to convince the King that his orders had been carried out by showing some blood.

As pre-arranged the four Ministers, guards and Gunabhadra lay in ambush at night on the way looking out on the palace and the dilapidated mutt.

When it was past midnight, Princess Suratha's silhouette appeared on the far horizon climbing down from her balcony through an improvised ladder. She was carrying a tray of delicacies and the sweet scent on her apparel sent a chill into the bodies of those who lay in wait.

At a signal from Gunabhadra, the party threw a cordon round the mutt and all of them dipped their ears into the stillness of its walls so as not to miss even a single syllable of the conversation.

Little suspecting and confident that her enemies had been razed down, she made straight for the mutt and stood before the cripple self-consciously.

The cripple asked pugnaciously "Did you carry out my instructions?"

"Sure as anything. I not only killed my husband, but sent the other fellow to the gallows by implicating him in the crime!," she replied proudly.

"I know you will do it." Saying this, the cripple stroked her cheeks and partook of the dainties brought by her.

The four Ministers and guards who listened to the conversation quickly collected into a tete-a-tete and swooped on the offenders. The guards tied them with ropes and straightaway brought them before King Kusa, although it was still early hours of the morning.

The King saw his daughter and the cripple bound up before him, and Gunabhadra too, who surprised him most.

"How is it, friend, that you, who were beheaded yesterday, stand before me now?" asked the King.

Gunabhadra related from beginning to end, all that happened

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during the past two days and cited the four Ministers as his principal witness.

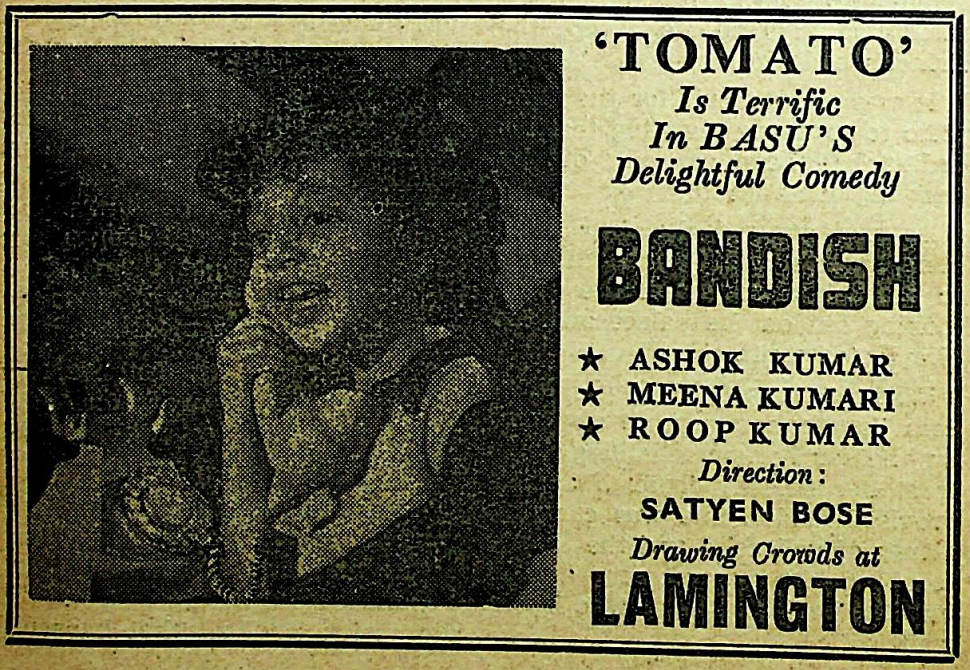
The King bent his head in shame, but did not swerve in his duty by ordering the beheading of his daughter and the cripple.

The ascetic explained, friendship to be true, should be like that between Sanmarga and Gunabhadra and not like that of King Chitrasena.

Lady Vikrama at this pause asked, "My dear, you seem to end the story at a most inopportune moment, for you have not told me what happened in the end to the hunter-youth, the Prince whose dead body was not, by request, consigned to the flames and finally of Gunabhadra himself!"

"I shall tell you presently" replied Princess Champaka.

[To be continued]



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Bhavan's News

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS

Like the previous years, in the last fortnight, Bhavan celebrated the Founder's Day with various programmes comprising of meetings and cultural functions of dance, drama and music. On the 30th of December the members of the staff of Bhavan held prayers at the Gita Mandir. On the 4th and 5th of this month were staged "Shreemant" a Marathi Play, which had won the Third Prize in the State Drama Competition. On the 5th the show "Shreemant" was exclusively staged for the members and patrons of Bhavan and Kala-Kendra. On Saturday the 7th at 8 P.M. more than 200 patron members of Bhavan and members of the staff and press representatives joined our Kulapati Shri Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi at a dinner party to celebrate the 69th birthday of the Founder, Shri Munshiji.

KANPUR BRANCH

Readers of this Journal will be happy to know that, after Allahabad and New Delhi, a third Branch of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has been established in Kanpur.

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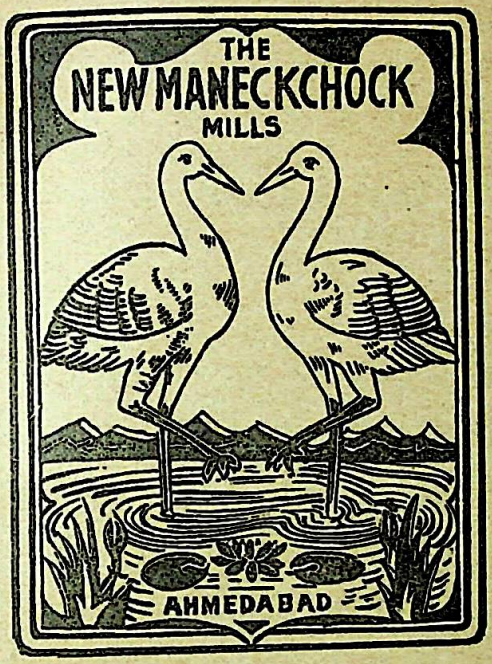
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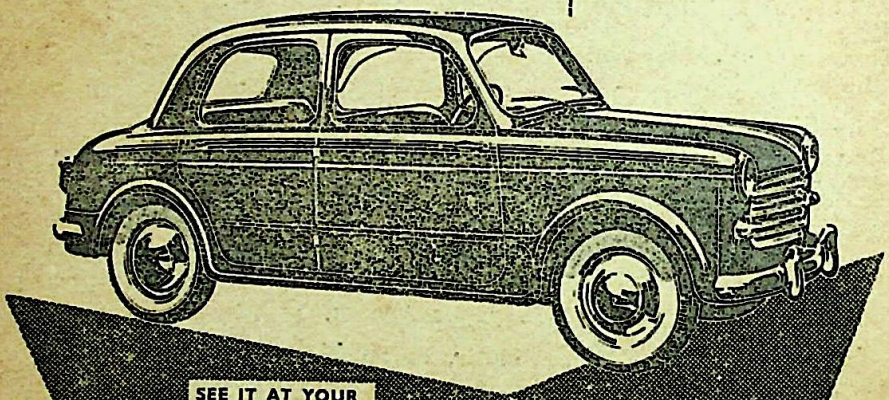
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